

LYRA CATHOLICA.



GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH

Published by Edward Dunigan, New York



[illegible]

LYRA CATHOLICA:

CONTAINING

ALL THE HYMNS

OF THE

ROMAN BREVIARY AND MISSAL,

WITH OTHERS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

ARRANGED FOR

EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK, AND THE FESTIVALS AND SAINTS' DAYS THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

WITH A

SELECTION OF HYMNS, ANTHEMS, AND SACRED POETRY,

FROM APPROVED SOURCES.

NEW YORK

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PREFACE

OF THE AMERICAN EDITOR.

An apology can scarcely be necessary for the following attempt towards supplying the want, so long and deeply felt in the Catholic community, of a suitable collection of Hymns and Psalms, for the purposes of general devotion.

While adequate translations have opened wholly, or in great part, to the other languages of modern Europe, the entire range of the finest sacred poetry that ever flowed from uninspired pens, in the pages of the Roman Breviary and Missal; and even while the value of those compositions for the purposes of private devotion has been strikingly attested by more than one attempt to embody them into the collections of other denominations,—they have been known to our own tongue by a few scattered versions, made at various periods, without any unity

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of purpose, of which it may with entire truth be said, that they were, with few exceptions, wholly inadequate in point of style, almost always inelegant, and quite frequently so rude as to border on the grotesque.

The first systematic and successful attempt to remedy a defect so remarkable, was the *Lyra Catholica* of Edward Caswall, M. A.; one of the zealous and accomplished men whom the present religious movement in England is continually bringing into the fold of Christ. His version (*Collection*, published in London, 1849) comprises all the hymns of the Roman Breviary, all the hymns and sequences of the Missal, with a selection from the Breviaries of Paris and Cluny, and from the Italian *Raccolta delle Indulgenze.* Of these pieces, every one is newly translated by Mr. Caswall, and probably more than half of them appear in English for the first time, from his hand.

As a whole, his version combines, in a very high degree, elegance, vigor, and poetical fire of thought and diction, with the still more important requisites of fidelity to the lofty religious spirit of his originals, and a most exact transfusion of their Catholic faith, fervent piety, and doctrinal integrity. It is not too

much to say that it wholly supersedes all other translations, and is a most valuable addition to our devotional literature. A very high critical authority (the *Dublin Review* for June, 1849) renders to Mr. Caswall and his work the following emphatic and discriminating tribute of its approbation:—

"Mr. Caswall could not, in our judgment, have earned a stronger title to the gratitude of the Catholic body in England, than that which he may rest upon the volume now before us. His collection is exempt from all the striking defects of those which preceded it. It is complete, supplying a metrical version of every hymn in every office and mass throughout the year; it is free from those arbitrary and capricious mutilations which destroy the unity and pervert the character of the original; it is, above all, fully and fearlessly Catholic in its spirit, in its tone, in its imagery, and in its language. And, in addition to these negative, but yet very important excellencies, its positive merits, in a literary point of view, are of the very highest order.

"Indeed, a person who would be disposed to estimate the merit of a poetical translation of the hymns of the Breviary, by comparison with almost any other species of poetical composition, would render

but a scanty measure of justice to the Translator. It would be difficult to imagine any task, whether in sacred or in profane literature, which involves so many and so peculiar difficulties. It is not alone that the hymns in themselves present almost every possible shade of variety;—the accumulated growth of every age, from the days of Constantine to our own; the work of an endless variety of authors, from St. Ambrose and St. Jerome to the Roman academicians of the seventeenth century; embodying every variety of subject—history, biography, doctrine, piety, asceticism, spirituality, theology, and even dogmatism; embracing every variety of metre, from the classic measures of the Horatian epoch to the jingling rhyme of the middle age—and every shade of latinity, from the studied purity of Prudentius to the rude though expressive scholasticisms of St. Thomas. The necessity of accommodating himself to the variety which all this supposes, forms but one of the embarrassments of a poetical translator of the Breviary. The real difficulty of the task lies in the nature of a large proportion of the hymns themselves, many of which differ in almost every particular from the ordinary standard of poetical composition. Many of the hymns, it is true, are highly poetical, even in the

largest sense of the word; but there is also a large proportion, in which either their exceeding simplicity and plainness, or their practical and didactic tone, deprives the writer of all the ordinary aids to poetry. There is no sublimity to elevate his verse, no passion to give it power; and very often there is little tenderness, at least in the common sense of the word, to make it steal to the heart. The very language itself presents a fresh embarrassment. A sentiment which may be terse and pointed enough in the close and expressive phrase of the Latin original, becomes vague, and loose, and weak, when expanded into the lengthy English equivalent; and when, to these inherent difficulties of the subject, we add the trammels imposed by the necessity of more than ordinarily literal translation and of adherence to the metres adapted to congregational uses, we shall have some data by which to estimate the full requirements of the task.

"It is no ordinary merit on Mr. Caswall's part, therefore, that his success appears to us to be greatest in those very portions of his work which presented the greatest difficulty. His translations of the great and striking hymns, are, no doubt, eminently successful. But we cannot help regarding it as a still greater

evidence of his peculiar adaptation for the task which he undertook, that in the most plain and unpoetical of them all, he has, generally speaking, succeeded in preserving all the plainness and simplicity of the original, without permitting it to degenerate into commonplace, or, at least, into inelegance."

A very great merit of Mr. Caswall's collection is its completeness. Catholics need not be told that any mere arbitrary selection of a portion of the hymns of the Breviary,—of the Missal,—a portion of the Sequences,—involves in itself a contradiction and an injury. Not that many of these compositions are wanting in poetical and devotional beauties of a very high order. But the hymns of the Breviary office of the Church, for instance, though the work of many hands, the production of different times, and the offspring of various circumstances and occasions, form now, as presented to us by the Church, a harmonious and connected whole; of which, no part, even the smallest, is without its settled purpose and significance,—hidden and mystical it may be, but all contributing to the general fitness and beauty,—none which can be separated without damage to itself and the unity of the design.

Thus, to quote again the journal already alluded

to:—"To make an arbitrary selection among these parts—to adopt some and exclude others—to mutilate, or in any way to modify, the portions thus selected—even to disturb their order or arrangement—is to destroy the harmony as well as the fitness of the general design. A stranger, reading an occasional hymn of the Roman Breviary, may, no doubt, be struck by the many beauties and excellencies which he will discover therein. But, to those who are familiar with that most wonderful work of piety, we need to say that much, at the same time, will escape him, unless he knows the antecedents and the consequents. The offices of Advent lose half their significance, unless they be read with relation to the great festival which they introduce. The offices of Lent have a necessary reference to the Passion and to the Paschal mysteries; and yet, although each of these classes thus differs from the other in its object and tendency, it would be easy to show, nevertheless, that they have such a common relation to one another, that neither is in itself complete and perfect, even as a part of the great annual circle. The offices of Apostles, or of martyrs, or of bishops, receive their complement in those of confessors, of virgins, or widows, and *vice versa;* and the common offices of

these several classes find not only a pleasing and grateful variation, but a useful and edifying commentary, in the proper offices of particular saints. To select the proper hymns of Advent, of Christmas, of Lent, of Easter, and to pass by those of the great saints, whose offices, as arranged in the Breviary, relieve and diversify them—to translate every hymn and every sequence of the Pentecostal office, and to suppress altogether the noble hymns and sequences of the office of Corpus Christi—is to mutilate and deform instead of translating; it is to suppress the most essential and characteristic elements of the great design—to present the building without the portico, or to leave the portico in solitary and unmeaning loneliness."

Mr. Caswall has avoided this fatal error. His collection comprises not only the hymns of Vespers, but those of Matins, Lauds, and the lesser hours, as well as the hymns of the common, and also the proper ones, both of the seasons and the saints, throughout the year; so as, by means of the table prefixed, to serve as a complete manual of devotional poetry for every day, and for all holydays, and saints' days, of the ecclesiastical year.

It has, therefore, been transferred entire and un-

changed (save in a few unimportant points) to the present collection, of which it forms the first part, under the title of the "Sacred Year."

The second part of this publication comprises a selection of hymns and anthems, for particular occasions of devotion, from various approved sources,—chiefly "Jesus and Mary, or Catholic Hymns," by Rev. F. W. Faber, (London, 1849,) and "Hymns of the Heart," by Matthew Brydges, Esq.; both of them the contributions of the taste, genius, and piety of their authors to the service of the Church, to which the mercy of God has led their wandering feet; and "The Catholic Choralist," by Rev. Wm. Young, (Dublin, 1842.)

The third part is devoted to sacred poetry of a less strictly devotional cast.

It contains, in addition to a few pieces from modern poets, usually found in collections like the present, a selection from the compositions of writers of, it may be, less than the highest genius, but of unquestioned Catholicity, genuine piety, and pure morality.

The Catholic reader will indulge the effort, so far as a very few selections may go, to snatch from the neglect to which the fanaticism of some, and the pre-

occupation of others, would consign them, the Catholic poets of our earlier English literature,—the simple and earnest strains of Southwell, a poet, priest, and martyr, whose unshaken soul passed away in song from the fires of persecution,—Crashaw, whose tender fancy and graceful zeal have extorted the highest praises of unfriendly judges,—the manly virtue of Habington, pure in an age of license,—the later compositions of Dryden, the atonements laid by his repentant muse on the altar of religion.

And if there should be one or two yet standing apart, admitted to be of this goodly company, be it in virtue of the spirit which inspires them with strains not theirs, but "of a higher mood," and makes them bear witness unconsciously to the truth: whereunto let us humbly hope, it is in the uncovenanted mercies of God, that they are yet to attain.

A classified Table of the principal Hymns adapted to particular occasions of devotion has been added, which, with the very full classified Table for the week-days, Sundays, and holydays, throughout the year, render the present work a complete manual of devotional exercises, and make it acceptable and advantageous to the faithful.

Feast of the Visitation, July, 1850.

PREFACE

Of Edward Caswall, M. A., to his *Lyra Catholica.*

"The Breviary Office of the Church," remarks the reverend author of the *Catholic Choralist,* "is, next to the august Sacrifice of the Altar, the most acceptable tribute of praise that man can offer to his Maker; and although, by reason of their various secular avocations, the laity are not bound, like the clergy, to its recital, yet that portion of it which includes the Hymns and Canticles, might be frequently, if not daily, recited by them, with great spiritual benefit and fruit. Thus, besides the happiness of uniting with the Church in an important portion of her most acceptable service, the Faithful would become daily more and more enlightened on the sublime truths and mysteries of Religion, and furnished with the most pathetic and edifying subjects of instruction and meditation." He adds, that it was his wish to have inserted in his collection, together with the Vesper hymns which he gives,

those also of Matins and Lauds, but that his engagements had not allowed him the necessary leisure for their translation, with the exception of a few only of the Matutinal hymns.

The want thus intimated, it has been the object of the present Translator to supply. How imperfectly he has succeeded in his task, none can feel more than himself; yet, circumstances having afforded him, during the past year, an unlooked-for amount of leisure, he thought he could not employ it more dutifully to the Church (feeling, at the same time, strongly attracted to the subject) than in an attempt to exhibit, for the first time in an English form, the entire series of those divine Hymns, which, in their Latin originals, have through ages been, and still continue to be, to countless saintly souls, the joy and consolation of their earthly pilgrimage.

The present contribution to the existing store of Catholic vernacular Hymns, consists of three portions. The first, and by far the largest portion, comprehends all the Hymns in the Roman Breviary, including those in the Officia Sanctorum Angliæ; the second portion comprises the Hymns and Sequences of the Roman Missal; and the third consists of Hymns from various sources. Of these latter it may be

observed, that the Hymns on the Nativity, Annunciation, and Visitation, of our Blessed Lady, as also those to St. Anne, St. Stephen, and St. John the Evangelist, are from the Monastic Breviary of Cluny; those on the Purification and the Assumption, the Hymn to Jesus, and that for Sunday Morning, from the Parisian Breviary; and those to St. Joseph, St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. Pius the Fifth, from the *Raccolta delle Indulgenze.* Every hymn, without exception, has been newly translated from the Latin; and there is reason to believe, that nearly half the hymns here given have never before appeared in the English tongue.

As respects the Hymns in general, it may be useful to remark, that the greater number of them appear to have been originally written, not with a view to private reading, but for the purpose of being sung to the beautiful ecclesiastical melodies by Monastic and other Religious Bodies at their Office in Choir. This circumstance will serve to explain a few scattered expressions, which otherwise might seem unreal; as, for instance, where allusions occur to the practice of rising at midnight to sing praises to God;—and if, on the one hand, some few of the Hymns may so far appear less adapted to the use of

persons living in the world, it is our gain surely, on the other hand, thus, by occasional glimpses, to be reminded of that more perfect life, which has never ceased to be a reality in the Catholic Church.

Another advantage, which we owe, doubtless, in a measure, to the same circumstance—an advantage not to be despised in a sentimental age—is the exceedingly plain and practical character of these Hymns. Written with a view to constant daily use, they aim at something more than merely exciting the feelings. They have a perpetual reference to action. Their character is eminently objective. Their tendency is, to take the individual out of himself; to set before him, in turn, all the varied and sublime Objects of Faith; and to blend him with the universal family of the Faithful. In this respect they utterly differ from the hymn-books of modern heretical bodies, which, dwelling as they do, almost entirely on the state and emotions of the individual, tend to inculcate the worst of all egotisms.

And here, although the Translator may seem to be pleading his own cause, yet he cannot refrain from observing, that truly poetical as are many of these Hymns, as indeed well befits the sacred outpourings of Christ's tender Spouse, still, as a whole,

the devotional is their primary and least disappointing aspect. Whoever attempts to read them as mere poetry, will obtain from them little of that delight which they are capable of inspiring. And as this is true of the original Latin, so it is truer still of the Hymns as they appear in the present translation; in which, it is to be feared, the unadorned simplicity of the prototype has too often degenerated into plainness; while its beauties have been faintly reflected, and their clear edge blunted in passing through a too earthly medium.

Something still remains to be said respecting the Table prefixed to the present Collection. It may be observed, then, for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the subject, that several very important Feasts, as, for instance, those of the Blessed Virgin, and of nearly all the Apostles, have no special Hymns of their own in the Roman Breviary, but draw their Hymns from the Common of Saints, whereas certain other Feasts of inferior rank have special Hymns attached to them. Hence it was found that a mere statement of contents, however complete, would convey to the uninitiated eye a very inadequate and even erroneous view of the Catholic Festivals; and a Calendar was

accordingly chosen instead, both as serving to correct any such apparent disproportion in the Hymns, and also with the view of rendering them more readily serviceable for daily use, in the event of any person desiring so to employ them. By its aid, the very youngest readers will be able to follow, with sufficient exactness, the course of the ecclesiastical year; and happy indeed will the Translator be, if this little book may thus be permitted to have some share in fostering, among the youth of our Catholic Seminaries, that ecclesiastical spirit, which finds its true home nowhere but in the Catholic heart, and which, if it be not necessary to the soul, is assuredly a most lovely grace, and a powerful auxiliary of the Faith.

It will be observed, that on certain special Feasts, after a reference to the proper hymns in the Breviary, reference is also made, in the Table, to the Sequence for the day, where there happens to be one, as also to the Hymns from various sources. The object of this is, to give, at a single glance, all the Hymns in the Collection that belong to any particular Day, and, at the same time, to render the Calendar a complete table of reference to the entire contents of the volume.

As regards the terms used in this translation, it may be as well to notice, that the word *cultus*, in the few places where it occurs, has been translated *worship*, no other English term presenting itself as, on the whole, so highly authorized, or as so well expressing the character of that homage, supernatural though not divine, which the Christian soul takes delight in paying to the Angels and Saints, and to their blessed Queen.

In conclusion, the Translator desires to express here his warm thanks to those kind friends, both of the clergy and laity, who have assisted him in his work; as also his acknowledgments for the help which he has received from existing versions.

Feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury, 1848.

A TABLE

SHOWING THE PROPER HYMNS FOR EVERY DAY THROUGH THE YEAR.

Arranged according to the Roman Calendar.

HYMNS FOR THE WEEK WHEN NOT OTHERWISE APPOINTED.

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HYMNS ON THE MOVEABLE FEASTS.

N. B. The Hymns at Second Vespers are the same as at First Vespers.

Hymns which, though not belonging to the office of the day, may be used for it, are marked in brackets; thus, [ ].

	Vesp.	Mat.	Lauds.
Sundays and Week-days in Advent....	89	91	92
Friday after Septuagesima Sunday. Prayer of our Lord Jesus Christ on Mount Olivet....................	106	106	107
Friday after Sexagesima Sunday. The Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ. [Part II. 363.]	109	111	112
Friday after Quinquagesima Sunday. The most holy Crown of Thorns of our Lord Jesus Christ............	114	114	115
Ash Wednesday, no special Hymns. [Part II. 352.]			
First Sunday in Lent, and daily till Passion Sunday.................	116	118	120
Friday after the first Sunday in Lent. The Spear and Nails of our Lord Jesus Christ.....................	121	122	123
Friday after the secónd Sunday in Lent. The most holy Winding Sheet of our Lord Jesus Christ	124	126	128

	Vesp.	Mat.	Lauds.
Friday after the third Sunday in Lent. The most holy Five Wounds of our Lord Jesus Christ.			
Hymns as on Passion Sunday	135	137	139
[Part II. 366.]			
Friday after the fourth Sunday in Lent. The most precious Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ......................	129	131	133
[Part II. 347, 349.]			
Passion Sunday and through the week.	135	137	139
[Part II. 369.]			
Friday after Passion Sunday. The Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary	182	184	185
[The same, Part II. 376.]			
Palm-Sunday, and the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday following, as on Passion Sunday.....	135	137	139
Hymn sung on Palm-Sunday, during the Procession before Mass, 277.			
Maunday Thursday, Hymn sung during the Procession after Mass, as at Vespers on the Feast of Corpus Christi, 156.			
Good-Friday, Hymn sung during the Adoration of the Cross, 278.			
Hymn of St. Francis Xavier, 338.			
Holy Saturday. For this day, as for the two preceding, there are no hymns in the Office of the Day.			

	VESP.	MAT.	LAUDS.
Easter Sunday, and through the week. No hymns in the Office of the Day.			
Sequence at Mass, 279.			
Hymn at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, 293; and [Part II. 347.]			
Low Sunday, and through Easter, to Ascension-day	140	142	144
Ascension-day, and daily till Whitsunday	145	147	145
Hymn to Jesus, 333; and [Part II. 357.]			
Whitsunday, and daily to Trinity Sunday	149	150	152
Sequence at Mass, 280.			
Hymn to the Holy Ghost, 334; and [Part II. 374.]			
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[Part II. 350.]			
Corpus Christi, and through the Octave	156	158	160
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	Vesp.	Mat.	Lauds.
On Feasts of the Blessed Virgin Mary..	243	245	246
Common of Apostles	248	250	248
In Easter	251	251	253
Of One Martyr	254	254	255
In Easter 256			
Of Many Martyrs	257	258	259
In Easter 261			
Of a Confessor and Bishop	261	261	263
Of a Confessor not a Bishop	261	261	264
Of Virgins	266	267	266
Of Holy Women	269	270	269
Of the Dedication of a Church	270	270	272

HYMNS FOR EACH MONTH.

N. B. Feasts of Obligation are marked in capital letters; Feasts of Devotion in Italics.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Ap. Apostle—Bish. Bishop—Comm. Common—Conf. Confessor—Mart. Martyr—Virg. Virgin—An asterisk (*) implies that a change is to be made in the first stanza of *Iste Confessor*.

Hymns which, though not belonging to the office of the day, may be used for it, are in this table inclosed in brackets: thus, [ ].

JANUARY.

1 CIRCUMCISION OF OUR LORD. Hymns as on Christmas-Day. Vesp. 94. Mat. 94. Lauds 95.

2 Octave-Day of St. Stephen. Comm. of one Mart. (See preceding page.)

3 Octave-Day of St. John the Evangelist. Comm. of Ap. (See preceding page.)

4 Octave-Day of Holy Innocents, as on the Day. Mat. 97. Lauds 98. Vesp. 98.

5 Octave-Day of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and Vigil of the Epiphany, as on Christmas-Day. Mat. 94. Lauds 95.

6 EPIPHANY OF OUR LORD, and during the Octave. Vesp. 99. Mat. 99. Lauds 100.

Second Sunday after Epiphany—

Feast of the *Most Holy Name of Jesus*. Vesp. 102. Mat. 103. Lauds 104; and [Part III. 504.]

13 Octave-Day of the Epiphany, as on the Day.

14 St. Hilary. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.*

15 St. Paul the first Hermit. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.*

16 St. Marcellus, Pope. Comm. of one Mart.
17 St. Anthony, Abbot. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.
18 St. Peter's Chair at Rome. Vesp. 171. Mat. 171. Lauds 172. Responsory of St. Peter, 321.
19 St. Wolstan. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.
20 SS. Fabian and Sebastian. Comm. of many Mart.
21 St. Agnes. Comm. of Virg. and Mart.
22 SS. Vincent and Anastasius. Comm. of many Mart.
23 Desponsation of B. V. Mary, as on her Feasts. (See page 28.)
24 St. Timothy, Bish. Comm. of one Mart.
25 Conversion of St. Paul. Vesp. 173. Mat. 173. Lauds from the Comm. of Ap. Responsory of St. Paul, 323.
26 St. Polycarp, Bish. Comm. of one Mart.
27 St. John Chrysostom. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.*
28 St. Raymund of Pennafort. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.*
29 St. Francis of Sales. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.*
30 St. Martina. Vesp. 174. Mat. 175. Lauds 176.
31 St. Peter Nolasco. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.*

FEBRUARY.

1 St. Ignatius, Bish. Comm. of one Mart.
2 *Purification of B. V. Mary*, or Candlemas-Day, as on her Feasts. Hymn on the Purification, 316.
3 St. Blase, Bish. Comm. of one Mart.
4 St. Andrew Corsini. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.*
5 St. Agatha. Comm. of Virg. and Mart.
6 St. Dorothy. Comm. of Virg. and Mart.
7 St. Romuald, Abbot. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.*
8 St. John of Matha. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.*
9 St. Apollonia. Comm. of Virg. and Mart.
10 St. Scholastica. Comm. of Virg. not Mart.
14 St. Valentine, Priest. Comm. of one Mart.
15 SS. Faustinus and Jovita. Comm. of many Mart.
18 St. Simeon, Bish. Comm. of one Mart.

22 St. Peter's Chair at Antioch, as at Rome. Vesp. 171. Mat. 171. Lauds 172.

23 St. Peter Damian. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.*

24 or (in leap-year) 25 *St. Matthias.* Comm. of Ap.

MARCH.

1 St. David, Patron of Wales. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.

2 St. Chad. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.

4 St. Casimir. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.

7 St. Thomas of Aquin. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.

8 St. John of God. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.

9 St. Frances, Widow. Comm. of holy Women.

10 The Forty Martyrs of Sebaste. Comm. of many Mart.

12 St. Gregory the Great, Pope, Ap. of England. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.

17 St. Patrick, Ap. of Ireland. Comm. of Conf. and Bish; and [Part II. 416, 418.]

18 St. Gabriel the Archangel. Vesp. 177. Mat. 177. Lauds, first two and last two stanzas of All Saints, 237.

19 *St. Joseph, Spouse of B. V. Mary.* Vesp. 178. Mat. 180. Lauds 181. Responsory of St. Joseph, 319; and [Part II. 411, 413.]

20 St. Cuthbert. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.

21 St. Benedict, Abbot. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.

23 St. Turibius, Bish. of Lima. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.

25 ANNUNCIATION OF B. V. MARY, or Lady-Day, as on her Feasts. Hymns on the Annunciation, 311, 312.

APRIL.

2 St. Francis of Paula. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.

3 St. Richard. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.

4 St. Isidore. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.

5 St. Vincent Ferrer. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.

11 St. Leo, Pope. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.
13 St. Hermenegild. Vesp. 186. Mat. 186. Lauds 187.
14 SS. Tiburtius, Valerian, and Maximus. Comm. of many Mart.
17 St. Anicetus, Pope. Comm. of one Mart.
20 St. Agnes. Comm. of Virg. not Mart.
21 St. Anselm. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.
22 SS. Soter and Caius. Comm. of many Mart.
23 St. George, Protector of England. Comm. of one Mart.
24 St. Fidelis of Sigmaringa. Comm. of one Mart.
25 St. Mark, Evang. Comm. of Ap.
26 SS. Cletus and Marcellinus. Comm. of many Mart.
29 St. Peter. Comm. of one Mart.
30 St. Catharine of Sienna. Comm. of Virg. not Mart.
Third Sunday after Easter. *Patronage of St. Joseph*, as on Day; and [Part II. 411, 413.]

MAY.

1 *SS. Philip and James.* Comm. of Ap.
2 St. Athanasius. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.
3 *Finding of the Holy Cross.* Hymns as on Passion Sunday. Vesp. 135. Mat. 137. Lauds 139.
4 St. Monica, Widow. Comm. of Holy Women.
5 St. Pius the Fifth, Pope. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.* Responsory of St. Pius the Fifth, 326.
6 St. John before the Latin Gate. Comm. of Ap.
7 St. Stanislaus, Bish. Comm. of one Mart.
8 Apparition of St. Michael the Archangel. Vesp. 188. Mat. 188. Lauds, Christe sanctorum, 177.
9 St. Gregory Nazianzen. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.
10 St. Antoninus. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.*
12 SS. Nereus, Achilleus, and Domitella. Comm. of many Mart.
14 St. Boniface. Comm. of one Mart.
16 St. John Nepomucen. Comm. of one Mart.
17 St. Paschal Baylon. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.
18 St. Venantius. Vesp. 190. Mat. 191. Lauds 192.

19 St. Dunstan. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.
20 St. Bernardin. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.
21 St. Peter Celestin, Pope. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.
22 St. Ubaldus. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.
24 The B. V. Mary the help of Christians. Vesp. 194. Mat. 194. Lauds 196.
25 St. Aldhelm. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.
26 St. Augustine, Ap. of England. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.
27 St. Philip Neri. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.
28 St. Gregory the Seventh, Pope. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.
29 Within the Octave of St. Augustine, as on Day.
30 St. Felix. Pope. Comm. of one Mart.
31 St. Petronilla. Comm. of Virg. not Mart.

JUNE.

3 St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi. Comm. of Virg. not Mart.
4 St. Francis Caracciolo. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.
5 St. Boniface, Ap. of Germany. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.
6 St. Norbert. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.
8 St. William. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.
9 SS. Primus and Felicianus. Comm. of many Mart.
10 St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland. Comm. of Holy Women.
11 St. Barnabas. Comm. of Ap.
12 St. John à Facundo. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.
13 St. Anthony of Padua. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.
14 St. Basil. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.*
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18 SS. Marcus and Marcellianus. Comm. of many Mart.
19 St. Juliana Falconieri. Vesp. 198. Mat. 198. Lauds, Comm. of Virg. not Mart.
20 St. Silverius, Pope. Comm. of one Mart.
21 St. Aloysius Gonzaga. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.
22 St. Alban, First Martyr of England. Comm. of one Mart.
24 *Nativity of St. John the Baptist.* Vesp. 199. Mat. 201. Lauds 202.
25 St. William, Abbot. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.

26 SS. John and Paul. Comm. of many Mart.
27 Within the Octave of St. John the Baptist, as on Day.
28 St. Leo, Pope. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.
29 *SS. Peter and Paul.* Vesp. 203. Mat. Comm. of Ap. 250. Lauds, Beate pastor, 172, and Egregie doctor, 173.
30 Commemoration of St. Paul. Vesp. 173. Mat. 173. Lauds, Comm. of Ap.

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1 Octave-Day of St. John the Baptist, as on Day.
2 *Visitation of B. V. Mary,* as on her Feasts.
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3, 4, 5 Within the Octave of SS. Peter and Paul. Comm. of Ap.
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7 Translat. of St. Thomas of Canterbury. Comm. of one Mart.
8 St. Elizabeth, Queen of Portugal. Vesp. 205. Mat. 205. Lauds 206.
10 Seven Brothers. Comm. of many Mart.
11 St. Pius, Pope. Comm. of one Mart.
12 St. John Gualbert, Abbot. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.
13 St. Anacletus, Pope. Comm. of one Mart.
14 St. Bonaventura. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.
15 Translation of St. Swithin. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.*
16 *The B. V. Mary of Mount Carmel,* as on her Feasts.
17 Translation of St. Osmund. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.*
18 St. Camillus de Lellis. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.*
19 *St. Vincent of Paul.* Comm. of Conf. not Bish.*
20 St. Jerome Emilian. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.*
21 St. Henry, Emperor. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.*
22 St. Mary Magdalen. Vesp. 207. Mat. 208. Lauds 209.
23 St. Apollinaris. Comm. of one Mart.
24 St. Alexius. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.
25 *St. James the Greater.* Comm. of Ap.
26 St. Anne, Mother of B. V. Mary. Comm. of Holy Women. Hymn to St. Anne, 308.
27 St. Pantaleon. Comm. of one Mart.
28 SS. Nazarius, Celsus, and Victor. Comm. of many Mart.

29 St. Martha. Comm. of Virg. not Mart.
30 SS. Abdon and Sennen. Comm. of many Mart.
31 St. Ignatius Loyola. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.

AUGUST.

1 St. Peter's Chains. Vesp. 210. Mat. 171. Lauds 172.
2 St. Alphonsus Liguori. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.
3 Finding of St. Stephen, the First Martyr. Comm. of one Mart.
4 St. Dominic. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.
5 The B. V. Mary ad Nives, as on her Feasts.
6 *Transfiguration of our Lord.* Vesp. 211. Mat. 211. Lauds 212.
7 St. Cajetan. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.
8 SS. Cyriacus, Largus, &c. Comm. of many Mart.
10 St. Laurence. Comm. of one Mart.
12 St. Clare. Comm. of Virg. not Mart.
13 Within the Octave of St. Laurence, as on Day.
15 ASSUMPTION OF B. V. MARY, as on her Feasts.
Hymn on the Assumption, 317; and [Part II. 386.]
Sunday within the Octave of the Assumption—
St. Joachim, Father of B. V. Mary. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.*
16 St. Hyacinth. Comm of Conf. not Bish.*
17 Octave-Day of St. Laurence. Comm. of one Mart.
20 St. Bernard, Abbot. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.
21 St. Jane Frances de Chantal, Widow. Comm. of Holy Women.
22 Octave-Day of the Assumption, as on Day.
23 St. Philip Benizi. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.
24 *St. Bartholomew.* Comm. of Ap.
25 St. Louis, King of France. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.
26 St. Zephyrinus, Pope. Comm. of one Mart.
27 St. Joseph Calasanctius. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.*
28 St. Augustine. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.
29 Beheading of St. John the Baptist. Comm. of one Mart.
30 St. Rose of Lima. Comm. of Virg. not Mart.; and [Part II. 422.]
31 St. Aidan, Comm. of Conf. and Bish.
Sunday after the Octave-Day of the Assumption, the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Mary. Vesp. 213. Mat. 215. Lauds 215.

SEPTEMBER.

2 St. Stephen, King of Hungary. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.*
5 St. Laurence Justinian. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.*
8 *Nativity of B. V. Mary*, as on her Feasts. Hymn on the Nativity of B. V. Mary, 309.
Sunday within the Octave—
The most holy Name of B. V. Mary, as on her Feasts.
9 Within the Octave of the Nativity of B. V. Mary, as on Day.
10 St. Nicholas of Tolentinum. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.
14 *Exaltation of the Holy Cross*, as on Passion Sunday. Vesp. 185. Mat. 187. Lauds 139.
15 Octave-Day of the Nativity of B. V. Mary, as on Day.
Third Sunday in September—
The *Seven Dolours of B. V. Mary*. Vesp. 216. Mat. 218. Lauds 219.
16 SS. Cornelius and Cyprian. Comm. of many Mart.
17 Stigmas of St. Francis. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.
18 St. Joseph of Cupertino. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.
19 St. Januarius and Companions. Comm. of many Mart.
20 St. Eustachius and Companions. Comm. of many Mart.
21 *St. Matthew*. Comm. of Ap.
22 St. Thomas of Villanova. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.*
23 St. Linus, Pope. Comm. of one Mart.
24 The B. V. Mary of Mercy, as on her Feasts.
26 SS. Cyprian and Justina. Comm. of many Mart.
27 SS. Cosmas and Damian. Comm. of many Mart.
28 St. Winceslaus, Duke. Comm. of one Mart.
29 *Dedication of St. Michael, Archangel*. Vesp. 188. Mat. 188. Lauds, Christe sanctorum, 177.
30 St. Jerome. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.

OCTOBER.

First Sunday in October—

The Most Holy Rosary of B. V. Mary, as on her Feasts; and [Part II. 388, &c.]

1 St. Remigius. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.

2 *The Holy Guardian Angels.* Vesp. 221. Mat. 221. Lauds 222; and [Part II. 428, 429.]

4 St. Francis of Assisium. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.

5 St. Placidus and Companions. Comm. of many Mart.

6 St. Bruno. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.

7 St. Mark, Pope. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.*

Second Sunday in October—

Maternity of B. V. Mary. Mat. 223. Lauds 225. Vesp. as on her Feasts.

8 St. Bridget. Comm. of Holy Women.

9 SS. Dionysius, Rusticus, and Eleutherius. Comm. of many Mart.

10 St. Francis Borgia. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.*

12 St. Wilfrid. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.

13 Translation of St. Edward, King and Confessor. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.*

14 St. Callistus, Pope. Comm. of one Mart.

Third Sunday in October—

Purity of B. V. Mary. Vesp. 226. Mat. 227. Lauds as on her Feasts.

15 St. Teresa. Vesp. 229. Mat. 230. Lauds 229.

17 St. Hedwiges. Comm. of Holy Women.

18 St. Luke, Evang. Comm. of Ap.

19 St. Peter of Alcantara. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.*

21 St. Ursula and Companions. Comm. of Virg. and Mart.

Fourth Sunday in October—

Patronage of B. V. Mary, as on her Feasts.

22 St. John Cantius. Vesp. 231. Mat. 232. Lauds 234.

23 *Feast of our Most Holy Redeemer.* Vesp. Creator alme, 89. Mat. Rerum Creator, 68. Lauds, Salutis humanæ, 145.

24 St. Raphael the Archangel. Vesp. 235. Mat. 235. Lauds 236.

25 St. John of Beverly. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.

26 St. Evaristus, Pope. Comm. of one Mart.
28 *SS. Simon and Jude.* Comm. of Ap.
29 Venerable Bede. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.*

NOVEMBER.

1 ALL SAINTS. Vesp. 237. Mat. 237. Lauds 239.
2 *All Souls.* No hymn in the Office of the Day. Sequence in Mass for the Dead, 286; and [Part II. 402.]
3 St. Winefrid. Comm. of Virg. and Mart.
4 St. Charles Borromeo. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.
5, 6, 7 Within the Octave of All Saints, as on Day.
8 Octave-Day of All Saints, as on Day.
9 Dedication of the Basilica of our Saviour. Comm. of the Dedication of a Church.
10 St. Andrew Avellino. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.
11 St. Martin. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.
12 St. Martin, Pope. Comm. of one Mart.
13 St. Didacus. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.
14 St. Stanislaus Kostka. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.*
15 St. Gertrude. Comm. of Virg. not Mart.
16 St. Edmund. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.
17 St. Hugh. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.
18 Dedication of the Basilica of SS. Peter and Paul. Comm. of the Dedication of a Church.
19 St. Elizabeth. Comm. of Holy Women.
20 St. Edmund, King. Comm. of one Mart.
21 *Presentation of B. V. Mary,* as on her Feasts.
22 St. Cecilia. Comm. of Virg. and Mart; and [Part II. 421.]
23 St. Clement, Pope. Comm. of one Mart.
24 St. John of the Cross. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.*
25 St. Catharine. Comm. of Virg. and Mart.
27 St. Gregory Thaumaturgus. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.
29 St. Saturninus. Comm. of one Mart.
30 *St. Andrew.* Comm. of Ap.

DECEMBER.

2 St. Bibiana. Comm. of Virg. and Mart.
3 St. Francis Xavier. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.
4 St. Peter Chrysologus. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.*
6 St. Nicholas of Myra. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.
7 St. Ambrose. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.*
8 *Conception of B. V. Mary*, as on her Feasts.

☞ The Blessed Virgin Mary, "conceived without sin," is the Patroness of the United States. The feast is *solemnized* on the Sunday within the Octave.

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9, 10 Within the Octave of the Conception, as on Day.
11 St. Damasus, Pope. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.
12 Within the Octave of the Conception, as on Day.
13 St. Lucy. Comm. of Virg. and Mart.
15 Octave-Day of the Conception, as on Day.
16 St. Eusebius, Bish. Comm. of one Mart.
18 Expectation of B. V. Mary, as on First Sunday in Advent. Vesp. 89. Mat. 91. Lauds 92.
21 *St. Thomas.* Comm. of Ap.
25 NATIVITY OF OUR LORD. Vesp. 94. Mat. 94. Lauds 95.
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27 *St. John the Evangelist.* Comm. of Ap.
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28 *Holy Innocents.* Mat. 97. Lauds 98. Vesp. 98.
29 St. Thomas of Canterbury. Comm. of one Mart.
30 Within the Octave of the Nativity, as on Day.
31 St. Sylvester. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.

Let the word of Christ dwell in you abundantly, in all wisdom: teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, hymns, and spiritual canticles, singing in grace in your hearts to God.

Epistle of St. Paul to the Colossians.

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PART I.

The Sacred Year:

BEING THE HYMNS, ETC.,

OF THE

ROMAN BREVIARY AND MISSAL,

WITH OTHERS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES,

ARRANGED FOR

EVERY DAY, AND FOR THE FESTIVALS AND SAINTS' DAYS
THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

Domine, dilexi decorum domus tuæ.

Super flumina Babylonis, illic sedimus et flévimus, cum recordaremur Sion.
Quomodo cantabimus canticum Domini in terra aliena?
Si oblitus fuero tui, Jerusalem, oblivioni detur dextera mea.
Adhæreat lingua mea faucibus meis, si non meminero tui:
Si non proposuero Jerusalem in principio lætitiæ meæ.

***Ps.* 136.**

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HYMNS FROM THE BREVIARY.

I.

HYMNS FOR THE WEEK.

SACRED YEAR.

HYMNS FROM THE BREVIARY.

I.

HYMNS FOR THE WEEK.

SUNDAY.

MATINS.

Primo die quo Trinitas.

THIS day the blessed Trinity
  The universe began;
This day the world's Creator rose,
  O'ercoming death for man.

Casting betimes dull sloth away,
We too will rise by night;
And with the Prophet seek the Lord,
Before the dawning night.

So may He stretch his hand to save,
And hear us in his love;
And, cleansed from guilt, our souls restore
To their blest home above.

So, while on this his holy Day,
At this most sacred hour,
Our psalms amid the stillness rise,
May He his blessings shower.

Father of lights! keep us this day
From sinful passions free;
Grant us, in every word, and deed,
And thought, to honor Thee.

Thou Lord of chastity divine!
Grant us the grace to quell
Those flames impure, which, cherish'd here,
Increase the flames of hell.

Saviour, of thy sweet clemency,
Wash Thou our sins away;
Grant us thy peace—grant us with Thee
The joys of endless day.

Father of mercies! hear our cry;
Hear us, coequal Son;
Who reignest with the Holy Ghost,
While ceaseless ages run.

FROM THE OCTAVE OF PENTECOST, TO THE SUNDAY NEAREST THE FIRST OF OCTOBER.

Nocte surgentes vigilemus omnes.

Let us arise and watch ere dawn of light,
And to the Lord our hearts and voices raise;
And meditate in psalms, and all unite
In holy hymns of praise.

So joining in the strains of Saints on high,
Hereafter, in the courts of Heaven's great King,
May we be meet his praise eternally
With them in bliss to sing.

Father supreme! this grace on us confer,
And Thou, O Son by an eternal birth!
With Thee, coequal Spirit Comforter!
Whose glory fills the earth.

LAUDS.

Æterne rerum conditor.

DREAD Framer of the earth and sky
Who dost the light and darkness give!
And all the cheerful change supply
Of alternating morn and eve!

Light of the midnight traveller!
Who dost divide the day from night!—
Loud crows the dawn's shrill harbinger,
And wakens up the sunbeams bright.

Forthwith at this, the darkness chill
Retreats before the star of morn;
And from their busy schemes of ill,
The vagrant crews of night return.

Fresh hope, at this, the sailor cheers;
The waves their stormy strife allay;
The Church's Rock at this, in tears,
Hastens to wash his guilt away.

Arise ye, then, with one accord!
Nor longer wrapt in slumber lie;
The cock rebukes all who their Lord
By sloth neglect, by sin deny.

At his clear cry joy springs afresh;
Health courses through the sick man's veins;
The dagger glides into its sheath;
The fallen soul her faith regains.

Jesu! look on us when we fall;—
One momentary glance of thine
Can from her guilt the soul recall
To tears of penitence divine.

Awake us from false sleep profound,
And through our senses pour thy light;
Be thy blest name the first we sound
At early dawn, the last at night.

To God the Father glory be,
And to his sole-begotten Son;
The same, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While everlasting ages run.

FROM THE OCTAVE OF PENTECOST, TO THE SUNDAY NEAREST THE FIRST OF OCTOBER.

Ecce jam noctis tenuatur umbra.

Lo, fainter now lie spread the shades of night,
And upward shoot the trembling gleams of morn;
Suppliant we bend before the Lord of Light,
And pray at early dawn,—

That his sweet charity may all our sin
Forgive, and make our miseries to cease;
May grant us health, grant us the gift divine
Of everlasting peace.

Father supreme! this grace on us confer;
And Thou, O Son by an eternal birth!
With Thee, coequal Spirit Comforter!
Whose glory fills the earth.

HYMN AT PRIME.

ON SUNDAYS AND WEEK-DAYS THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

Jam lucis orto sidere.

Now doth the sun ascend the sky,
And wake creation with its ray;
Keep us from sin, O Lord most high!
Through all the actions of the day.

Curb Thou for us th' unruly tongue;
Teach us the way of peace to prize;
And close our eyes against the throng
Of earth's absorbing vanities.

Oh, may our hearts be pure within!
No cherish'd madness vex the soul!
May abstinence the flesh restrain,
And its rebellious pride control.

So when the evening stars appear,
And in their train the darkness bring;
May we, O Lord, with conscience clear,
Our praise to thy pure glory sing.

To God the Father glory be,
And to his sole-begotten Son;
The same, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While everlasting ages run.

HYMN AT TERCE.

ON SUNDAYS AND WEEK-DAYS THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

Nunc sancte nobis Spiritus.

Come, Holy Ghost, and through each heart
In thy full flood of glory pour;
Who, with the Son and Father, art
One Godhead blest for evermore.

So shall voice, mind, and strength conspire
Thy praise eternal to resound;
So shall our hearts be set on fire,
And kindle every heart around.

Father of mercies! hear our cry;
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son!
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
Reignest while endless ages run.

HYMN AT SEXT.

ON SUNDAYS AND WEEK-DAYS THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

Rector potens, verax Deus.

LORD of eternal truth and might!
Ruler of nature's changing scheme!
Who dost bring forth the morning light,
And temper noon's effulgent beam:

Quench Thou in us the flames of strife,
And bid the heat of passion cease;
From perils guard our feeble life,
And keep our souls in perfect peace.

Father of mercies! hear our cry;
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son!
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
Reignest while endless ages run.

HYMN AT NONE.

ON SUNDAYS AND WEEK-DAYS THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

Rerum Deus tenax vigor.

O Thou true life of all that live!
Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway;
Who dost the morn and evening give,
And through its changes guide the day:

Thy light upon our evening pour,—
So may our souls no sunset see;
But death to us an open door
To an eternal morning be.

Father of mercies! hear our cry;
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son!
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
Reignest while endless ages run.

HYMN AT VESPERS.

ON SUNDAY WHEN NO OTHER HYMN IS APPOINTED.

Lucis Creator optime.

O blest Creator of the light!
Who dost the dawn from darkness bring;
And framing Nature's depth and height,
Didst with the new-born light begin;

Who gently blending eve with morn,
And morn with eve, didst call them day:—
Thick flows the flood of darkness down;
Oh, hear us as we weep and pray!

Keep thou our souls from schemes of crime;
Nor guilt remorseful let them know;
Nor, thinking but on things of time,
Into eternal darkness go.

Teach us to knock at Heaven's high door;
Teach us the prize of life to win;
Teach us all evil to abhor,
And purify ourselves within.

Father of mercies! hear our cry;
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son!
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
Reignest while endless ages run.

MONDAY.

MATINS.

Somno refectis artubus.

Our limbs with tranquil sleep refresh'd,
Lightly from bed we spring;
Father supreme! to us be nigh,
While to thy praise we sing.

Thy love be first in every heart,
Thy name on every tongue;
Whatever we this day may do,
May it in Thee be done.

Soon will the morning star arise,
And chase the dusk away;
Whatever guilt has come with night,
May it depart with day.

Cut off in us, Almighty Lord,
All that may lead to shame;
So with pure hearts may we in bliss
Thine endless praise proclaim.

Father of mercies! hear our cry;
Hear us, coequal Son!
Who reignest with the Holy Ghost
While ceaseless ages run.

LAUDS.

Splendor paternæ gloriæ.

O Thou the Father's Image blest!
Who callest forth the morning ray;
O Thou eternal Light of light!
And inexhaustive Fount of day!

True Sun!—upon our souls arise,
Shining in beauty evermore;
And through each sense the quick'ning beam
Of the eternal Spirit pour.

Thee too, O Father, we entreat,
Father of might and grace divine!
Father of glorious majesty!
Thy pitying eye on us incline.

Confirm us in each good resolve;
The Tempter's envious rage subdue;
Turn each misfortune to our good;
Direct us right in all we do.

Rule Thou our inmost thoughts; let no
Impurity our hearts defile;
Grant us a true and fervent faith;
Grant us a spirit free from guile.

May Christ Himself be our true Food,
And Faith our daily cup supply;
While from the Spirit's tranquil depth
We drink unfailing draughts of joy.

Still ever with the peep of morn
May saintly modesty attend;
Faith sanctify the midday hours;
Upon the soul no night descend.

Fast breaks the dawn.—Each whole in Each,
  Come, Father blest! come, Son most high!
Shine in our souls, and be to them
  The dawn of immortality.

To God the Father glory be,
  And to his sole-begotten Son;
The same, O Holy Ghost! to Thee,
  While everlasting ages run.

VESPERS.

Immense cœli conditor.

Lord of immensity sublime!
  Who, lest the waters should confound
Thy world, didst them in earliest time
  Divide, and make the skies their bound;

Framing for some on earth below,
  For others in the heav'ns a place;
That so the sun's attemper'd glow
  Might not thy beauteous works efface.

Upon our fainting souls distill
  The grace of thy celestial dew;
Let no fresh snare to sin beguile,
  No former sin revive anew.

Grant us the grace, for love of Thee,
  To scorn all vanities below;
Faith to detect each falsity;
  And knowledge, Thee alone to know

Father of mercies! hear our cry;
  Hear us, O sole-begotten Son!
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
  Reignest while endless ages run.

TUESDAY.

MATINS.

Consors paterni luminis.

PURE Light of light! eternal Day!
  Who dost the Father's brightness share;
Our chant the midnight silence breaks;—
  Be nigh, and hearken to our prayer.

Scatter the darkness of our minds,
And turn the hosts of hell to flight;
Let not our souls in sloth repose,
And sleeping sink in endless night.

O Christ! for thy dear mercy's sake,
Spare us, who put our trust in Thee;
Nor let our hymns ascend in vain
To thy immortal Majesty.

Father of mercies! hear our cry;
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son!
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
Reignest while endless ages run.

LAUDS.

Ales diei nuntius.

Now, while the herald bird of day
Proclaims the morning bright;
Christ also, speaking in the soul,
Wakes her to life and light.

"Take up your beds," we hear Him say,
"No more in slumber lie;
In justice, truth, and temperance,
Keep watch;—your Lord is nigh."

O Christ! and art Thou nigh indeed?—
Then let us watch and weep;
This truth but once in earnest felt
Forbids the heart to sleep.

Break, Lord, the spell that wraps us round
In deadly bonds of night;
Shatter the chains of former guilt;
Renew in us thy light.

To God the Father glory be,
And to his only Son;
The same, O Holy Ghost! to Thee,
While ceaseless ages run.

VESPERS.

Telluris alme conditor.

O BOUNTEOUS Framer of the globe!
  Who with thy mighty hand
Didst gather up the rolling seas,
  And firmly base the land:

That so the freshly teeming earth
  Might herb and seedling bear,
Standing in early beauty gay,
  With flowers and fruitage fair:

On our parch'd souls pour Thou, O Lord,
  The freshness of thy grace;
So penitence shall spring anew,
  And all the past efface.

Grant us to fear thy holy law,
  To feel thy goodness nigh;
Grant us through life thy peace; in death
  Thine immortality.

Father of mercies! hear our cry;
Hear us, coequal Son!
Who reignest with the Holy Ghost
While ceaseless ages run.

WEDNESDAY.

MATINS.

Rerum Creator optime.

O BLEST Creator of the world!
Look in thy pity down;
Nor let the guilty sleep of sin
Our souls in torpor drown.

Lord of all holiness! may we
Find mercy in thy sight;
Who, to set forth thy glory, rise
Before the morning light.

Who, as the holy Psalmist bids,
Our hands thus early raise;
And in the midnight sing with Paul
And Silas hymns of praise.

Jesu! to Thee our deeds we show,
To Thee our hearts lie bare;
Oh, hearken to the sighs we pour,
And in thy mercy spare.

Father of mercies! hear our cry;
Hear us, coequal Son!
Who reignest with the Holy Ghost
While ceaseless ages run.

LAUDS.

Nox et tenebræ et nubila.

Ye mist and darkness, cloud and storm,
Confused creations of the night;
Light enters—morning streaks the sky—
Christ comes,—'tis time ye take your flight.

Pierced by the sun's etherial dart,
Night's gloomy mass is cleft in twain;
And, in the smiling face of day,
Nature resumes her tints again.

O Christ, we know no sun but Thee!
Shine in our souls divinely bright!
We seek Thee in simplicity;
Through all our senses shed thy light.

A thousand objects all around
In false delusive colors shine;
To purge them clear, we ask, O Lord,
But one immortal beam of thine.

To God the Father glory be,
And to his sole-begotten Son
The same, O Holy Ghost! to Thee,
While everlasting ages run.

VESPERS.

Cœli Deus sanctissime.

Lord of eternal purity!
Who dost the world with light adorn,
And paint the tracts of azure sky
With lovely hues of eve and morn:

Who didst command the sun to light
His fiery wheel's effulgent blaze;
Didst set the moon her circuit bright;
The stars their ever-winding maze:

That, each within its order'd sphere,
They might divide the night from day;
And of the seasons through the year,
The well remember'd signs display:

Scatter our night, eternal God,
And kindle thy pure beam within;
Free us from guilt's oppressive load,
And break the deadly bonds of sin.

Father of mercies! hear our cry;
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son!
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
Reignest while endless ages run.

THURSDAY.

MATINS.

Nox atra rerum contegit.

The pall of night o'ershades the earth,
And hides the tints of day;—
O Thou! to whom no night comes near,
Dread Judge! to Thee we pray!

That Thou wilt all our guilt remove,
And our lost peace restore;
And of thy mercy grant that we
May grieve thy heart no more.

The guilty soul, which all too long
In lethargy hath lain,
Yearns to cast off her load, and seek
Her Saviour's face again.

Expel from her the darkness, Lord,
Of her internal night;
Renew her bliss,—renew in her
Thy beatific light.

Father of mercies! hear our cry;
Hear us, coequal Son!
Who reignest with the Holy Ghost
While ceaseless ages run.

LAUDS.

Lux ecce surgit aurea.

Now with the rising golden dawn,
Let us, the children of the day,
Cast off the darkness which so long
Has led our guilty souls astray.

Oh, may the morn so pure, so clear,
Its own sweet calm in us instill;
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,
Simplicity of word and will:

And ever, as the day glides by,
May we the busy senses rein;
Keep guard upon the hand and eye,
Nor let the body suffer stain.

For all day long, on Heaven's high tower,
There stands a Sentinel, who spies
Our every action, hour by hour,
From early dawn till daylight dies.

To God the Father glory be,
And to his sole-begotten Son;
The same, O Holy Ghost! to Thee,
While everlasting ages run.

VESPERS.

Magnæ Deus potentiæ.

Lord of all power! at whose command,
The waters, from their teeming womb,
Brought forth the countless tribes of fish,
And birds of every note and plume:

Who didst, for natures link'd in birth,
Far different homes of old prepare;
Sinking the fishes in the sea;
Lifting the birds aloft in air.

Lo! born of thy baptismal wave,
We ask of Thee, O Lord divine!
"Keep us, whom Thou hast sanctified
In thy own Blood, for ever thine.

"Safe from all pride, as from despair;
Not sunk too low, nor raised too high:
Lest raised by pride, we headlong fall;
Sunk in despair, lie down and die."

Father of mercies! hear our cry;
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son!
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
Reignest while endless ages run.

FRIDAY.

MATINS.

Tu Trinitatis Unitas.

O Thou! who dost all nature sway,
Dread Trinity in Unity!
Accept the trembling praise we pay
To thy eternal Majesty.

Hear us, who one and all arise,
  While silent midnight breathes around,
To seek from Thee, with tears and cries,
  A healing balm for every wound.

Almighty Lord! whatever guilt
  Satan hath wrought in us this night,
May it before thy Presence melt,
  Like mist before the morning light.

Grant us a body pure within;
  A wakeful heart, a ready will;
Grant us, by no deep cherish'd sin,
  The fervor of the soul to chill.

Fill Thou our souls, Redeemer true!
  With thy most pure celestial ray;
So may we walk in safety through
  All the temptations of the day.

Father of mercies! hear our cry;
  Hear us, O sole-begotten Son!
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
  Reignest while endless ages run.

LAUDS.

Æterna cœli gloria.

Eternal Glory of the heav'ns!
  Blest Hope of all on earth!
God, of eternal Godhead born!
  Man, by a virgin birth!

Jesu! be near us when we wake;
  And, at the break of day,
With thy blest touch awake the soul,
  Her meed of praise to pay.

The star that heralds in the morn
  Is fading in the skies;
The darkness melts;—O Thou true Light!
  Upon our souls arise.

Steep all our senses in thy beam;
  The world's false night expel;
Purge each defilement from the soul,
  And in our bosoms dwell.

Come, early Faith! fix in our hearts
  Thy root immovably;
Come, smiling Hope! and, last not least,
  Immortal Charity!

To God the Father glory be,
  And to his only Son;
The same, O Holy Ghost! to thee,
  While ceaseless ages run.

VESPERS.

Hominis superne conditor.

Maker of men! who by Thyself,
  All things in wisdom ordering,
Didst from the quick'ning earth bring forth
  Wild beasts, and every creeping thing:

At whose command, instinct with life,
  Huge forms emerg'd from shapeless clay;
Ordain'd, through their appointed times,
  Man, thy frail servant, to obey:

Expel from us wild passions, Lord,
With all the reptile brood of sin;
Nor suffer vice, familiar grown,
To make itself a home within.

Hereafter grant thine endless joys;
Here thy continual grace supply;
Loosen the guilty chain of strife;
Draw close the bonds of unity.

Father of mercies! hear our cry;
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son!
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
Reignest while endless ages run.

SATURDAY.

MATINS.

Summæ Parens clementiæ.

O Thou eternal Source of love!
Ruler of nature's scheme!
In Substance One, in Persons Three!
Omniscient and Supreme!

For thy dear mercy's sake receive
The strains and tears we pour,
And purify our hearts to taste
Thy sweetness more and more.

Our flesh, our reins, our spirits, Lord,
In thy clear fire refine;
Break down the self-indulgent will;
Gird us with strength divine.

So may all we, who here are met
By night thy name to bless,
One day, in our eternal home,
Thine endless joys possess.

Father of mercies! hear our cry;
Hear us, coequal Son!
Who reignest with the Holy Ghost
While ceaseless ages run.

LAUDS.

Aurora jam spargit polum.

THE dawn is sprinkling in the East
  Its golden shower, as day flows in;
Fast mount the pointed shafts of light;—
  Farewell to darkness and to sin!

Away, ye midnight phantoms all!
  Away, despondence and despair!
Whatever guilt the night has brought,
  Now let it vanish into air.

So, Lord, when that last morning breaks
  Which shrouds in darkness earth and skies,
May it on us, low bending here,
  Array'd in joyful light arise!

To God the Father glory be,
  And to his sole-begotten Son;
The same, O Holy Ghost! to Thee,
  While everlasting ages run.

VESPERS.

Jam sol recedit igneus.

Now doth the fiery sun decline:—
Thou, Unity Eternal! shine;
Thou, Trinity, thy blessings pour,
And make our hearts with love run o'er.

Thee in the hymns of morn we praise;
To Thee our voice at eve we raise;
Oh, grant us, with thy Saints on high,
Thee through all time to glorify.

Praise to the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
As ever was in ages past,
And shall be so while ages last.

The Hymns at Matins, Lauds, and Vespers, during Lent and Easter, will be found among those belonging to the Proper of the Season.

HYMN AT COMPLINE.

ON SUNDAYS AND WEEK-DAYS THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

Te lucis ante terminum.

Now with the fast-departing light,
Maker of all! we ask of Thee,
Of thy great mercy, through the night
Our guardian and defence to be.

Far off let idle visions fly;
No phantom of the night molest:
Curb thou our raging enemy,
That we in chaste repose may rest.

Father of mercies! hear our cry;
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son!
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
Reignest while endless ages run.

ANTIPHONS

OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

FROM THE FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT TO THE FEAST OF THE PURIFICATION.

Alma Redemptoris Mater.

MOTHER of Christ! hear thou thy people's cry,
Star of the deep, and Portal of the sky!
Mother of Him who thee from nothing made,
Sinking we strive, and call to thee for aid:
Oh, by that joy which Gabriel brought to thee,
Thou Virgin first and last, let us thy mercy see.

FROM THE PURIFICATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN TO PALM-SUNDAY.

Ave Regina cælorum.

HAIL, O Queen of Heav'n enthron'd!
Hail, by angels Mistress own'd!
Root of Jesse! Gate of morn!
Whence the world's true Light was born:
Glorious Virgin, joy to thee,
Loveliest whom in Heaven they see:
Fairest thou where all are fair!
Plead with Christ our sins to spare.

FROM EASTER-SUNDAY TO WHIT-SUNDAY.

Regina cæli lætare.

JOY to thee, O Queen of Heaven! Alleluia.
He whom thou wast meet to bear; Alleluia.
As He promis'd, hath arisen; Alleluia.
Pour for us to Him thy prayer; Alleluia.

FROM TRINITY SUNDAY TO THE LAST SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

Salve Regina, Mater misericordiæ.

MOTHER of mercy, hail, O gentle Queen!
Our life, our sweetness, and our hope, all hail!
Children of Eve,
To thee we cry from our sad banishment;
To thee we send our sighs,
Weeping and mourning in this tearful vale.
Come, then, our Advocate;
Oh, turn on us those pitying eyes of thine:
And our long exile past,
Show us at last
Jesus, of thy pure womb the fruit divine.
O Virgin Mary, mother blest!
O sweetest, gentlest, holiest!

Sacred Year.

HYMNS FROM THE BREVIARY.

II.

HYMNS BELONGING TO THE PROPER OF THE SEASON.

SACRED YEAR.

HYMNS FROM THE BREVIARY.

II.

HYMNS BELONGING TO THE PROPER OF THE SEASON.

ON SUNDAYS AND WEEK-DAYS DURING ADVENT.

VESPERS.

Creator alme siderum.

MAKER of Heaven! Eternal light
  Of all who in thy name believe!
Jesu, Redeemer of mankind!
  An ear to thy poor suppliants give.

When man was sunk in sin and death,
  Lost in the depth of Satan's snare,
Love brought Thee down to cure our ills,
  By taking of those ills a share.

Thou, for the sake of guilty men,
  Causing thine own pure blood to flow,
Didst issue from thy Virgin shrine,
  And to the Cross a Victim go.

So great the glory of thy might,
  If we but chance thy name to sound,
At once all Heaven and Hell unite
  In bending low with awe profound.

Great Judge of all! in that last day,
  When friends shall fail, and foes combine,
Be present then with us, we pray,
  To guard us with thy arm divine.

To God the Father, and the Son,
  All praise and power and glory be;
With Thee, O holy Comforter!
  Henceforth through all eternity.

[WITHIN THE OCTAVE OF THE FEAST OF THE CONCEPTION.]

O Jesu! born of Virgin bright,
Immortal glory be to Thee;
Praise to the Father infinite,
And Holy Ghost eternally.

MATINS.

Verbum supernum prodiens.

O Thou, who thine own Father's breast
Forsaking, Word sublime!
Didst come to aid a world distress'd
In thy appointed time:

Our hearts enlighten with thy ray,
And kindle with thy love;
That, dead to earthly things, we may
Live but to things above.

So when before the Judgment-seat
  The sinner hears his doom,
And when a voice divinely sweet
  Shall call the righteous home;

Safe from the black and fiery flood
  That sweeps the dread abyss,
May we behold the face of God
  In everlasting bliss.

Now to the Father, with the Son,
  And Spirit evermore,
Be glory while the ages run,
  As in all time before.

LAUDS.

En clara vox redarguit.

Hark! an awful voice is sounding;
  "Christ is nigh!" it seems to say;
"Cast away the dreams of darkness,
  O ye children of the day!"

Startled at the solemn warning,
  Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
  Shines upon the morning skies.

Lo! the Lamb so long expected,
  Comes with pardon down from Heaven;
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
  One and all to be forgiven.

So, when next He comes with glory,
  Wrapping all the earth in fear,
May He then as our Defender
  On the clouds of Heaven appear.

Honor, glory, virtue, merit,
  To the Father and the Son,
With the everlasting Spirit,
  While eternal ages run.

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

VESPERS AND MATINS.

Jesu Redemptor omnium.

Jesu, Redeemer of the world!
Who, ere the earliest dawn of light,
Wast from eternal ages born,
Immense in glory as in might;

Immortal Hope of all mankind!
In whom the Father's face we see;
Hear Thou the prayers thy people pour
This day throughout the world to Thee.

Remember, O Creator Lord!
That in the Virgin's sacred womb
Thou wast conceived, and of her flesh
Didst our mortality assume.

This ever-blest recurring day
Its witness bears, that all alone,
From thy own Father's bosom forth,
To save the world Thou camest down.

O Day! to which the seas and sky,
And earth and Heav'n, glad welcome sing;
O Day! which heal'd our misery,
And brought on earth salvation's King.

We too, O Lord, who have been cleansed
In thy own fount of blood divine,
Offer the tribute of sweet song,
On this blest natal day of thine.

O Jesu! born of Virgin bright,
Immortal glory be to Thee;
Praise to the Father infinite,
And Holy Ghost eternally.

LAUDS.

A solis ortus cardine.

From the far-blazing gate of morn
To earth's remotest shore,
Let every tongue confess to Him
Whom holy Mary bore.

Lo! the great Maker of the world,
  Lord of eternal years,
To save his creatures, veil'd beneath
  A creature's form appears.

A spotless maiden's virgin breast
  With heav'nly grace He fills;
In her pure womb he is conceived,
  And there in secret dwells.

That bosom, Chastity's sweet home,
  Becomes, oh, blest reward!
The shrine of Heav'n's immortal King,
  The temple of the Lord.

And Mary bears the babe, foretold
  By an Archangel's voice;
Whose presence made the Baptist leap,
  And in the womb rejoice.

A manger scantly strewn with hay
  Becomes th' Eternal's bed;
And He, who feeds each smallest bird,
  Himself with milk is fed.

Straightway with joy the Heav'ns are fill'd,
The hosts angelic sing;
And shepherds hasten to adore
Their Shepherd and their King.

Praise to the Father! praise to Thee,
Thou Virgin's holy Son!
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete,
While endless ages run.

THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

MATINS.

Audit tyrannus anxius.

When it reach'd the tyrant's ear,
Brooding anxious all alone,
That the King of kings was near,
Who should sit on David's throne;

Stung with madness, straight he cries,
"Treason threatens—draw the sword!
Rebels all around us rise!
Drown the cradles deep in blood!"

What is guilty Herod's gain,
  Though a thousand babes he slay ?—
Christ, amid a thousand slain,
  Is in safety borne away.

Honor, glory, virtue, merit,
  Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son!
With the Father, and the Spirit,
  While eternal ages run.

LAUDS AND VESPERS.

Salvete flores martyrum.

Lovely flowers of martyrs, hail!
  Smitten by the tyrant foe
On life's threshold,—as the gale
  Strews the roses ere they blow.

First to die for Christ, sweet lambs!
  At the very altar ye,
With your fatal crowns and palms,
  Sport in your simplicity.

Honor, glory, virtue, merit,
Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son!
With the Father, and the Spirit,
While eternal ages run.

EPIPHANY.

VESPERS AND MATINS.

Crudelis Herodes Deum.

O cruel Herod! why thus fear
Thy King and God, who comes below?
No earthly crown comes He to take,
Who heavenly kingdoms doth bestow.

The wiser Magi see the star,
And follow as it leads before;
By its pure ray they seek the Light,
And with their gifts that Light adore.

Behold at length the heavenly Lamb
Baptized in Jordan's sacred flood;
There consecrating by his touch
Water to cleanse us in his blood,

But Cana saw her glorious Lord
Begin his miracles divine;
When water, reddening at his word,
Flow'd forth obedient in wine.

To Thee, O Jesu, who Thyself
Hast to the Gentile world display'd,
Praise, with the Father evermore,
And with the Holy Ghost, be paid.

LAUDS.

O sola magnarum urbium.

Bethlehem! of noblest cities
None can once with thee compare;
Thou alone the Lord from Heaven
Didst for us Incarnate bear.

Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told his birth;
To the lands their God announcing,
Hid beneath a form of earth.

By its lambent beauty guided,
  See, the Eastern kings appear;
See them bend, their gifts to offer,—
  Gifts of incense, gold, and myrrh.

Offerings of mystic meaning!—
  Incense doth the God disclose;
Gold a royal child proclaimeth;
  Myrrh a future tomb foreshows.

Holy Jesu! in thy brightness
  To the Gentile world display'd!
With the Father, and the Spirit,
  Endless praise to Thee be paid.

FEAST OF THE MOST HOLY NAME OF JESUS.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

VESPERS.

Jesu dulcis memoria.

Jesu! the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

Jesu! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesu! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

MATINS.

(The same continued.)

Jesu Rex admirabilis.

O Jesu! King most wonderful!
Thou Conqueror renown'd!
Thou Sweetness most ineffable!
In whom all joys are found!

When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine;
Then earthly vanities depart;
Then kindles love divine.

O Jesu! Light of all below!
Thou Fount of life and fire!
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire:

May every heart confess thy name,
And ever Thee adore;
And seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

Thee may our tongues for ever bless;
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of thine own.

LAUDS.

(The same continued.)

Jesu decus angelicum.

O Jesu! Thou the beauty art
Of angel worlds above;
Thy name is music to the heart,
Enchanting it with love.

Celestial sweetness unalloy'd!
Who eat Thee hunger still;
Who drink of Thee still feel a void,
Which naught but Thou can fill.

O my sweet Jesu! hear the sighs
Which unto Thee I send;
To Thee mine inmost spirit cries,
My being's hope and end!

Stay with us, Lord, and with thy light
Illume the soul's abyss;
Scatter the darkness of our night,
And fill the world with bliss.

O Jesu! spotless Virgin flower!
Our life and joy! to Thee
Be praise, beatitude, and power,
Through all eternity.

FRIDAY AFTER SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

PRAYER OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST ON MOUNT OLIVET.

VESPERS AND MATINS.

Aspice ut Verbum Patris a supernis.

SEE from on high, array'd in truth and grace,
The Father's Word descend!
Burning to heal the wounds of Adam's race,
And our long evils end!

Pitying the miseries which with the Fall
In Paradise began,
Prostrate upon the earth, the Lord of all
Entreats for ruin'd man.

Oh, bitter then was our Redeemer's lot,
While whelm'd in griefs unknown:
"Father," He cries, "remove this cup; yet not
My will, but thine be done."

While, a dread anguish pressing down his heart,
He faints upon the ground;
And from each bursting pore the blood-drops start,
Moistening the earth around.

But quickly, from high Heaven, an angel came,
To soothe the Saviour's woes;
And, strength returning to his languid frame,
Up from the earth He rose.

Praise to the Father; praise, O Son! to Thee,
To whom a name is given
Above all names; praise to the Spirit be,
From all in earth and Heaven.

LAUDS.

Venit e Cœlo Mediator alto.

DAUGHTER of Sion! cease thy bitter tears,
And calm thy breast;
Foretold through ages past, lo! now appears
Thy Mediator blest.

That garden, where of old our guilt began,
Wrought death and pain;
But this, where Jesus prays by night for man,
Brings life and joy again.

Hither, of his own will, the Lord, for all
Comes to atone;
And stays the thunderbolts about to fall
From the dread Father's throne.

So shall He break the adamantine chain
Of Hell's abyss;
And opening Heaven long closed, call us again
To his eternal bliss.

Praise to the Son, to whom a name above
All names is given;
Praise to the Father and the Spirit of love,
From all in earth and Heaven.

FRIDAY AFTER SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.

THE PASSION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

VESPERS.

Mærentes oculi spargite lachrymas.

Now let us sit and weep,
And fill our hearts with woe;
Pondering the shame, and torments deep,
Which God from wicked men did undergo.

See! how the multitude,
With swords and staves, draw nigh;
See! how they they smite, with buffets rude,
That head divine of awful majesty:

How, bound with cruel cord,
Christ to the scourge is given;
And ruffians lift their hands, unawed,
Against the King of kings and Lord of Heaven.

Hear it! ye people, hear!
Our good and gracious God,
Silent beneath the lash severe,
Stands with his sacred shoulders drench'd in blood.

O scene for tears! but now
The sinful race contrive
A torment new: deep in his brow,
With all their force, the jagged thorns they drive.

Then roughly dragg'd to death,
Christ on the Cross is slain;
And, as He dies, with parting breath,
Into his Father's hands gives back his soul again.

To Him who so much bore,
To gain for sinners grace,
Be praise and glory evermore;
From the whole universal human race.

MATINS.

Aspice infami Deus ipse ligno.

SEE! where in shame the God of glory hangs,
All bathed in his own blood:
See! how the nails pierce with a thousand pangs
Those hands so good.

Th' All Holy, as a minister of ill,
Betwixt two thieves they place;
Oh, deed unjust! yet such the cruel will
Of Israel's race.

Pale grows his face, and fix'd his languid eye;
His wearied head He bends;
And rich in merits, forth with one loud cry
His Spirit sends.

O heart more hard than iron! not to weep
At this; thy sin it was
That wrought his death; of all these torments deep
Thou art the cause.

Praise, honor, glory be through endless time
To th' everlasting God;
Who wiped away our deadly stains of crime
In his own Blood.

LAUDS.

Sævo dolorum turbine.

O'erwhelm'd in depths of woe,
Upon the Tree of scorn
Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,
With racking anguish torn.

See! how the nails those hands
And feet so tender rend;
See! down his face, and neck, and breast,
His sacred Blood descend.

Hark! with what awful cry
His Spirit takes its flight;
That cry, it pierced his Mother's heart,
And whelm'd her soul in night.

Earth hears, and to its base
  Rocks wildly to and fro;
Tombs burst; seas, rivers, mountains quake;
  The veil is rent in two.

The sun withdraws his light;
  The midday heavens grow pale;
The moon, the stars, the universe,
  Their Maker's death bewail.

Shall man alone be mute?
  Come, youth! and hoary hairs!
Come, rich and poor! come, all mankind!
  And bathe those feet in tears.

Come! fall before His Cross,
  Who shed for us his blood;
Who died the victim of pure love,
  To make us sons of God.

Jesu! all praise to Thee,
  Our joy and endless rest!
Be Thou our guide while pilgrims here,
  Our crown amid the blest.

FRIDAY AFTER QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

THE MOST HOLY CROWN OF THORNS OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

VESPERS AND MATINS.

Exite Sion filiæ.

DAUGHTERS of Sion! royal maids!
  Come forth to sée the crown,
Which Sion's self, with cruel hands,
  Hath woven for her Son.

See! how amid his gory locks
  The jagged thorns appear;
See! how his pallid countenance
  Foretells that death is near.

Oh, savage was the earth that bore
  Those thorns so sharp and long!
Savage the hand that gather'd them
  To work this deadly wrong!

But now that Christ's immortal Blood
Hath ting'd them with its dye,
Fairer than roses they appear,
Or palms of victory.

Jesu! the thorns which pierced thy brow
Sprang from the seed of sin;
Pluck ours, we pray thee, from our hearts,
And plant thine own therein.

Praise, honor, to the Father be,
Praise to his only Son;
Praise to the blessed Paraclete,
While endless ages run.

LAUDS.

Legis figuris pingitur.

CHRIST'S peerless Crown is pictur'd in
The figures of the Law:
The Ram entangled in the thorns
The Bush which Moses saw;

The Rainbow girding round the ark;
The Table's crown of gold;
The Incense which in waving wreaths
Around the Altar roll'd.

Hail, glorious Crown! which didst the pangs
Of dying Jesus feel;
Thou dost the brightest gems outshine,
And all the stars excel.

Praise, honor, to the Father be,
Praise to his only Son;
Praise to the blessed Paraclete
While endless ages run.

ON SUNDAYS AND WEEK-DAYS IN LENT TILL PASSION SUNDAY.

VESPERS.

Audi benigne Conditor.

Thou loving Maker of mankind,
Before thy throne we pray and weep;
Oh, strengthen us with grace divine,
Duly this sacred Lent to keep.

Searcher of hearts! Thou dost our ills
  Discern, and all our weakness know:
Again to Thee with tears we turn;
  Again to us thy mercy show.

Much have we sinn'd; but we confess
  Our guilt, and all our faults deplore:
Oh, for the praise of thy great Name,
  Our fainting souls to health restore!

And grant us, while by fasts we strive
  This mortal body to control,
To fast from all the food of sin,
  And so to purify the soul.

Hear us, O Trinity thrice blest!
  Sole Unity! to Thee we cry:
Vouchsafe us from these fasts below
  To reap immortal fruit on high.

MATINS.

Ex more docti mystico.

Now with the slow-revolving year,
Again the Fast we greet;
Which in its mystic circle moves
Of forty days complete.

That Fast, by Law and Prophets taught,
By Jesus Christ restored;
Jesus, of seasons and of times
The Maker and the Lord.

Henceforth more sparing let us be
Of food, of words, of sleep;
Henceforth beneath a stricter guard
The roving senses keep.

And let us shun whatever things
Distract the careless heart;
And let us shut the soul against
The tyrant Tempter's art;

And weep before the Judge, and strive
His vengeance to appease;
Saying to Him with contrite voice,
Upon our bended knees:

"Much have we sinn'd, O Lord! and still
We sin each day we live;
Yet pour thy pity from on high,
And of thy grace forgive.

"Remember that we still are thine,
Though of a fallen frame;
And take not from us in thy wrath
The glory of thy name.

"Undo past evil; grant us, Lord,
More grace to do aright;
So may we now and ever find
Acceptance in thy sight."

Blest Trinity in Unity!
Vouchsafe us, in thy love,
To gather from these fasts below
Immortal fruit above.

LAUDS.

O Sol salutis intimis.

THE darkness fleets, and joyful earth
Welcomes the newborn day;
Jesu, true Sun of human souls!
Shed in our souls thy ray.

Thou, who dost give the accepted time,
Give tears to purify,
Give flames of love to burn our hearts,
As victims unto Thee.

That fountain, whence our sins have flow'd
Shall soon in tears distill,
If but thy penitential grace
Subdue the stubborn will.

Lo! day returns, thy own blest day,
All things to joy awake;
Oh, may we, to thy paths restored,
In nature's joy partake!

Eternal Trinity! to Thee
  Let Earth's vast fabric bend;
While evermore from souls renew'd,
  New hymns of praise ascend.

FRIDAY AFTER THE FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

THE SPEAR AND NAILS OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

VESPERS.

Quænam lingua tibi, O Lancea, debitas.

What tongue, illustrious Spear, can duly sound
  Thy praise, in Heaven or earth?
Thou, who didst open that life-giving wound,
  From whence the Church had birth.

From Adam, sunk in an ecstatic sleep,
  Came Eve divinely framed;
From Christ,—his spouse; when from that wound so deep
  The Blood and Water stream'd.

And equal thanks to you, blest Nails, whereby,
Fast to the sacred Rood,
Was clench'd the sentence dooming us to die,
All blotted out in blood,

To Him who still preserves in highest Heaven
The wounds which here He bore,
Be glory, with th' eternal Father, given,
And Spirit evermore.

MATINS.

Salvete Clavi et Lancea.

Hail, Spear and Nails! erewhile despised,
As things of little worth;
Now crimson with the blood of Christ,
And fam'd through Heaven and earth.

Chosen by Jewish perfidy
As instruments of sin,
God turn'd you into ministers
Of love and grace divine:

For from each several wound ye made
In that immortal frame,
As from a fount, celestial gifts
And life eternal came.

Thee, Jesu, pierced with Nails and Spear,
Let every knee adore;
With Thee, O Father, and with Thee,
O Spirit, evermore.

LAUDS.

(The same continued.)

Tinctam ergo Christi sanguine.

OH, turn those blessed points, all bathed
In Jesu's blood, on me;
Mine were the sins that wrought his death,
Mine be the penalty.

Pierce through my feet, my hands, my heart;
So may some drop distill
Of Blood divine, into my soul,
And all its evils heal.

So shall my feet be slow to sin,
Harmless my hands shall be;
So from my wounded heart shall each
Forbidden passion flee.

Thee, Jesu, pierced with Nails and Spear,
Let every knee adore;
With Thee, O Father, and with Thee,
O Spirit, evermore.

FRIDAY AFTER THE SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

THE MOST HOLY WINDING SHEET OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

VESPERS.

Gloriam sacræ celebremus omnes.

The glories of that sacred Winding Sheet
Let every tongue record;
Which from the Cross received, with honor meet,
The body of the Lord.

O dear Memorial! on which we see,
In bloody stains impress'd,
The form, sublime in awful majesty,
Of our Redeemer blest.

How doth the grievous sight of thee recall
Those dying throes to mind,
Which Christ, compassionating Adam's fall,
Endured for lost mankind!

His wounded side, his hands and feet pierced through,
Mirror'd in thee appear;
His lacerated limbs, his gory brow,
And thorn-entangled hair.

Ah! who beholding these sad images,
Can the big tears control?
Can check the throbs of swelling grief that rise
Up from his inmost soul?

Jesu! my sin it was that laid Thee low,
And through thy death I live;
That life, which to thy sufferings I owe,
Henceforth to Thee I give.

Glory to Him, who, to redeem us, bore
Such bitter dying pains;
Who with th' eternal Father evermore,
And Holy Spirit, reigns.

MATINS.

Mysterium mirabile.

This day the wond'rous mystery
Is set before our eyes,
Of Jesus stretch'd upon the Cross
In dying agonies.

Oh, deed of love! the Prince becomes
A Victim for his slave;
The sinner an acquittal finds,
The innocent a grave.

Whereof, in many a gory stain,
The traces still are found
O yonder Winding Sheet, which wrapp'd
The sacred body round.

Hail, trophies of our valiant Chief!
  Hail, proofs of triumph won
Over the World, and Hell, and Death,
  By God's eternal Son!

Be these the colors under which
  From this time forth we fight,
Against the depths of Satan's guile,
  And all the powers of night.

So, dead to our old life, may we
  A better life begin;
And through the Cross of Christ at length
  His Heavenly crown attain.

Father of mercies! hear our cry;
  Hear us, coequal Son!
Who reignest with the Holy Ghost
  While ceaseless ages run.

LAUDS.

Jesu dulcis amor meus.

Jesu! as though Thyself wert here,
I draw in trembling sorrow near;
And hanging o'er thy form divine,
Kneel down to kiss these wounds of thine.

Ah me, how naked art Thou laid!
Bloodstain'd, distended, cold, and dead!
Joy of my soul—my Saviour sweet,
Upon this sacred Winding Sheet!

Hail, awful brow! hail, thorny wreath!
Hail, countenance now pale in death!
Whose glance but late so brightly blazed,
That Angels trembled as they gazed.

And hail to thee, my Saviour's side;
And hail to thee, thou wound so wide;
Thou wound more ruddy than the rose,
True antidote of all our woes!

Oh, by those sacred hands and feet
For me so mangled! I entreat,
My Jesu, turn me not away,
But let me here for ever stay.

FRIDAY AFTER THE THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

THE MOST HOLY FIVE WOUNDS OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Matins, Lauds, and Vespers, as on Passion-Sunday.

FRIDAY AFTER THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

VESPERS.

Festivis resonent compita vocibus.

Forth let the long procession stream,
And through the streets in order wend;
Let the bright waving line of torches gleam,
The solemn chant ascend.

While we, with tears and sighs profound,
That memorable Blood record,
Which, stretch'd on his hard Cross, from many a
The dying Jesus pour'd. [wound

By the first Adam's fatal sin
Came death upon the human race;
In this new Adam doth new life begin,
And everlasting grace.

For scarce the Father heard from Heaven
The cry of his expiring Son,
When in that cry our sins were all forgiven,
And boundless pardon won.

Henceforth, whoso in that dear Blood
Washeth, shall lose his every stain;
And in immortal roseate beauty robed,
An angel's likeness gain.

Only, run thou with courage on
Straight to the goal set in the skies;
He, who assists thy course, will give thee soon
The everlasting prize.

Father supreme! vouchsafe that we,
For whom thine only Son was slain
And whom thy Holy Ghost doth sanctify,
May heavenly joys attain.

MATINS.

Ira justa Conditoris.

He who once, in righteous vengeance,
Whelm'd the world beneath the flood,
Once again in mercy cleansed it
With the stream of his own Blood,
Coming from his throne on high
On the painful Cross to die.

Blest with this all-saving shower,
Earth her beauty straight resumed;
In the place of thorns and briers,
Myrtles sprang, and roses bloom'd:
Flowers surprised the desert waste,
Wormwood lost its bitter taste.

Scorpions ceased; the slimy serpent
  Laid his deadly poison by;
Savage beasts of cruel instinct
  Lost their wild ferocity;
Welcoming the gentle reign
Of the Lamb for sinners slain.

Oh, the wisdom of th' Eternal!
  Oh, its depth, and height divine!
Oh, the sweetness of that mercy
  Which in Jesus Christ doth shine!
The guilty slave was doom'd to die—
The good King pays the penalty.

When before the Judge we tremble,
  Conscious of his broken laws,
May this Blood, in that dread hour,
  Cry aloud, and plead our cause:
Bid our guilty terrors cease,
Be our pardon and our peace.

Prince and Author of salvation!
  Lord of majesty supreme!

Jesu! praise to Thee be given
  By the world Thou didst redeem;
Who, with the Father, and the Spirit,
Reignest in eternal merit.

LAUDS.

Salvete Christi vulnera.

Hail wounds! which through eternal years
  The love of Jesus show;
Hail wounds! from whence encrimson'd rills
  Of blood for ever flow.

More precious than the gems of Ind,
  Than all the stars more fair;
Nor honeycomb, nor fragrant rose,
  Can once with you compare.

Through you is open'd to our souls
  A refuge safe and calm,
Whither no raging enemy
  Can reach to work us harm.

What countless stripes did Christ receive
Naked in Pilate's hall!
From his torn flesh what streams of blood
Did all around Him fall!

How doth th' ensanguined thorny crown
That beauteous brow transpierce!
How do the nails those hands and feet
Contract with tortures fierce!

He bows his head, and forth at last
His loving spirit soars;
Yet even after death his heart
For us its tribute pours.

Beneath the wine-press of God's wrath
His Blood for us He drains;
Till for Himself, O wondrous love!
No single drop remains.

Oh, come all ye in whom are fix'd
The deadly stains of sin!
Come! wash in this all-saving Blood,
And ye shall be made clean.

Praise Him, who with the Father sits
Enthroned upon the skies;
Whose Blood redeems our souls from guilt,
Whose Spirit sanctifies.

PASSION-SUNDAY.

VESPERS.

Vexilla Regis prodeunt.

FORTH comes the Standard of the King:
All hail, thou Mystery adored!
Hail, Cross! on which the Life Himself
Died, and by death our life restored.

On which our Saviour's holy side,
Rent open with a cruel spear,
Of blood and water pour'd a stream,
To wash us from defilement clear.

Oh sacred Wood! in thee fulfill'd
Was holy David's truthful lay;
Which told the world, that from a Tree
The Lord should all the nations sway.

Most royally empurpled o'er,
How beauteously thy stem doth shine!
How glorious was its lot to touch
Those limbs so holy and divine!

Thrice blest, upon whose arms outstretch'd
The Saviour of the world reclined;
Balance sublime! upon whose beam
Was weigh'd the ransom of mankind.

Hail, Cross! thou only hope of man,
Hail on this holy Passion-day!
To saints increase the grace they have;
From sinners purge their guilt away.

Salvation's spring, blest Trinity,
Be praise to Thee through earth and skies:
Thou through the Cross the victory
Dost give; oh, also give the prize!

MATINS.

Pange lingua gloriosi.

Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory;
  Tell his triumph far and wide;
Tell aloud the famous story
  Of his Body crucified;
How upon the Cross a Victim,
  Vanquishing in death, He died.

Eating of the Tree forbidden,
  Man had sunk in Satan's snare,
When our pitying Creator
  Did this second Tree prepare;
Destined, many ages later,
  That first evil to repair.

Such the order God appointed
  When for sin He would atone;
To the Serpent thus opposing
  Schemes yet deeper than his own;
Thence the remedy procuring,
  Whence the fatal wound had come.

So when now at length the fullness
  Of the sacred time drew nigh,
Then the Son, the world's Creator,
  Left his Father's throne on high;
From a Virgin's womb appearing,
  Clothed in our mortality,

All within a lowly manger,
  Lo, a tender babe He lies!
See his gentle Virgin mother
  Lull to sleep his infant cries!
While the limbs of God Incarnate
  Round with swathing bands she ties.

Blessing, honor everlasting,
  To the immortal Deity;
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
  Equal praises ever be;
Glory through the earth and Heaven
  To Trinity in Unity.

LAUDS.

(The same continued.)

Lustra sex qui jam peregit.

Thus did Christ to perfect manhood
  In our mortal flesh attain:
Then of his free choice He goeth
  To a death of bitter pain;
And as a lamb, upon the altar
  Of the Cross, for us is slain.

Lo, with gall his thirst he quenches!
  See the thorns upon his brow!
Nails his tender flesh are rending!
  See, his side is open'd now!
Whence, to cleanse the whole creation,
  Streams of blood and water flow.

Lofty Tree, bend down thy branches,
  To embrace thy sacred load;
Oh, relax the native tension
  Of that all too rigid wood;
Gently, gently bear the members
  Of thy dying King and God.

Tree, which solely wast found worthy
The world's great Victim to sustain;
Harbor from the raging tempest!
Ark, that saved the world again!
Tree, with sacred Blood anointed
Of the Lamb for sinners slain.

Blessing, honor everlasting,
To the immortal Deity;
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Equal praises ever be;
Glory through the earth and Heaven
To Trinity in Unity.

LOW-SUNDAY, AND THROUGH EASTER TO ASCENSION-DAY.

VESPERS.

Ad regias agni dapes.

Now at the Lamb's high royal feast
In robes of saintly white we sing,
Through the Red Sea in safety brought
By Jesus our immortal King.

O depth of love! for us He drinks
  The chalice of his agony;
For us a Victim on the Cross
  He meekly lays Him down to die.

And as the avenging Angel pass'd
  Of old the blood-besprinkled door;
As the cleft sea a passage gave,
  Then closed to whelm th' Egyptians o'er:

So Christ, our Paschal Sacrifice,
  Has brought us safe all perils through;
While for unleaven'd bread we need
  But heart sincere and purpose true.

Hail, purest Victim Heaven could find,
  The powers of Hell to overthrow!
Who didst the chains of Death destroy;
  Who dost the prize of Life bestow.

Hail, victor Christ! hail, risen King!
  To Thee alone belongs the crown;
Who hast the heavenly gates unbarr'd,
  And dragg'd the Prince of darkness down.

O Jesu! from the death of sin
  Keep us, we pray; so shalt Thou be
The everlasting Paschal joy
  Of all the souls new-born in Thee.

Now to the Father, and the Son,
  Who rose from death, be glory given;
With Thee, O holy Comforter,
  Henceforth by all in earth and Heaven.

MATINS.

Rex sempiterne cælitum.

O Thou, the Heaven's eternal King!
  Lord of the starry spheres
Who with the Father equal art
  From everlasting years:

All praise to thy most holy Name,
  Who, when the world began,
Yoking the soul with clay, didst form
  In thine own image, Man.

And praise to Thee, who, when the Foe
Had marr'd thy work sublime,
Clothing Thyself in flesh, didst mould
Our race a second time.

When from the tomb new born, as from
A Virgin born before,
Thou didst reverse our fallen state,
And life to man restore.

Eternal Shepherd! who thy flock
In thy pure Font dost lave,
Where souls are cleansed, and all their guilt
Buried as in a grave;

Jesu! who to the Cross wast nail'd,
Our countless debt to pay;
Jesu! who lavishly didst pour
Thy blood for us away:

Oh, from the wretched death of sin
Keep us; so shalt Thou be
The everlasting Paschal joy
Of all new born in Thee.

To God the Father, and the Son
  Who rose, be glory given;
With Thee, Almighty Paraclete!
  By all in earth and Heaven,

LAUDS.

Aurora cælum purpurat.

The dawn was purpling o'er the sky;
  With alleluias rang the air;
Earth held a glorious jubilee;
  Hell gnash'd its teeth in fierce despair:

When our most valiant mighty King
  From death's abyss, in dread array,
Led the long-prison'd Fathers forth,
  Into the beam of life and day:

When He, whom stone, and seal, and guard,
  Had safely to the tomb consign'd,
Triumphant rose, and buried Death
  Deep in the grave He left behind.

"Calm all your grief, and still your tears;"
  Hark! the descending angel cries;
"For Christ is risen from the dead,
  And Death is slain, no more to rise."

O Jesu! from the death of sin
  Keep us, we pray; so shalt Thou be
The everlasting Paschal joy
  Of all the souls new born in Thee.

Now to the Father, and the Son
  Who rose from death, be glory given;
With Thee, O holy Comforter!
  Henceforth by all in earth and Heaven.

THE ASCENSION OF OUR LORD.

VESPERS AND LAUDS.

Salutis humanæ Sator.

O Thou pure light of souls that love,
  True joy of every human breast,
Sower of life's immortal seed,
  Our Maker, and Redeemer blest!

What wondrous pity Thee o'ercame,
To make our guilty load thine own,
And sinless, suffer death and shame,
For our transgressions to atone!

Thou, bursting Hades open wide,
Didst all the captive souls unchain;
And thence to thy dread Father's side
With glorious pomp ascend again.

Jesu! may pity Thee compel
To heal the wounds of which we die;
And take us in thy Light to dwell,
Who for thy blissful Presence sigh.

Be Thou our guide, be Thou our goal;
Be Thou our pathway to the skies;
Our joy, when sorrow fills the soul;
In death our everlasting prize.

MATINS.

Æterne Rex altissime.

O Thou eternal King most high!
  Who didst the world redeem;
And conquering Death and Hell, receive
  A dignity supreme.

Thou, through the starry orbs, this day,
  Didst to thy throne ascend;
Thenceforth to reign in sovereign power,
  And glory without end.

There, seated in thy majesty,
  To Thee submissive bow
The Heaven of Heavens, the spacious earth,
  The depths of Hell below.

With trembling there the angels see
  The changed estate of men;
The flesh which sinn'd by Flesh redeem'd;
  Man in the Godhead reign.

There, waiting for thy faithful souls,
Be Thou to us, O Lord!
Our peerless joy while here we stay,
In Heaven our great reward.

Renew our strength; our sins forgive;
Our miseries efface;
And lift our souls aloft to Thee,
By thy celestial grace.

So, when Thou shinest on the clouds,
With thy angelic train,
May we be saved from vengeance due,
And our lost crowns regain.

Glory to Jesus, who returns
Triumphantly to Heaven;
Praise to the Father evermore,
And Holy Ghost be given.

WHIT-SUNDAY.

VESPERS.

Veni Creator Spiritus.

Come, O Creator Spirit blest!
And in our souls take up thy rest;
Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

Great Paraclete! to Thee we cry:
O highest gift of God most high!
O fount of life! O fire of love!
And sweet Anointing from above!

Thou in thy sevenfold gifts art known;
Thee Finger of God's hand we own;
The promise of the Father Thou!
Who dost the tongue with power endow.

Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.

Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with Thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

Oh, may thy grace on us bestow,
The Father and the Son to know,
And Thee through endless times confess'd
Of Both th' eternal Spirit blest.

All glory while the ages rùn
Be to the Father, and the Son
Who rose from death; the same to Thee,
O Holy Ghost, eternally.

MATINS.

Jam Christus astra ascenderat.

Above the starry spheres,
To where He was before,
Christ had gone up, soon from on high
The Father's gift to pour:

And now had fully come,
On mystic circle borne
Of seven times seven revolving days,
The Pentecostal morn:

When, as the Apostles knelt
At the third hour in prayer,
A sudden rushing sound proclaim'd
The God of glory near.

Forthwith a tongue of fire
Alights on every brow;—
Each breast receives the Father's light
The Word's enkindling glow.

The Holy Ghost on all
Is mightily outpour'd;
Who straight in divers tongues declare
The wonders of the Lord.

While strangers of all climes
Flock round from far and near,
And with amazement, each at once
Their native accents hear.

But Judah, faithless still,
Denies the hand divine;
And madly jeers the Saints of Christ,
As drunk with new-made wine.

Till Peter in the midst
Stood up, and spake aloud;
And their perfidious falsity
By Joel's witness show'd.

Praise to the Father be!
Praise to the Son who rose!
Praise, Holy Paraclete, to Thee,
While age on ages flows!

LAUDS.

Beata nobis gaudia.

AGAIN the slowly circling year
Brings round the blessed hour,
When on the Saints the Comforter
Came down in grace and power.

In fashion of a fiery tongue
  The mighty Godhead came;
Their lips with eloquence He strung,
  And fill'd their hearts with flame.

Straightway with divers tongues they speak,
  Instinct with grace divine;
While wond'ring crowds the cause mistake,
  And deem them drunk with wine.

These things were mystically wrought,—
  The Paschal time complete,
When Israel's Law remission brought
  Of every legal debt.

God of all grace! to Thee we pray,
  To Thee adoring bend;
Into our hearts this sacred day
  Thy Spirit's fullness send.

Thou, who in ages past didst pour
  Thy graces from above,—
Thy grace in us where lost restore,
  And stablish peace and love.

All glory to the Father be;
And to the Son who rose;
Glory, O Holy Ghost! to Thee,
While age on ages flows.

TRINITY-SUNDAY.

VESPERS.

Jam Sol recedit igneus.

Now doth the fiery sun decline:—
Thou, Unity eternal! shine;
Thou, Trinity, thy blessings pour,
And make our hearts with love run o'er.

Thee in the hymns of morn we praise;
To Thee our voice at eve we raise;
Oh, grant us, with thy Saints on high,
Thee through all time to glorify.

Praise to the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
As ever was in ages past,
And shall be so while ages last.

MATINS.

Summæ Parens clementiæ.

O Thou eternal Source of love!
Ruler of nature's scheme!
In Substance One, in Persons Three!
Omniscient and Supreme!

Be nigh to us when we arise;
And, at the break of day,
With wakening body wake the soul,
Her meed of praise to pay.

To God the Father glory be,
And to his only Son;
The same, O Holy Ghost! to Thee,
While ceaseless ages run.

LAUDS.

Tu Trinitatis Unitas.

O Thou! who dost all nature sway,
Dread Trinity in Unity!
Accept the trembling praise we pour
To thy eternal Majesty.

The star that heralds in the morn
Is slowly fading in the skies;
The darkness melts;—O Thou true light!
Upon our darken'd souls arise.

To God the Father glory be,
And to his sole-begotten Son;
The same, O Holy Ghost! to Thee,
While everlasting ages run.

FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI.

VESPERS.

Pange lingua gloriosi.

Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory,
Of his Flesh the mystery sing;
Of the Blood, all price exceeding,
Shed by our immortal King,
Destined, for the world's redemption,
From a noble womb to spring.

Of a pure and spotless Virgin
  Born for us on earth below,
He, as Man with man conversing,
  Stay'd, the seeds of truth to sow;
Then He closed in solemn order
  Wondrously his life of woe.

On the night of that Last Supper,
  Seated with his chosen band,
He the Paschal victim eating,
  First fulfills the Law's command;
Then, as Food to all his brethren
  Gives Himself with his own hand.

Word made Flesh, the bread of nature
  By his word to Flesh He turns;
Wine into his Blood He changes:—
  What though sense no change discerns?
Only be the heart in earnest,
  Faith her lesson quickly learns.

[Tantum ergo sacramentum.]

Down in adoration falling,
  Lo! the sacred Host we hail;

Lo! o'er ancient forms departing,
  Newer rites of grace prevail;
Faith, for all defects supplying,
  Where the feeble senses fail.

To the Everlasting Father,
  And the Son who reigns on high,
With the Holy Ghost proceeding
  Forth from Each eternally,
Be salvation, honor, blessing,
  Might, and endless majesty.

MATINS.

Sacris solemniis juncta sint gaudia.

  Let us with hearts renew'd,
  Our grateful homage pay;
And welcome with triumphant songs
  This ever-blessed day.

  Upon this hallow'd night
  Christ with his brethren ate,
Obedient to the olden law,
  The Pasch before Him set.

Which done,—Himself entire,
The true Incarnate God,
Alike on each, alike on all,
His sacred hands bestow'd.

He gave his Flesh; He gave
His precious Blood; and said,
"Receive, and drink ye all of this,
For your salvation shed."

Thus did the Lord appoint
This Sacrifice sublime,
And made his Priests its ministers
Through all the bounds of time.

Farewell to types! Henceforth
We feed on Angels' food:
The guilty slave—oh, wonder!—eats
The Body of his God!

O Blessed Three in One!
Visit our hearts, we pray;
And lead us on through thine own paths
To thy eternal Day.

LAUDS.

Verbum supernum prodiens.

The Word, descending from above,
Though with the Father still on high,
Went forth upon his work of love,
And soon to life's last eve drew nigh.

He shortly to a death accursed
By a disciple shall be given;
But, to his twelve disciples, first
He gives Himself, the Bread from Heaven.

Himself in either kind He gave;
He gave his Flesh, He gave his Blood;
Of flesh and blood all men are made;
And He of man would be the Food.

At birth, our brother He became;
At board, Himself as food He gives;
To ransom us He died in shame;
As our reward, in bliss He lives.

[O salutaris Hostia.]

O saving Victim! opening wide
The gate of Heaven to man below!
Our foes press on from every side;—
Thine aid supply, thy strength bestow.

To thy great Name be endless praise,
Immortal Godhead, one in Three!
Oh, grant us endless length of days,
In our true native land, with Thee!

FRIDAY AFTER THE OCTAVE OF CORPUS CHRISTI.

FEAST OF THE MOST SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

VESPERS.

Auctor beate sæculi.

Jesu, Creator of the world!
Of all mankind Redeemer blest!
True God of God! in whom we see
The Father's Image clear express'd!

Thee, Saviour, love alone constrain'd
To make our mortal flesh thine own;
And as a second Adam come,
For the first Adam to atone.

That self-same love, which made the sky,
Which made the sea, and stars, and earth,
Took pity on our misery,
And broke the bondage of our birth.

O Jesu! in thy heart divine
May that same love for ever glow;
For ever mercy to mankind
From that exhaustless fountain flow.

For this, thy sacred heart was pierced,
And both with blood and water ran;
To cleanse us from the stains of guilt,
And be the hope and strength of man

To God the Father, and the Son,
All praise, and power, and glory be;
With Thee, O holy Comforter,
Henceforth through all eternity.

MATINS.

En ut superba criminum.

Lo! how the savage crew
Of our proud sins hath rent
The Heart of our all-gracious God,—
That Heart so innocent!

The soldier's quiv'ring lance
Our guilt it was that sped;
The steel that pierced Him, by our crimes
So deadly sharp was made.

O Heart! whence sprang the Church,
The Saviour's spotless Bride;
Thou Door of our Salvation's Ark
Set in its mystic side!

Thou holy Fount! whence flows
The sacred sevenfold flood,
Where we our filthy robes may cleanse
In the Lamb's saving blood:

By sorrowful relapse,
Thee will we rend no more;
But like the flames, those types of love,
Strive Heavenward to soar.

Father and Son supreme!
And Spirit! hear our cry;
To whom praise, power, and glory be,
Through all eternity.

LAUDS.

Cor arca legem continens.

Ark of the Covenant! not that
Whence bondage came of old;
But that of pardon and of grace,
And mercies manifold!

Thou Veil of awful mystery!
Thou Sanctuary sublime!
Thou sacred Temple, holier far
Than that of olden time!

Blest Heart of Christ! in thy dear wound
The hidden depth we see,
Of what were else unguess'd by us,—
His boundless charity.

Beneath this emblem of pure love,
'Twas Love Himself that died;
And offer'd up for us to God
A Victim crucified.

Oh, who of his redeem'd will Him
Their mutual love refuse?
Who would not rather in that heart
Their home eternal choose?

To God the Father, God the Son,
And, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Be honor, glory, virtue, power,
Through all eternity.

ANOTHER OFFICE OF THE SAME FEAST.

VESPERS AND MATINS.

Quicunque certum quæritis.

All ye who seek a certain cure
  In trouble and distress,
Whatever sorrow vex the mind,
  Or guilt the soul oppress:

Jesus, who gave Himself for you
  Upon the Cross to die,
Opens to you his sacred Heart,—
  Oh, to that Heart draw nigh!

Ye hear how kindly He invites;
  Ye hear his words so blest;—
"All ye that labor, come to Me,
  And I will give you rest."

What meeker than the Saviour's Heart?—
  As on the Cross He lay,
It did his murderers forgive,
  And for their pardon pray.

O Heart! thou joy of Saints on high!
Thou Hope of sinners here!
Attracted by those loving words,
To Thee I lift my prayer.

Wash Thou my wounds in that dear Blood
Which forth from Thee doth flow;
New grace, new hope inspire; a new
And better heart bestow.

LAUDS.

Summi Parentis filio.

To Christ, the Prince of Peace,
And Son of God most high,
The Father of the world to come,—
Sing we with holy joy.

Deep in his Heart for us
The wound of love He bore;—
That love, which still He kindles in
The hearts that Him adore.

SACRED YEAR.

HYMNS FROM THE BREVIARY.

III.

HYMNS BELONGING TO THE PROPER OF SAINTS.

ST. PETER'S CHAIR AT ROME.

January 18.

VESPERS AND MATINS.

Quodcunque in orbe nexibus revinxeris.

PETER, whatever thou shalt bind on earth,
The same is bound above the starry sky;
What here thy delegated power doth loose,
Is loosed in Heaven's great citadel on high;
To judgment shalt thou come, when the world's
end is nigh.

Praise to the Father through all ages be
The same to Thee, O coeternal Son,
And Holy Ghost, One glorious Trinity;
To whom all majesty and might belong;
So sing we now, and such be our eternal song.

LAUDS.

Beate Pastor Petre clemens accipe.

PETER, blest Shepherd! hear our piteous cry,
And with a word unloose our guilty chain;
Thou! who hast power to ope the gates on high
To mortal man, and power to shut them fast again.

Praise, blessing, majesty, through endless days,
Be to the Trinity immortal given;
Who in pure Unity profoundly sways
Eternally alike all things in earth and Heaven.

CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE.

January 25.

VESPERS AND MATINS.

Egregie doctor Paule mores instrue.

LEAD us, great teacher Paul, in wisdom's ways,
And lift our hearts with thine to Heaven's high throne;
Till Faith beholds the clear meridian blaze,
And sunlike in the soul reigns Charity alone.

Praise, blessing, majesty, through endless days,
Be to the Trinity immortal given;
Who in pure Unity profoundly sways
Eternally all things alike in earth and Heaven.

ST. MARTINA, VIRGIN AND MARTYR.

January 30.

VESPERS.

Martinæ celebri plaudite nomini.

Lift to the skies, great Rome, Martina's name,
Her praises celebrate with glad accord;
Martina, high in merit, Virgin blest,
And martyr of her Lord.

Beauty and youth, the joys of happy home,
Ancestral palaces, and noble birth;
All these were hers,—all these, for Jesu's sake,
She counted nothing worth.

Her wealth she shared among the poor of Christ,
Content with seeking better wealth above;
Herself she gave to her immortal King,
Too happy in his love.

Expel false worldly joys; and fill us, Lord,
With thy irradiating beam divine;
Who with thy suffering martyrs present art,
Great Godhead one and trine.

MATINS.

(The same continued.)

Non illam crucians ungula non feræ.

THE agonizing hooks, the rending scourge,
Shook not the dauntless spirit in her breast;
With torments rack'd, she tastes from angel hands
A sweet celestial feast.

In vain they cast her to the ravening beasts;
Calm at her feet the lion crouches down:
Smit by the sword, at length she passes on
To her immortal crown.

Now with the Saints, Martina sits in bliss;
To her the Church below its tribute pours,
And from her consecrated altars, prayer
With odorous incense soars.

LAUDS.

(The same continued.)

Tu natale solum protege, tu bonæ.

Protect thy native land, O Spirit blest!
And give to Christendom sweet days of peace;
Cause the shrill trumpet, and the shock of war,
Amid her realms to cease.

And gathering her kings beneath the Cross,
Regain Jerusalem from its proud foe;
Avenge the guiltless blood; and with thine arm
The hostile strength o'erthrow.

O Pillar and defence of thine own Rome!
Her boast, her crown, her glory, and her praise!
Accept the fervent worship which to Thee
With solemn rite she pays.

Expel false worldly joys, and fill us, Lord,
With thy irradiating beam divine;
Who with thy suffering martyrs present art,
Great Godhead one and trine.

ST. GABRIEL THE ARCHANGEL.

March 18.

VESPERS AND MATINS.

Christe, sanctorum decus angelorum.

O CHRIST! the beauty of the angel worlds!
Of man the Maker and Redeemer blest!
Grant us one day to mount the path of light,
And in thy glory rest.

Angel of Peace! thou, Michael, from above,
Come down, amid the homes of man to dwell;
And banish wars, with all their tears and blood,
Back to their native Hell.

Angel of Strength! thou, Gabriel, cast out
Thine ancient foes, usurpers of thy reign;
The temples of thy triumph round the globe
Revisit once again.

And Raphael, Physician of the soul,—
Let him descend from his pure halls of light,
To heal the sick, and guide each doubtful course
Through all our life aright.

Thou too, O Virgin, with the angel choirs,
Mother of Light, and Queen of Peace! descend;
And bring with thee the radiant Court of Heaven,
Thy children to befriend.

This grace on us bestow, O Father blest;
And thou, O Son by an eternal birth:
With Thee, from both proceeding, Holy Ghost,
Whose glory fills the earth.

ST. JOSEPH, SPOUSE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

March 19.

VESPERS.

Te Joseph celebrent agmina cælitum.

JOSEPH, pure Spouse of that immortal Bride,
Who shines in ever-virgin glory bright,
Thy praise let all the earth re-echoing send
Back to the realms of light.

Thee, when sore doubts of thine affianced wife
Had fill'd thy righteous spirit with dismay,
An Angel visited, and, with blest words,
Scatter'd thy fears away.

Thine arms embraced thy Maker newly born;
With Him to Egypt's desert didst thou flee;
Him in Jerusalem didst seek and find;
Oh, day of joy to thee!

Not until after death their blissful crown
Others obtain; but unto thee was given,
In thine own lifetime to enjoy thy God,
As do the blest in Heaven.

Grant us, great Trinity, for Joseph's sake,
The heights of immortality to gain;
There, with glad tongues, thy praise to celebrate
In one eternal strain.

MATINS.

Cælitum Joseph decus atque nostræ.

JOSEPH! our certain hope of life!
  Glory of earth and Heaven!
Thou Pillar of the world! to thee
  Be praise eternal given.

Thee, as Salvation's minister,
  The mighty Maker chose;
As Foster-father of the Word;
  As Mary's spotless Spouse.

With joy thou sawest Him new born,
  Of whom the Prophets sang;
Him in a manger didst adore,
  From whom Creation sprang.

The Lord of lords, and King of kings,
  Ruler of sky and sea,
Whom Heaven, and Earth, and Hell obey,
  Was subject unto thee.

Blest Trinity! vouchsafe to us,
Through Joseph's merits high,
To mount the Heavenly seats, and reign
With him eternally.

LAUDS.

Iste quem læti colimus fideles.

WORSHIPP'D throughout the Church to earth's far ends
With prayer and solemn rite,
Joseph this day triumphantly ascends
Into the realms of light.

Oh, blest beyond the lot of mortal men;
O'er whose last dying sigh,
Christ and the Virgin watch'd with looks serene,
Soothing his agony.

Loosed from his fleshy chain, gently he fleets
As in calm sleep away;
And diadem'd with light, enters the seats
Of everlasting day.

There throned in power, let us his loving aid
With fervent prayers implore;
So may he gain us pardon in our need,
And peace for evermore.

Glory and praise to Thee, blest Trinity!
Who hast to Joseph given
A crown of gold, which he eternally
Wears in the courts of Heaven.

FRIDAY AFTER PASSION-SUNDAY.

FEAST OF THE SEVEN DOLOURS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

VESPERS.

Stabat Mater dolorosa.

At the Cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
Close to Jesus to the last:

Through her heart, his sorrow sharing,
All his bitter anguish bearing,
Now at length the sword had pass'd.

Oh, how sad and sore distress'd
Was that Mother highly blest
Of the sole-begotten One!
Christ above in torment hangs;
She beneath beholds the pangs
Of her dying glorious Son.

Is there one who would not weep,
Whelm'd in miseries so deep
Christ's dear Mother to behold?
Can the human heart refrain
From partaking in her pain,
In that Mother's pain untold?

Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
She beheld her tender Child
All with bloody scourges rent;
For the sins of his own nation,
Saw Him hang in desolation,
Till his Spirit forth He sent.

O thou Mother! fount of love!
Touch my spirit from above.
  Make my heart with thine accord:
Make me feel as thou hast felt;
Make my soul to glow and melt
  With the love of Christ my Lord.

MATINS.

(The same continued.)

Sancta Mater istud agas.

Holy Mother! pierce me through;
In my heart each wound renew
  Of my Saviour crucified:
Let me share with thee His pain,
Who for all my sins was slain,
  Who for me in torments died.

Let me mingle tears with thee,
Mourning Him who mourn'd for me,
  All the days that I may live:

By the Cross with thee to stay;
There with thee to weep and pray;
Is all I ask of thee to give.

LAUDS.

(The same continued.)

Virgo virginum præclara.

Virgin of all virgins best!
Listen to my fond request:
Let me share thy grief divine;
Let me, to my latest breath,
In my body bear the death
Of that dying Son of thine.

Wounded with his every wound,
Steep my soul till it hath swoon'd
In his very blood away;
Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,
Lest in flames I burn and die,
In his awful Judgment day.

Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,
Be thy Mother my defence,
  Be thy Cross my victory;
While my body here decays,
May my soul thy goodness praise,
  Safe in Paradise with Thee.

ST. HERMENEGILD, MARTYR.

April 13.

VESPERS AND LAUDS.

Regali solio fortis Iberiæ.

Glory of Iberia's throne!
  Joy of Martyr'd Saints above!
Who the crown of life have won,
  Dying for their Saviour's love:

What intrepid faith was thine!
  What unswerving constancy!
Bent to do the will divine
  With exact fidelity!

Every rising motion check'd
  Which might lead thy heart astray;
How thou didst thy course direct
  Whither virtue show'd the way!

Honor, glory, majesty,
  To the Father and the Son,
With the Holy Spirit be,
  While eternal ages run.

MATINS.

(The same continued.)

Nullis te genitor blanditiis trahit.

From the Truth thy soul to turn,
  Pleads a father's voice in vain;
Nought to thee were jewell'd crown,
  Earthly pleasure, earthly gain.

Angry threat and naked sword
  Daunted not thy courage high;—
Choosing glory with the Lord,
  Rather than a present joy.

Now amid the Saints in light,
  Throned in bliss for evermore;—
Oh! from thy eternal height,
  Hear the solemn prayer we pour.

Honor, glory, majesty,
  To the Father and the Son,
With the Holy Spirit be,
  While eternal ages run.

THE APPARITION OF ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL.

May 8.

VESPERS AND MATINS.

Te splendor et virtus Patris.

O Jesu! life-spring of the soul!
  The Father's Power, and Glory bright!
Thee with the Angels we extol;
  From Thee they draw their life and light.

Thy thousand thousand hosts are spread,
Embattled o'er the azure sky;
But Michael bears thy standard dread,
And lifts the mighty Cross on high.

He in that Sign the rebel powers
Did with their Dragon Prince expel;
And hurl'd them from the Heaven's high towers,
Down like a thunderbolt to hell.

Grant us with Michael still, O Lord,
Against the Prince of Pride to fight;
So may a crown be our reward,
Before the Lamb's pure throne of light.

Now to the Father, and the Son,
Who rose from death, all glory be;
With Thee, O holy Comforter,
Henceforth through all eternity.

[WITHIN THE OCTAVE OF THE ASCENSION.]

Glory to Jesus, who returns
In pomp triumphant to the sky,
With Thee, O Father, and with Thee,
O Holy Ghost, eternally.

ST. VENANTIUS, MARTYR.

May 18.

VESPERS.

Martyr Dei Venantius.

Unconquer'd Martyr of his God!
His country's light, her joy and prize!
Venantius triumphs o'er his judge,
And in victorious torment dies.

A boy in years,—when chains nor scourge
Nor dungeon could his soul subdue;
To lions with long hunger fierce
At last the tender youth they threw.

But oh, what power hath innocence
The fiercest nature to assuage!
The lions crouch to lick his feet,
Forget their hunger and their rage.

Then downwards held in thickest smoke,
They make him drink the stifling stream;
While underneath slow torches sear
His naked breast and side with flame.

To Thee, O Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, glory be;
Oh, grant us, through thy Martyr's prayer,
The joys of immortality.

MATINS.

Athleta Christi nobilis.

Noble Champion of the Lord!
Arm'd against idolatry!
In thy fervent zeal for God,
Death had naught of fear for thee.

Bound with thongs, thy youthful form
Down the rugged steep they tear;
Jagged rock and rending thorn
All thy tender flesh lay bare.

Spent with toil, the savage crew
Fainting sinks with deadly thirst;—
Thou the Cross dost sign; and lo!
From the rock the waters burst.

Saintly Warrior Prince! who thus
  Thy tormentors couldst forgive;—
Pour the dew of grace on us,
  Bid our fainting spirits live.

Praise to Thee, dread Trinity,
  Father, Son, and Spirit blest!
Through thy Martyr's prayer may we
  Joys of life eternal taste.

LAUDS.

Dum nocte pulsa Lucifer.

  The golden star of morn
  Is climbing in the sky;
The birth-day of Venantius
  Awakes the Church to joy.

  His native land in depths
  Of Pagan darkness lay;
He o'er her guilty regions pour'd
  The light of Heavenly day.

Her in baptismal streams
Of grace he purified;
E'en those, who came to take his life,
With him as martyrs died.

With Angels now he shares
Those joys which never cease—
Look down on us, O Spirit blest,
And send us gifts of peace.

Praise to the Father, Son,
And, Holy Ghost, to Thee!
Oh, grant us through thy Martyr's prayer
A blest eternity.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY, THE HELP OF CHRISTIANS.

May 24.

VESPERS AND MATINS.

Sæpe dum Christi populus.

OFTTIMES, when hemm'd around by hostile arms,
The Christian people lay all sore dismay'd,
From Heaven hath come the Virgin gliding down,
To lend her loving aid.

So speak the monuments of olden time,
And temples which all bright with spoils appear;
So speak the Festivals in her sweet praise,
Returning year by year.

Now for new mercies a new song we pour,
To Mary lifting high our grateful voice;
Now let all Rome with shouts triumphant ring,
And the wide world rejoice.

Oh, happy day! on which Saint Peter's Throne
Received the Faith's great Ruler back again;
Returning from his banishment in peace,
O'er Christendom to reign.

Ye youths and virgins, priests and people all!
Pour out your grateful hearts on this glad day,
Striving with all your strength, to Heaven's high [Queen,
Her well-earn'd praise to pay.

Virgin of Virgins! Jesu's Mother blest!
Add yet another mercy to the past;
And grant our Pastor all his flock to lead
Safe into Heaven at last.

To Thee, blest Trinity, be endless praise,
Blessing, and majesty, and glory due;
To Thee may we our hearts and voices raise,
Eternal ages through.

LAUDS.

Te Redemptoris Dominique nostri.

Mother of our Lord and Saviour!
First in beauty as in power!
Glory of the Christian nations!
Ready help in trouble's hour!

Though the gates of Hell against us
With profoundest fury rage;
Though the ancient foe assault us,
And his fiercest battle wage;

Naught can hurt the pure in spirit,
Who upon thine aid rely;
At thy hand secure of gaining
Strength and mercy from on high.

Safe beneath thy mighty shelter,—
Though a thousand hosts combine,
All must fall or flee before us,
Scatter'd by an arm divine.

Firm as once on holy Sion,
  David's tower rear'd its height;
With a glorious rampart girded,
  And with glistening armor bright:

So th' Almighty's Virgin Mother
  Stands in strength for evermore;
From Satanic host defending
  All who her defence implore.

Through the everlasting ages,
  Blessed Trinity to Thee!
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit!
  Praise and endless glory be.

ST. JULIANA FALCONIERI, VIRGIN.

June 19.

VESPERS AND MATINS.

Cælestis Agni nuptias.

To be the Lamb's celestial bride
  Is Juliana's one desire;
For this she quits her father's home,
  And leads the sacred virgin choir.

By day, by night, she mourns her Spouse
  Nail'd to the Cross, with ceaseless tears;
Till in herself, through very grief,
  The image of that Spouse appears.

Like Him, all wounds, she kneels transfix'd
  Before the Virgin Mother's shrine;
And still the more she weeps, the more
  Mounts up the flame of love divine.

That love so deep the Lord repaid
His handmaid on her dying bed;
When, with the Food of heavenly life,
By miracle her soul He fed.

All praise to Thee, O Maker blest!
Praise to the everlasting Son!
Praise to the mighty Paraclete,
While ages upon ages run.

NATIVITY OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

June 24.

VESPERS.

Ut queant laxis resonare fibris.

UNLOOSE, great Baptist, our sin-fetter'd lips;
That with enfranchised voice we may proclaim
The miracles of thy transcendent life,
Thy deeds of matchless fame!

Oh, lot sublime! an Angel quits the skies,
Thy birth, thy name, thy glory to declare
Unto thy priestly sire; while to the Lord
He offers Israel's prayer.

Mistrustful of the promise from on high,
His speech forsakes him at the angel's word;
But thou on thine eighth day dost reattune
For him the vocal chord.

No marvel; since yet cloister'd in the womb,
The presence of thy King had thee inspired;
What time Elizabeth and Mary sang,
With joy prophetic fired.

Immortal glory to the Father be,
With his Almighty sole-begotten Son,
And Thee, coequal Spirit, One in Three,
While endless ages run.

MATINS.

(The same continued.)

Antra deserti teneris sub annis.

In caves of the lone wilderness thy youth
Thou hiddest, shunning the rude throng of men,
And guarding the pure treasure of thy soul
From the least touch of sin.

There to thy sacred limbs the camel gave
A garment coarse; the rock a bed supplied;
The stream thy thirst; locusts and honey wild
Thy hunger satisfied.

Oh, blest beyond the Prophets of old time!
They of the Saviour sang that was to be:
Him present to announce, and show to all,
Was granted but to thee.

Through the wide earth was never mortal man
Born holier than John; to whom was given
The guilty world's Baptizer to baptize,
And ope the door of Heaven.

Immortal glory to the Father be,
With his Almighty sole-begotten Son,
And Thee, coequal Spirit, one in Three,
While endless ages run.

LAUDS.

O nimis felix meritique celsi.

O BLESSED Saint, of snow-white purity!
Dweller in wastes forlorn!
O mightiest of the Martyr host on high!
Greatest of Prophets born!

Of all the diadems that on the brows
Of Saints in glory shine,
Not one with brighter, purer halo glows,
In Heaven's high Court, than thine.

Oh! upon us thy tender, pitying gaze
Cast down from thy dread throne;
Straighten our crooked, smooth our rugged ways,
And break our hearts of stone.

So may the world's Redeemer find us meet
To offer Him a place,
Where He may set his ever-blessed feet,
Coming with gifts of grace.

Praise in the Heavens to Thee, O First and Last,
The Trine eternal God!
Spare, Jesu, spare thy people, whom Thou hast
Redeem'd with thine own blood.

SS. PETER AND PAUL THE APOSTLES.

June 29.

VESPERS.

Decora lux æternitatis auream.

BATHED in eternity's all-beauteous beam,
And opening into Heaven a path sublime,
Welcome the golden day! which heralds in
The Apostolic Chiefs, whose glory fills all time!

Peter and Paul, the Fathers of great Rome!
Now sitting in the Senate of the skies!
One by the Cross, the other by the Sword,
Sent to their thrones on high, and life's eternal prize.

O happy Rome! whom that most glorious blood
For ever consecrates while ages flow;
Thou, thus empurpled, art more beautiful
Than all that doth appear most beautiful below.

Praise, blessing, majesty, through endless days,
Be to the Trinity immortal given;
Who, in pure Unity, profoundly sways
Eternally all things alike in earth and Heaven.

ST. ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

July 8.

VESPERS AND MATINS.

Domare cordis impetus Elizabeth.

PURE, meek, with soul serene,
Sweeter to her it was to serve unseen
Her God, than reign a queen.

Now far above our sight,
Enthroned upon the azure star-paved height,
She reigns in realms of light;

So long as time shall flow,
Teaching to all who sit on thrones below,
The good that power can do.

Praise to the Father be;
Praise to the Son; praise, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Through all eternity.

LAUDS.

Opes decusque regium reliqueras.

Riches and regal throne, for Christ's dear sake,
Blest Saint, thou didst despise;
Amid the Angels seated now in bliss,
Oh, help us from the skies!

Guide us; and fill our days with perfume sweet
Of loving word and deed;
So teaches us thy tender charity
By fragrant roses hid.

O charity! what power is thine! by thee
Above the stars we soar;
Praise to the Father, Son, and Spirit be,
Henceforth for evermore.

ST. MARY MAGDALENE.

July 22.

VESPERS.

Pater superni luminis.

FATHER of lights! one glance of Thine,
Whose eyes the Universe control,
Fills Magdalene with holy love,
And melts the ice within her soul.

Her precious ointment forth she brings,
Upon those sacred feet to pour;
She washes them with burning tears;
And with her hair she wipes them o'er.

Impassion'd to the Cross she clings;
Nor fears beside the tomb to stay;
Of ruffian soldiers naught she recks,
For love has cast all fear away.

O Christ, thou very Love itself!
Blest hope of man, through Thee forgiven!
So touch our spirits from above,
And purify our souls for Heaven.

To God the Father, and the Son,
With Thee, O Spirit, glory be;
As ever was, and shall be so
Through ages of eternity.

MATINS.

Maria castis osculis.

His sacred feet with tears of agony
She bathes; and prostrate on the earth adores;
Steeps them in kisses chaste, and wipes them dry
With her own hair; then forth her precious ointment pours.

Praise in the highest to the Father be;
Praise to the mighty coeternal Son;
And praise, O Spirit Paraclete, to Thee,
While ages upon everlasting ages run.

LAUDS

Summi Parentis Unice.

Son of the Highest! deign to cast
On us a pitying eye;
Thou, who repentant Magdalene
Didst call to endless joy.

Again the royal treasury
Receives its long-lost coin;
The gem is found, and, cleansed from mire,
Doth all the stars outshine.

O Jesu! balm of every wound!
The sinner's only stay!
Wash Thou in Magdalene's pure tears
Our guilty spots away.

Mother of God! the sons of Eve
Weeping thine aid implore:
Oh! land us from the storms of life,
Safe on th' eternal shore.

Glory, for graces manifold,
To the one only Lord;
Whose mercy doth our souls forgive,
Whose bounty doth reward.

ST. PETER'S CHAINS.

August 1.

VESPERS.

Miris modis repente liber ferrea.

The Lord commands; and, lo, his iron chains,
Falling from Peter, the command obey:
Peter, blest shepherd! who, to verdant plains,
And life's immortal springs, from day to day,
Leads on his gentle charge, driving all wolves away.

Praise to the Father, through all ages be;
The same to Thee, O coeternal Son,
And Holy Ghost, one glorious Trinity;
To whom all majesty and might belong;
So sing we now, and such be our eternal song.

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

August 6.

VESPERS AND MATINS.

Quicunque Christum quæritis.

ALL ye who seek, in hope and love,
For your dear Lord, look up above!
Where, traced upon the azure sky,
Faith may a glorious form descry.

Lo! on the trembling verge of light
A something all divinely bright!
Immortal, infinite, sublime!
Older than chaos, space, or time!

Hail, Thou, the Gentiles' mighty Lord!
All hail, O Israel's King adored!
To Abraham sworn in ages past,
And to his seed while earth shall last.

To Thee the prophets witness bear;
Of Thee the Father doth declare,
That all who would his glory see,
Must hear and must believe in Thee.

To Jesus, from the proud conceal'd,
But evermore to babes reveal'd,
All glory with the Father be,
And Holy Ghost, eternally.

LAUDS.

Lux alma Jesu mentium.

Light of the soul, O Saviour blest!
Soon as thy presence fills the breast,
Darkness and guilt are put to flight,
And all is sweetness and delight.

Son of the Father! Lord most high!
How glad is he who feels Thee nigh!
How sweet in Heaven thy beam doth glow,
Denied to eye of flesh below!

O Light of Light celestial!
O Charity ineffable!
Come in thy hidden majesty;
Fill us with love, fill us with Thee.

To Jesus, from the proud conceal'd,
But evermore to babes reveal'd,
All glory with the Father be,
And Holy Ghost, eternally.

FEAST OF THE SACRED HEART OF MARY.*

First Sunday after the Octave Day of the Assumption.

VESPERS.

OH! how the Heart of Mary burns
Untired, unchanged, in love! It turns
With ceaseless breathings of desire,
Tow'rds Jesu's Heart—its sacred fire.

* The observance of this feast is becoming more general in the United States; and the hymns for it are inserted for the convenience of the faithful. They are from the "Catholic Choralist," of Rev. Mr. Young.

The chains of love, which Jesus threw
Round his own Heart, bind Mary's too :
Living by love, both breathe the same
Unchanged unconquerable flame.

Heart of the best of Mothers ! hear
The voice of thy poor suppliants' prayer :
Grant to our hearts, O Heart divine!
Some portion of that love of thine.

O Mary ! be this Heart our stay,
Till death shall call our souls away
From this frail dust ; then, ere we part,
Hide us, O Mary ! in thy Heart.

Through that pure Heart where thou didst
dwell,
That Heart that loved thy own so well,
May all, their meed of homage send
To thee, for ages without end.

MATINS.

We sing the seat of Mary's love,
That Heart, to bless which, Heaven above
And earth below, alike rejoice;
Come, Jesus, aid our feeble voice.

What dearer gift does God impart,
Than Mary's sweet and virgin Heart?
What nobler object of our love
In earth below, or Heaven above?

Through that pure Heart, where thou didst
dwell,
That Heart that loved thy own so well,
May all, their meed of homage send
To thee, for ages without end.

LAUDS.

Temple of Him who made all things;
Bright Palace of the King of kings;
Altar of Peace; Mysterious Plant;
Ark of the Christian covenant.

Fount of unfailing grace thou art
To all that love thee, glorious Heart!
And ocean Star, whence hope and rest,
And comfort beam on the distress'd.

Through that pure Heart, where thou didst
dwell,
That Heart that loved thy own so well,
May all their meed of homage send
To thee, for ages without end.

FEAST OF THE SEVEN DOLOURS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

Third Sunday in September.

VESPERS.

O quot undis lachrymarum.

WHAT a sea of tears and sorrow
Did the soul of Mary toss
To and fro upon its billows,
While she wept her bitter loss;
In her arms her Jesus holding,
Torn but newly from the Cross!

O that mournful Virgin Mother!
See her tears how fast they flow
Down upon his mangled body,
Wounded side, and thorny brow;
While his hands and feet she kisses,—
Picture of immortal woe!

Oft and oft his arms and bosom
Fondly straining to her own;
Oft her pallid lips imprinting
On each wound of her dear Son;
Till at last, in swoons of anguish,
Sense and consciousness are gone.

Gentle Mother, we beseech thee,
By thy tears and trouble sore;
By the death of thy dear Offspring;
By the bloody wounds He bore:
Touch our hearts with that true sorrow
Which afflicted thee of yore.

To the Father everlasting,
And the Son, who reigns on high,

With the coeternal Spirit,
Trinity in Unity,
Be salvation, honor, blessing,
Now and through eternity.

MATINS.

Jam toto subditus vesper eat polo.

Come, darkness, spread o'er Heaven thy pall,
And hide, O sun, thy face;
While we that bitter death recall,
With all its dire disgrace.

And thou, with tearful cheek, wast there;
But with a heart of steel,
Mary, thou didst his moanings hear,
And all his torments feel.

He hung before thee crucified;
His flesh with scourgings rent;
His bloody gashes gaping wide;
His strength and spirit spent,

Thou his dishonor'd countenance,
And racking thirst, didst see;
By turns the gall, the sponge, the lance,
Were agony to thee.

Yet still erect in majesty,
Thou didst the sight sustain;—
Oh, more than Martyr! not to die
Amid such cruel pain!

Praise to the blessed Three in One;
Oh, may that strength be mine,
Which, sorrowing o'er her only Son,
Did in the Virgin shine!

LAUDS.

Summæ Deus clementiæ.

God, in whom all grace doth dwell!
Grant us grace to ponder well
On the Virgin's Dolours seven;
On the wounds to Jesus given.

May the tears which Mary poured
Gain us pardon of the Lord;—
Tears sufficient in their worth
To wash out the guilt of earth.

May the contemplation sore
Of the five wounds Jesus bore,
Source to us of blessings be,
Through a long eternity.

Glory be to Him, who died
For his servants crucified;
Honor, praise, eternal merit,
To the Father and the Spirit.

FEAST OF THE MOST HOLY GUARDIAN ANGELS.

October 2.

VESPERS AND MATINS.

Custodes hominum psallimus angelos.

PRAISE we those ministers celestial
Whom the dread Father chose
To be the Guardians of our nature frail,
Against our scheming foes.

For, since that from his glory in the skies
Th' Apostate Angel fell,
Burning with envy, evermore he tries
To drown our souls in hell.

Then hither, watchful Spirit, bend thy wing,
Our country's Guardian blest!
Avert her threat'ning ills; expel each thing
That hindereth her rest.

Praise to the glorious Trinity, whose strength
This mighty fabric sways;
Whose glory spreads beyond the utmost length
Of everlasting days.

LAUDS.

Æterne Rector siderum.

Ruler of the dread immense!
  Maker of this mighty frame!
Whose eternal Providence
  Governs and upholds the same!

Low before thy face we bend;
  Hear our supplicating cries;
And thy light eternal send,
  With the freshly dawning skies.

King of kings! and Lord most high!
  This of thy dear love we pray,—
May thy Guardian Angel nigh
  Keep us from all sin this day.

May he crush the deadly wiles
  Of the envious Serpent's art,
Ever spreading cunning toils
  Round about the thoughtless heart.

May he scatter ruthless war,
Ere to this our shore it come;
Plague and famine drive afar;
Fix securely peace at home.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Everlasting Trinity!
Guard, by thy Angelic host,
Us, who put our trust in Thee.

FEAST OF THE MATERNITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

Second Sunday in October.

MATINS.

Cœlo Redemptor prætulit.

The Saviour left high Heaven to dwell
Within the Virgin's womb;
And there array'd Himself in flesh,
Our Victim to become.

She unto us divinely bore
  Salvation's King and God;
Who died for us upon the Cross,
  Who saves us in his blood:

She too our joyful hope shall be,
  And drive away all fears;
Offering for us to her dear Son
  Our contrite sighs and tears.

That Son—He hears his Mother's prayer,
  And grants, ere it be said;
Be ours to love her, and invoke
  In every strait her aid.

All glory to the Trinity,
  While endless times proceed;
Who in that bosom pure of stain
  Sow'd such immortal seed.

LAUDS.

Te Mater alma Numinis.

Mother of Almighty God!
  Suppliant at thy feet we pray;
Shelter us from Satan's fraud,
  Safe beneath thy wing this day.

'Twas by reason of our Fall,
  In our first Forefather's crime,
That the mighty Lord of all
  Raised thee to thy rank sublime.

Oh! then upon Adam's race
  Look thou with a pitying eye;
And entreat of Jesus' grace,
  Till He lay his anger by.

Honor, glory, virtue, merit,
  Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son!
With the Father and the Spirit,
  While eternal ages run.

FEAST OF THE PURITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

Third Sunday in October.

VESPERS.

Præclara custos virginum.

Blest Guardian of all virgin souls!
  Portal of bliss to man forgiven!
Pure Mother of Almighty God!
  Thou hope of earth, and joy of Heaven!

Fair Lily, found amid the thorns!
  Most beauteous Dove with wings of gold!
Rod from whose tender root there sprang
  That healing Flower long since foretold!

Thou Tower, against the dragon proof!
  Thou Star, to storm-toss'd voyagers dear!
Our course lies o'er a treacherous deep;
  Thine be the light by which we steer.

Scatter the mists that round us hang;
Keep far the fatal shoals away;
And while through darkling waves we sweep,
Open a path to life and day.

O Jesu, born of Virgin bright!
Immortal glory be to Thee;
Praise to the Father infinite,
And Holy Ghost eternally.

MATINS.

O stella Jacob fulgida.

Star of Jacob, ever beaming
With a radiance all divine!
'Mid the stars of highest Heaven
Glows no purer ray than thine.

All in stoles of snowy brightness,
Unto thee the Angels sing;
Unto thee the virgin choirs,—
Mother of th' eternal King!

Joyful in thy path they scatter
  Roses white and lilies fair;
Yet with thy chaste bosom's whiteness,
  Rose nor lily may compare.

Oh! that this low earth of ours,
  Answering th' angelic strain,
With thy praises might re-echo,
  Till the Heavens replied again.

Honor, glory, virtue, merit,
  Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son!
With the Father and the Spirit,
  While eternal ages run.

ST. TERESA, VIRGIN.

October 15.

VESPERS AND LAUDS.

Regis superni nuntia.

Blest messenger of Heaven! thou didst
  Thy home in childhood leave;
Intending to barbaric lands
  Christ or thy blood to give.

But thee a sweeter death awaits;
  A nobler fate is thine;
Pierced with a thousand heavenly darts,
  To die of love divine.

Victim of perfect charity!
  Our souls with love inspire;
And save the nations of thy charge
  From everlasting fire.

Praise to the Father, with the Son,
  And Holy Spirit, be;
Praise to the blessed Three in One,
  Through all eternity.

MATINS

Hæc est dies qua candidæ.

THIS day, beneath the form
Of a pure snow-white dove,
Teresa's spirit wing'd its flight
Into the realms above;

And heard the Bridegroom's voice,—
"Sister from Carmel come;
Come to the marriage of the Lamb,
To thy eternal home."

Spouse of the Virgin choir!
Let all the blest adore
Thee, Jesu! and in nuptial songs
Exalt Thee evermore.

ST. JOHN CANTIUS, CONFESSOR.

October 20.

VESPERS.

Gentis Polonæ gloria.

O GLORY and high boast
Of Poland's ancient race!
True father of thy fatherland!
Blest minister of grace!

'Twas thine the law of God
To teach, and to obey;
Oh, may we ever walk therein;
Nor from its precepts stray!

Th' Apostles' shrines thou didst
Visit in pilgrim guise;
Oh, guide us to our home above,
Safe from all enemies!

Thou to Jerusalem
  Didst go for love, and there
The traces of thy Lord adore,
  And wash with many a tear.

Oh, may his blessed wounds
  Deep in our hearts remain!
Through them may we the glorious prize
  Of life eternal gain!

Dread Trinity, to Thee
  Let the world's fabric bend;
While evermore, from hearts renew'd,
  New hymns of praise ascend.

MATINS.

Corpus domas jejuniis.

Thy body with long fastings worn;
Thy flesh with cruel scourgings torn;
'Twas thine to live, O blessed Saint,
A pure and spotless penitent.

Oh, may we follow after thee,
And imitate thy purity!
And by the Spirit strive to tame
The passions of this mortal frame!

Thou to the poor in winter's snow
Oft thy own raiment didst bestow;
By hunger or by thirst oppress'd,
They flew to thy parental breast.

O thou, who none didst e'er deny
Of those who sought thy charity,
Thy native land from harm defend,
And peace on all her borders send!

Praise to the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
Jesu, through thy dear servant's prayer,
May we thy joys eternal share.

LAUDS.

Te deprecante corporum.

Saint of sweetest majesty!
What a potent voice is thine!
At thy prayer diseases fly;
Fading health revives again.

Oft with wasting fever wan,
Ling'ring at their latest breath,
Dying men by thee are drawn
From the very jaws of death.

Oft the shipwreck'd merchandise,
Sunk beneath the raging flood,
At thy prayer is seen to rise,
By the glorious might of God.

Oh, by thy surpassing power!
By thy joys celestial!
Help us in affliction's hour;
Hear us when on thee we call.

Everlasting Three in One!
Ever-blessed One in Three!
Grant us through thy Saint the boon
Of a glad eternity.

FEAST OF ST. RAPHAEL THE ARCHANGEL.

October 25.

VESPERS AND MATINS.

Tibi Christe splendor Patris.

JESU, brightness of the Father!
Life and strength of all who live!
In the presence of the Angels,
Glory to thy name we give;
And thy wondrous praise rehearse,
Singing in alternate verse.

Hail, too, ye angelic powers!
Hail, ye thrones celestial!
Hail, Physician of Salvation!
Guide of life, blest Raphael!
Who, the Foe of all mankind
Didst in links of iron bind.

Oh, may Christ, by thy protection,
  Shelter us from harm this day;
Keep us pure in flesh and spirit;
  Save us from the enemy;
And vouchsafe us, of his grace,
In his Paradise a place.

Glory to th' Almighty Father,
  Sing we now in anthems sweet;
Glory to the great Redeemer;
  Glory to the Paraclete
Three in One, and One in Three,
Throughout all eternity.

LAUDS.

Christe, sanctorum decus angelorum.

O Christ, the glory of the Angel choirs!
Author and Ruler of the human race!
Grant us one day to mount the path of Heaven,
    And see in bliss thy face.

And oh, thy Raphael, physician blest,
Send down to us from yon celestial height,
To heal our souls' diseases, and to guide
Our course through life aright.

Thou too, O Mary, Mother of our God!
With all the bright angelic host descend,
And bring with thee th' Assembly of the Saints,
Thy children to befriend.

This grace on us bestow, O Father blest,
And Thou, O Son by an eternal birth;
With Thee, from both proceeding, Holy Ghost!
Whose glory fills the earth.

FEAST OF ALL SAINTS.

November 1.

VESPERS AND MATINS.

Placare, Christe, servulis.

O Christ, thy guilty people spare!
Lo, kneeling at thy gracious throne,
Thy Virgin Mother pours her prayer,
Imploring pardon for her own.

Ye Angels, happy evermore!
  Who in your circles nine ascend,
As ye have guarded us before,
  So still from harm our steps defend.

Ye Prophets and Apostles high!
  Behold our penitential tears;
And plead for us when death is nigh,
  And our all-searching Judge appears.

Ye Martyrs all! a purple band,
  And Confessors, a white-robed train;
Oh, call us to our native land,
  From this our exile, back again.

And ye, O choirs of Virgins chaste!
  Receive us to your seats on high;
With Hermits whom the desert waste
  Sent up of old into the sky.

Drive from the flock, O Spirits blest!
  The false and faithless race away;
That all within one fold may rest,
  Secure beneath one Shepherd's sway.

To God the Father glory be,
  And to his sole-begotten Son;
The same, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
  While everlasting ages run.

LAUDS.

Salutis æternæ dator.

Giver of life, eternal Lord!
  Thy own redeem'd defend;
Mother of Grace! thy children save,
  And help them to the end.

Ye thousand thousand Angel Hosts!
  Assist us in our need;
Ye Patriarchs! with the Prophet Choir!
  For our forgiveness plead.

Herald of Christ! and Thou who still
  Dost Heaven's dread keys retain!
Ye glorious Apostles all!
  Unloose our guilty chain.

Army of Martyrs! holy Priests
In beauteous array!
Ye happy troops of Virgins chaste!
Wash all our sins away.

All ye who high above the stars
In heavenly glory reign!
May we through your blest prayers, the gifts
Of endless life obtain.

Praise, honor, to the Father be,
Praise to his only Son;
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete,
While ceaseless ages run.

Sacred Year.

HYMNS FROM THE BREVIARY.

IV.

HYMNS BELONGING TO THE COMMON OF SAINTS.

SACRED YEAR.

HYMNS FROM THE BREVIARY.

IV.

HYMNS BELONGING TO THE COMMON OF SAINTS.

HYMNS ON THE FESTIVALS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

VESPERS.

Ave maris stella.

GENTLE Star of ocean!
  Portal of the sky!
Ever Virgin Mother
  Of the Lord most High!

Oh! by Gabriel's Ave,
  Utter'd long ago,
Eva's name reversing,
  Stablish peace below.

Break the captive's fetters;
  Light on blindness pour;
All our ills expelling,
  Every bliss implore.

Show thyself a Mother;
  Offer Him our sighs,
Who for us Incarnate
  Did not thee despise.

Virgin of all Virgins!
  To thy shelter take us;
Gentlest of the gentle!
  Chaste and gentle make us.

Still as on we journey,
  Help our weak endeavor;
Till with thee and Jesus
  We rejoice for ever.

Through the highest Heaven,
To the Almighty Three,
Father, Son, and Spirit,
One same glory be.

MATINS.

Quem terra, pontus, sidera.

The Lord, whom earth, and sea, and sky,
With one adoring voice proclaim;
Who rules them all in majesty;
Inclos'd himself in Mary's frame.

Lo! in a humble Virgin's womb,
O'ershadow'd by Almighty power;
He whom the stars, and sun, and moon,
Each serve in their appointed hour.

O Mother blest! to whom was given
Within thy body to contain
The Architect of earth and Heaven,
Whose hands the universe sustain:

To thee was sent an Angel down;
In thee the Spirit was enshrined;
Of thee was born that Mighty One,
The long-desired of all mankind.

O Jesu! born of Virgin bright,
Immortal glory be to Thee;
Praise to the Father infinite,
And Holy Ghost eternally.

LAUDS.

O gloriosa Virginum.

O Queen of all the Virgin choir!
Enthroned above the starry sky!
Who with pure milk from thy own breast
Thy own Creator didst supply.

What man had lost in hapless Eve,
Thy sacred womb to man restores;
Thou to the wretched here beneath
Hast open'd Heaven's eternal doors.

Hail, O refulgent Hall of light!
Hail, Gate sublime of Heaven's high King!
Through Thee redeem'd to endless life,
Thy praise let all the nations sing.

O Jesu! born of Virgin bright,
Immortal glory be to Thee;
Praise to the Father infinite,
And Holy Ghost eternally.

The above Hymns are also used in the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary, *with the addition of the following* :—

AT TERCE, SEXT, NONE, AND COMPLINE.

Memento rerum Conditor.

Remember, O Creator Lord!
That in the Virgin's sacred womb
Thou wast conceived, and of her flesh
Didst our mortality assume.

Mother of grace, O Mary blest!
  To thee, sweet fount of love, we fly;
Shield us through life, and take us hence
  To thy dear bosom when we die.

O Jesu! born of Virgin bright,
  Immortal glory be to Thee;
Praise to the Father infinite,
  And Holy Ghost eternally.

COMMON OF APOSTLES AND EVANGELISTS.

VESPERS AND LAUDS.

Exultet orbis gaudiis.

Now let the earth with joy resound,
And highest Heaven re-echo round;
Nor Heaven nor earth too high can raise
The great Apostle's glorious praise.

O ye who, throned in glory dread,
Shall judge the living and the dead!
Lights of the world for evermore!
To you the suppliant prayer we pour.

Ye close the sacred gates on high;
At your command apart they fly:
Oh! loose us from the guilty chain
We strive to break, and strive in vain.

Sickness and health your voice obey;
At your command they go or stay·
Oh, then from sin our souls restore;
Increase our virtues more and more.

So when the world is at its end,
And Christ to Judgment shall descend,
May we be call'd those joys to see
Prepared from all eternity.

Praise to the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
As ever was in ages past,
And shall be so while ages last.

MATINS.

Æterna Christi munera.

THE Lord's eternal gifts,
Th' Apostles' mighty praise,
Their victories, and high reward,
Sing we in joyful lays.

Lords of the churches they;
Triumphant Chiefs of war;
Brave Soldiers of the Heavenly Court;
True lights for evermore.

Theirs was the Saints' high Faith;
And quenchless Hope's pure glow;
And perfect Charity, which laid
The world's fell tyrant low.

In them the Father shone;
In them the Son o'ercame;
In them the Holy Spirit wrought,
And fill'd their hearts with flame.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be;
As was, and is, and shall be so,
Through all eternity.

OF APOSTLES AND EVANGELISTS DURING EASTER.

VESPERS AND MATINS.

Tristes erant Apostoli.

When Christ, by his own servants slain,
Had died upon the bitter Cross,
Th' Apostles, of their joy bereft,
Were weeping their dear Saviour's loss:—

Meanwhile, an Angel at the tomb
To holy women hath foretold,
"The faithful flock shall soon with joy
Their Lord in Galilee behold."

Who, as they run the news to bring,
Lo, straightway Christ Himself they meet,
All radiant with heavenly light,
And falling, clasp his sacred feet.

To Galilee's lone mountain heights
  The Apostolic band retire:
There, blest with their dear Saviour's sight,
  They taste in full their soul's desire.

O Jesu! from the death of sin
  Keep us, we pray; so shalt Thou be
The everlasting Paschal joy
  Of all the souls new-born in Thee.

Now to the Father, and the Son,
  Who rose from death, be glory given;
With Thee, O holy Comforter,
  Henceforth by all in earth and Heaven.

[WITHIN THE OCTAVE OF THE ASCENSION.]

Glory to Jesus, who returns
  In pomp triumphant to the sky,
With Thee, O Father, and with Thee,
  O Holy Ghost, eternally.

LAUDS.

Paschale mundo gaudium.

Now daily shines the sun more fair,
Recalling that blest time,
When Christ on his Apostles shone,
In radiant light sublime.

They in his Body see his wounds
Like stars divinely glow;
Then forth, as his true Witnesses,
Throughout the world they go.

O Christ! thou King most merciful!
Our inmost hearts possess;
So may we with due songs of praise
Thy name for ever bless.

Keep us, O Jesu! from the death
Of sin; and deign to be
The everlasting Paschal joy
Of all new-born in Thee.

Praise to the Father, and the Son,
Who from the dead arose;
Praise to the blessed Paraclete,
While age on ages flows.

OF ONE MARTYR.

VESPERS AND MATINS.

Deus tuorum militum.

O Thou, of all thy warriors Lord,
Thyself the crown, and sure reward;
Set us from sinful fetters free,
Who sing thy Martyr's victory.

In selfish pleasures' worldly round
The taste of bitter gall he found;
But sweet to him was thy blest Name,
And thus to heavenly joys he came.

Right manfully his cross he bore,
And ran his race of torments sore:
For Thee he pour'd his life away;
With Thee he lives in endless day.

We, then, before Thee bending low,
Entreat Thee, Lord, thy love to show
On this the day thy Martyr died,
Who in thy Saints art glorified!

Now to the Father, and the Son,
Be glory while the ages run;
The same, O Holy Ghost, to Thee!
Through ages of eternity.

LAUDS.

Invicte Martyr unicum.

Martyr, of unconquer'd might!
  Follower of th' eternal Son!
Who, triumphant in the fight,
  Hast celestial glory won;

By the virtue of thy prayer,
  Wash our guilty stains away;
Sin's contagion drive afar;
  Suffer not our feet to stray.

Loosen'd from the fleshly chain
Which detain'd thee here of old,
Loose us from the bonds of sin,
From the fetters of the world.

Glory to the Father be;
Glory to his only Son;
Glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While eternal ages run.

The Common of one Martyr during Easter is the same as the above, except the Doxology, which is

Glory to th' eternal Son,
Who from death divinely rose;
Glory to the Three in One,
Long as age on ages flows.

[WITHIN THE OCTAVE OF THE ASCENSION.]

Glory to th' eternal Son,
Who again ascends the sky;
Glory to the Three in One,
Throughout all eternity.

OF MANY MARTYRS.

VESPERS.

Sanctorum meritis inclyta gaudia.

Sing we the peerless deeds of martyr'd Saints,
Their glorious merits, and their portion blest;
Of all the conquerors the world has seen,
The greatest and the best.

Them in their day th' insensate world abhorr'd,
Because they did forsake it, Lord, for Thee;
Finding it all a barren waste, devoid
Of fruit, or flower, or tree.

They trod beneath them every threat of man,
And came victorious all torments through;
The iron hooks, which piecemeal tore their flesh,
Could not their souls subdue.

Scourged, crucified, like sheep to slaughter led,
Unmurmuring they met their cruel fate;
For conscious innocence their souls upheld,
In patient virtue great.

What tongue those joys, O Jesu, can disclose,
Which for thy martyr'd Saints Thou dost prepare!
Happy who in thy pains, thrice happy those
Who in thy glory share!

Our faults, our sins, our miseries remove,
Great Deity supreme, immortal King!
Grant us thy peace, grant us thine endless love
Through endless years to sing.

MATINS.

Christo profusum sanguinem.

Sing we the Martyrs blest,
Their blood for Jesus pour'd;
Sing we their glorious victories,
And infinite reward.

Treading the world beneath,
Spurning the body's pain,
'Twas theirs, in Martyrdom's brief space,
Eternal joys to gain.

To raging flames consign'd;
And ruthless beasts a prey;
Their sacred flesh by savage hooks
Torn piece by piece away;

Their vitals hanging forth;—
Unmoved they still endure;
Unmoved continue, in the grace
Of endless life secure.

Saviour, to us vouchsafe,
Of thy dear clemency,
A portion with thy Martyr Saints,
Through all eternity.

LAUDS.

Rex gloriose martyrum.

O Thou, the Martyrs' glorious King!
Of Confessors the crown and prize
Who dost to joys celestial bring
Those who the joys of earth despise;

By all the praise thy Saints have won;
  By all their pains in days gone by;
By all the deeds which they have done;
  Hear Thou thy suppliant people's cry.

Thou dost amid thy Martyrs fight;
  Thy Confessors Thou dost forgive;
May we find mercy in thy sight,
  And in thy sacred presence live.

To God the Father glory be,
  And to his sole-begotten Son;
The same, O Holy Ghost, to Thee!
  While everlasting ages run.

OF MANY MARTYRS DURING EASTER TIME.

VESPERS AND LAUDS.

Rex gloriose martyrum.

[As above, page 259. With the following Doxology:]

Now to the Father, and the Son,
Who rose from death, all glory be,
With Thee, O holy Comforter,
Henceforth through all eternity.

MATINS.

Christo profusum sanguinem.

[As at page 258.]

OF A CONFESSOR AND BISHOP.

VESPERS AND MATINS.

Iste Confessor Domini colentes.

THE Confessor of Christ, from shore to shore
Worshipp'd with solemn rite;
This day went up with joy, his labors o'er,
To his blest seat in light.

[If it be not the day of his death, the following is substituted.]

This day receives those honors which are his,
High in the realms of light.

Holy and innocent were all his ways;
Sweet, temperate, unstain'd;
His life was prayer,—his every breath was praise,
While breath to him remain'd.

Ofttimes his merits high in every land,
In cures have been displayed;
And still does health return at his command
To many a frame decay'd.

Therefore to him triumphant praise we pay,
And yearly songs renew;
Praying our glorious Saint for us to pray,
All the long ages through.

To God, of all the centre and the source,
Be power and glory given; [course,
Who sways the mighty world through all its
From the bright throne of Heaven.

LAUDS.

Jesu Redemptor omnium.

REDEEMER blest of all who live!
  Thy Pontiffs' endless prize!
Upon this day thine ear incline,
  And hear us from the skies.

This day the holy Confessor
  Of thy most sacred Name,
Honor'd with yearly festive rites,
  To heavenly glory came.

This day amid the blissful choirs
  Of Angels, he sate down;
Receiving, for the joys he spurn'd,
  An everlasting crown.

Oh! grant us in his steps to walk;
  His holy life to live;
And by the virtue of his prayers,
  Thy people's sins forgive.

Glory to Thee, all gracious Lord;
Praise to the Father be;
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete;
Through all eternity.

OF A CONFESSOR NOT A BISHOP.

VESPERS AND MATINS.

Iste Confessor.

[As at page 261.]

LAUDS.

Jesu corona celsior.

Jesu! eternal Truth sublime!
Through endless years the same!
Thou crown of those, who through all time
Confess thy holy Name:

Thy suppliant people, through the prayer
Of thy blest Saint, forgive;
For his dear sake thy wrath forbear,
And bid our spirits live.

Again returns the sacred day,
With heavenly glory bright,
Which saw him go upon his way
Into the realms of light.

All objects of our vain desire,
All earthly joys and gains,
To him were but as filthy mire;
And now with Thee he reigns.

Thee, Jesu, his all-gracious Lord,
Confessing to the last,
He trod beneath him Satan's fraud,
And stood for ever fast.

In holy deeds of faith and love,
In fastings and in prayers,
His days were spent; and now above
Thy heavenly Feast he shares.

Then, for his sake thy wrath lay by,
And hear us while we pray;
And pardon us, O Thou most high,
On this his festal Day.

All glory to the Father be;
Praise to his only Son;
Praise, holy Paraclete, to Thee;
While endless ages run.

OF VIRGINS.

VESPERS AND LAUDS.

Jesu corona Virginum.

Thou Crown of all the Virgin choir!
That holy Mother's Virgin Son!
Who is, alone of womankind,
Mother and Virgin both in one!

Encircled by thy Virgin band,
Amid the lilies Thou art found;
For thy pure brides with lavish hand
Scattering immortal graces round.

And still, wherever thou dost bend
Thy lovely steps, O glorious King,
Virgins upon thy steps attend,
And hymns to thy high glory sing.

Keep us, O Purity divine,
  From every least corruption free;
Our every sense from sin refine,
  And purify our souls for Thee.

To God the Father, and the Son,
  All honor, glory, praise, be given;
With Thee, O holy Paraclete!
  Henceforth by all in earth and Heaven.

MATINS.

Virginis Proles Opifexque matris.

O Thou thy Mother's Maker, hail!
  Hail, Virgin-born! to Thee;
To-day a Virgin's death we sing
  A Virgin's victory.

O doubly blest! to whom was given
  Martyr and Virgin too,—
At once to triumph over death,
  And her frail sex subdue.

O'er fear, o'er thousand forms of pain,
Victorious she stood!
And won the everlasting heights
In streams of her own blood.

Oh, through her prayers our sins forgive,
All good and gracious King
So purified in heart may we
Thy praise eternal sing.

All glory to the Father be;
Praise to his only Son;
With Thee, who dost from both proceed,
While endless ages run.

[If the Virgin be not a Martyr, the second and third stanzas are omitted, and the two last lines of the first stanza are as follows:]

Hear us, who on this day record
Thy Virgin's memory

OF HOLY WOMEN.

VESPERS AND LAUDS.

Fortem virili pectore.

HIGH let us all our voices raise,
In that heroic woman's praise;
Whose name, with saintly glory bright,
Shines in the starry realms of light.

Fill'd with a pure celestial glow,
She spurn'd all love of things below;
And heedless here on earth to stay,
Climb'd to the skies her toilsome way.

With fasts her body she subdued;
But fill'd her soul with prayers' sweet food;
In other worlds she tastes the bliss,
For which she left the joys of this.

O Christ, the strength of all the strong!
To whom all our best deeds belong!
Through her prevailing prayers on high,
In mercy hear thy people's cry.

To God the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory while the ages flow,
From all above, and all below.

MATINS.

"Oh, through her prayers," *&c.*, p. 268.

OF THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

VESPERS AND MATINS.

Cœlestis urbs Jerusalem.

JERUSALEM, thou City blest!
Dear vision of celestial rest!
Which far above the starry sky,
Piled up with living stones on high,
Art, as a Bride, encircled bright,
With million angel forms of light:

Oh, wedded in a prosperous hour!
The Father's glory was thy dower;
The Spirit all His graces shed,
Thou peerless Queen, upon thy head;
When Christ espoused thee for his Bride,
O City bright and glorified!

Thy gates a pearly lustre pour;
Thy gates are open evermore;
And thither evermore draw nigh
All who for Christ have dared to die;
Or smit with love of their dear Lord,
Have pains endured, and joys abhorr'd.

Thou too, O Church, which here we see!
No easy task hath builded thee.
Long did the chisels ring around!
Long did the mallets' blows rebound!
Long work'd the head, and toil'd the hand!
Ere stood thy stones as now they stand!

To God the Father, glory due
Be paid by all the heavenly Host;

And to his only Son most true;
With Thee, O mighty Holy Ghost!
To whom praise, power, and blessing be,
Through ages of eternity.

LAUDS.

Alto ex Olympi vertice.

From highest Heaven, the Father's Son,
Descending like that mystic stone
Cut from a mountain without hands,
Came down below, and filled all lands;
Uniting, midway in the sky,
His House on earth, and House on high.

That House on high,—it ever rings
With praises of the King of kings;
For ever there, on harps divine,
They hymn th' eternal One and Trine;
We, here below, the strain prolong,
And faintly echo Sion's song.

O Lord of lords invisible!
With thy pure light this temple fill:
Hither, oft as invoked, descend;
Here to thy people's prayer attend:
Here, through all hearts, for evermore,
Thy Spirit's quick'ning graces pour.

Here may the Faithful, day by day,
In kneeling adoration pray;
And here receive from thy dear love
The blessings of that home above;
Till, loosen'd from this mortal chain,
Its everlasting joys they gain.

To God the Father, glory due
Be paid by all the heavenly Host;
And to his only Son most true;
With Thee, O mighty Holy Ghost;
To whom praise, power, and blessing be.
Through ages of eternity.

END OF HYMNS FROM THE BREVIARY.

Sacred Year.

HYMNS FROM THE MISSAL.

Sacred Year.

HYMNS FROM THE MISSAL.

SACRED YEAR.

HYMNS FROM THE MISSAL.

PALM-SUNDAY.

Gloria, laus, et honor.

Glory and praise to Thee, Redeemer blest!
To whom their glad hosannas children pour'd;
Hail, Israel's King! hail, David's Son confess'd!
Who comest in the name of Israel's Lord.

Thy praise in Heaven the Host angelic sings;
On earth mankind, with all created things.

["Glory and praise," *&c. as above, is repeated.*]

Thee once with palms the Jews went forth to
meet;
Thee now with prayers and holy hymns we greet.
[Glory and praise, &c.]

Thee, on thy way to die, they crown'd with
praise;
To Thee, now King on high, our song we raise.
[Glory and praise, &c.]

Thee their poor homage pleased, O gracious
King!
Ours too accept,—the best that we can bring.
[Glory and praise, &c.]

GOOD-FRIDAY.

Crux fidelis inter omnes.

Faithful Cross, O Tree all beauteous!
Tree all peerless and divine!
Not a grove on earth can show us
Such a flower and leaf as thine.

Sweet the nails, and sweet the wood,
Laden with so sweet a load!

After which, "*Pange lingua*," as at page 137.

["Sweet the nails," *&c. as above, being repeated after every stanza.*]

SEQUENCE, EASTER-SUNDAY.

Victimæ Paschali laudes.

FORTH to the Paschal Victim, Christians bring
Your sacrifice of praise:

The Lamb redeems the sheep;
And Christ, the Sinless One,
Hath to the Father sinners reconciled.

Together, Death and Life
In a strange conflict strove;
The Prince of Life, who died,
Now lives and reigns.

What thou sawest, Mary, say,
As thou wentest on the way.

I saw the tomb wherein the Living One had lain;
I saw his glory as He rose again;
Napkin and linen clothes, and Angels twain:
Yea, Christ is risen, my hope, and He
Will go before you into Galilee.

We know that Christ indeed has risen from the grave:
Hail, thou King of Victory!
Have mercy, Lord, and save.

SEQUENCE, WHIT-SUNDAY.

Veni Sancte Spiritus.

Holy Spirit! Lord of light!
From thy clear celestial height,
Thy pure beaming radiance give:

Come, Thou Father of the poor!
Come, with treasures which endure!
Come, Thou Light of all that live;

Thou, of all consolers best,
Visiting the troubled breast,
Dost refreshing peace bestow;

Thou in toil art comfort sweet;
Pleasant coolness in the heat;
Solace in the midst of woe.

Light immortal! light divine!
Visit Thou these hearts of thine,
And our inmost being fill:

If Thou take thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay;
All his good is turned to ill.

Heal our wounds—our strength renew;
On our dryness pour thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away:

Bend the stubborn heart and will;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.

Thou, on those who evermore
Thee confess and Thee adore,
In thy sevenfold gifts, descend:

Give them comfort when they die;
Give them life with Thee on high;
Give them joys which never end.

SEQUENCE, SOLEMNITY OF CORPUS CHRISTI.

Lauda Sion Salvatorem.

SION, lift thy voice, and sing;
Praise thy Saviour and thy King;
Praise with hymns thy Shepherd true:
Strive thy best to praise Him well;
Yet doth He all praise excel;
None can ever reach His due.

See to-day before us laid
The living and life-giving Bread!
Theme for praise and joy profound!
The same which at the sacred board
Was, by our Incarnate Lord,
Given to his Apostles round.

Let the praise be loud and high;
Sweet and tranquil be the joy
  Felt to-day in every breast;
On this Festival divine,
Which records the origin
  Of the glorious Eucharist.

On this Table of the King,
Our new Paschal offering
  Brings to end the olden rite;
Here, for empty shadows fled,
Is Reality instead;
  Here, instead of darkness, Light.

His own act, at supper seated,
Christ ordained to be repeated,
  In His Memory divine;
Wherefore now, with adoration,
We the Host of our salvation
  Consecrate from bread and wine.

Hear what holy Church maintaineth,
That the bread its substance changeth
  Into Flesh, the wine to Blood.

Doth it pass thy comprehending?
Faith, the law of sight transcending,
 Leaps to things not understood.

Here, beneath these signs, are hidden
Priceless things, to sense forbidden;
 Signs, not things, are all we see;—
Flesh from bread, and Blood from wine;
Yet is Christ, in either sign,
 All entire, confess'd to be.

They too, who of Him partake,
Sever not, nor rend, nor break,
 But entire, their Lord receive.
Whether one or thousands eat,
All receive the self-same meat,
 Nor the less for others leave.

Both the wicked and the good
Eat of this celestial Food;
 But with ends how opposite!
Here 'tis life; and there 'tis death;
The same, yet issuing to each
 In a difference infinite.

Nor a single doubt retain,
When they break the Host in twain,
But that in each part remains
  What was in the whole before;
Since the simple sign alone
Suffers change in state or form,
The Signified remaining One
  And the Same for evermore.

[Ecce panis angelorum.]

Lo! upon the Altar lies,
Hidden deep from human eyes,
Bread of Angels from the skies,
  Made the food of mortal man:
Children's meat to dogs denied;
In old types foresignified
In the manna Heaven-supplied,
  Isaac, and the Paschal Lamb.

Jesu! Shepherd of the sheep!
Thou thy flock in safety keep.
Living Bread! thy life supply;
Strengthen us, or else we die;
  Fill us with celestial grace:

Thou, who feedest us below!
Source of all we have or know!
Grant that with thy Saints above,
Sitting at the feast of love,
 We may see Thee face to face.

SEQUENCE, MASS FOR THE DEAD.

Dies iræ dies illa.

Nigher still, and still more nigh
Draws the Day of Prophecy,
Doom'd to melt the earth and sky.

Oh, what trembling there shall be,
When the world its Judge shall see,
Coming in dread majesty!

Hark! the trump, with thrilling tone,
From sepulchral regions lone,
Summons all before the throne:

Time and Death it doth appall,
To see the buried ages all
Rise to answer at the call.

Now the books are open spread;
Now the writing must be read,
Which condemns the quick and dead:

Now, before the Judge severe
Hidden things must all appear;
Naught can pass unpunish'd here.

What shall guilty I then plead?
Who for me will intercede,
When the Saints shall comfort need?

King of dreadful Majesty!
Who dost freely justify!
Fount of Pity, save Thou me!

Recollect, O Love divine!
'Twas for this lost sheep of thine
Thou thy glory didst resign:

Satest wearied seeking me;
Sufferedst upon the Tree:
Let not vain thy labor be.

Judge of Justice, hear my prayer!
Spare me, Lord, in mercy spare!
Ere the Reckoning-day appear.

Lo! thy gracious face I seek;
Shame and grief are on my cheek;
Sighs and tears my sorrow speak.

Thou didst Mary's guilt forgive;
Didst the dying thief receive;
Hence doth hope within me live.

Worthless are my prayers, I know;
Yet, oh, cause me not to go
Into everlasting woe.

Sever'd from the guilty band,
Make me with thy sheep to stand,
Placing me on thy right hand.

When the cursed in anguish flee
Into flames of misery;
With the Blest then call Thou me.

Suppliant in the dust I lie;
My heart a cinder, crush'd and dry;
Help me, Lord, when death is nigh!

Full of tears, and full of dread,
Is the day that wakes the dead,
Calling all, with solemn blast,
From the ashes of the past.

Lord of mercy! Jesu blest!
Grant the Faithful light and rest.

For *Stabat Mater dolorosa*, see page 182.

END OF HYMNS FROM THE MISSAL.

Sacred Year.

HYMNS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

SACRED YEAR.

HYMNS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

HYMNS AT BENEDICTION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

RHYME OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

Adoro Te devote latens Deitas.

O Godhead hid, devoutly I adore Thee,
Who truly art within the forms before me;
To Thee my heart I bow with bended knee,
As failing quite in contemplating Thee.

Sight, touch, and taste in Thee are each deceived;
The ear alone most safely is believed:
I believe all the Son of God has spoken,
Than Truth's own word there is no truer token.

God only on the Cross lay hid from view;
But here lies hid at once the Manhood too:
And I, in both professing my belief,
Make the same prayer as the repentant thief.

Thy wounds as Thomas saw, I do not see;
Yet Thee confess my Lord and God to be:
Make me believe Thee ever more and more;
In Thee my hope, in Thee my love to store.

O thou Memorial of our Lord's own dying!
O living Bread, to mortals life supplying!
Make Thou my soul henceforth on Thee to live;
Ever a taste of Heavenly sweetness give.

O loving Pelican! O Jesu, Lord!
Unclean I am, but cleanse me in thy blood;
Of which a single drop, for sinners spilt,
Can purge the entire world from all its guilt.

Jesu! whom for the present veiled I see,
What I so thirst for, oh, vouchsafe to me:
That I may see thy countenance unfolding,
And may be blest thy glory in beholding.

[The following is usually sung after every stanza.]

Jesu, eternal Shepherd! hear our cry;
Increase the faith of all whose souls on Thee rely.

PROSE.

Ave, verum corpus natum.

Hail to Thee! true Body, sprung
From the Virgin Mary's womb!
The same that on the Cross was hung,
And bore from man the bitter doom!

Thou, whose side was pierced, and flowed
Both with water and with blood;
Suffer us to taste of Thee,
In our life's last agony.

O kind, O loving One!
O sweet Jesu, Mary's Son!

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY.

Adeste fideles.

Oh, come! all ye faithful!
  Triumphantly sing!
Come, see in the Manger
  The Angels' dread King!
To Bethlehem hasten!
  With joyful accord;
Oh, hasten! oh, hasten!
  To worship the Lord.

True Son of the Father!
  He comes from the skies;
The womb of the Virgin
  He doth not despise;
To Bethlehem hasten, &c.

Hark! to the Angels!
  All singing in Heaven,
"To God in the highest
  All glory be given."
To Bethlehem hasten, &c.

To Thee, then, O Jesu!
This day of thy birth,
Be glory and honor
Through Heaven and earth;
True Godhead Incarnate!
Omnipotent Word!
Oh, hasten! oh, hasten!
To worship the Lord.

HYMN FOR EASTER-SUNDAY.

O filii et filiæ.

YE sons and daughters of the Lord!
The King of glory, King adored,
This day Himself from death restored.

All in the early morning gray
Went holy women on their way,
To see the tomb where Jesus lay.

Of spices pure a precious store
In their pure hands those women bore,
To anoint the sacred Body o'er.

Then straightway one in white they see
Who saith, "Ye seek the Lord; but He
Is risen, and gone to Galilee."

This told they Peter, told they John;
Who forthwith to the tomb are gone,
But Peter is by John outrun.

That self-same night, while out of fear
The doors were shut, their Lord most dear
To his Apostles did appear.

But Thomas, when of this he heard,
Was doubtful of his brethren's word;
Wherefore again there comes the Lord.

"Thomas, behold my side," saith He;
"My hands, my feet, my body see,
And doubt not, but believe in Me."

When Thomas saw that wounded side,
The truth no longer he denied;
"Thou art my Lord and God!" he cried.

Oh, blest are they who have not seen
Their Lord, and yet believe in Him!
Eternal life awaiteth them.

Now let us praise the Lord most high,
And strive his name to magnify
On this great day, through earth and sky:

Whose mercy ever runneth o'er;
Whom men and Angel Hosts adore;
To Him be glory evermore.

For *Salutis humanæ sator* ....see page 145
" *Æterne Rex altissime* .... " 147
" *Pange lingua gloriosi* .... " 156
" *Tantum ergo sacramentum* ... " 157
" *Sacris solemniis* .... " 158
" *Verbum supernum prodiens* ... " 160
" *O salutaris Hostia*........... " 161
" *Stabat Mater dolorosa* .... " 182
" *Lauda Sion Salvatorem* ...... " 282
" *Ecce panis angelorum* .... " 285

END OF HYMNS AT BENEDICTION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

HYMNS

FROM THE OFFICE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

AT MATINS.

Salve mundi domina.

HAIL, Queen of the Heavens!
Hail, Mistress of earth!
Hail, Virgin most pure,
Of immaculate birth!
Clear Star of the Morning,
In beauty enshrined!
O Lady, make speed
To the help of mankind!

Thee God in the depth
Of eternity chose;
And form'd thee all fair,
As his glorious Spouse;
And call'd thee his Word's
Own Mother to be,
By whom He created
The earth, sky, and sea.

AT PRIME.

Salve Virgo sapiens.

HAIL, Virgin most wise!
Hail, Deity's Shrine,
With seven fair pillars
And Table divine!
Preserved from the guilt
Which has come on us all!
Exempt in the womb
From the taint of the Fall!

O new Star of Jacob!
Of Angels the Queen!
O Gate of the Saints!
O Mother of men!
O terrible as
The embattled array!
Be thou of the Faithful
The refuge and stay.

AT TERCE.

Salve arca fœderis.

Hail, Solomon's Throne!
  Pure Ark of the Law!
Fair Rainbow! and Bush
  Which the Patriarch saw!
Hail, Gedeon's Fleece!
  Hail, blossoming Rod!
Samson's sweet Honeycomb!
  Portal of God!

Well fitting it was
  That a Son so divine
Should preserve from all touch
  Of Original Sin;
Nor suffer by smallest
  Defeet to be stain'd
That Mother, whom He
  For Himself had ordained.

AT SEXT.

Salve Virgo puerpera.

Hail, Virginal Mother!
  Hail, Purity's Cell!
Fair Shrine where the Trinity
  Loveth to dwell!
Hail, Garden of pleasure!
  Celestial Balm!
Cedar of Chastity!
  Martyrdom's Palm!

Thou Land set apart
  From uses profane,
And free from the curse
  Which in Adam began!
Thou City of God!
  Thou Gate of the East!
In thee is all grace,
  O Joy of the Blest!

AT NONE.

Salve urbs refugii.

Hail, City of refuge!
  Hail, David's high tower!
With battlements crown'd,
  And girded with power!
Fill'd at thy Conception
  With Love and with Light!
The Dragon by Thee
  Was shorn of his might.

O Woman most valiant!
  O Judith thrice blest!
As David was nursed
  In fair Abishag's breast;
As the savior of Egypt
  Upon Rachel's knee;
So the world's great Redeemer
  Was fondled by Thee.

AT VESPERS.

Salve horologium.

Hail, Dial of Achaz!
  On Thee the true Sun
Told backward the course
  Which from old He had run;
And, that man might be raised,
  Submitting to shame,
A little more low
  Than the Angels became.

Thou, wrapt in the blaze
  Of His infinite Light,
Dost shine as the morn
  On the confines of night;
As the Moon on the lost
  Through obscurity dawns;
The Serpent's Destroyer!
  A Lily 'mid thorns!

AT COMPLINE.

Salve Virgo florens.

Hail, Mother most pure!
  Hail, Virgin renown'd!
Hail, Queen, with the stars
  As a diadem crown'd!
Above all the Angels
  In glory untold,
Standing next to the King,
  In a vesture of gold!

O Mother of mercy!
  O Star of the wave!
O Hope of the guilty!
  O Light of the grave!
Through Thee may we come
  To the Haven of rest;
And see Heaven's King
  In the courts of the Blest.

THE COMMENDATION.

Supplices offerimus.

These praises and prayers
I lay at thy feet,
O Virgin of virgins!
O Mary most sweet!
Be Thou my true guide
Through this pilgrimage here,
And stand by my side
When death draweth near.

END OF HYMNS FROM THE OFFICE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

FEAST OF ST. ANNE, MOTHER OF THE BLESSED MARY.

July 26.

Claræ diei gaudiis.

Spotless Anna! Juda's glory!
  Through the Church from East to West,
Every tongue proclaims thy praises,
  Holy Mary's Mother blest!

Saintly Kings and priestly Sires
  Blended in thy sacred line;
Thou in virtue, all before thee
  Didst excel by grace divine.

Link'd in bonds of purest wedlock,
  Thine it was for us to bear,
By the favor of High Heaven,
  Our eternal Virgin Star.

From thy stem in beauty budded
  Ancient Jesse's mystic rod;
Earth from thee received the Mother
  Of th' Almighty Son of God.

All the human race benighted
In the depths of darkness lay;
When in Anne, it saw the dawning
Of the long-expected day.

Honor, glory, virtue, merit,
Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son!
With the Father and the Spirit,
While eternal ages run.

FEAST OF THE NATIVITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

September 8.

Aurora quæ Solem paris.

SWEET Morn! thou Parent of the Sun!
And Daughter of the same!
What joy and gladness, through thy birth,
This day to mortals came!

Clothed in the Sun I see Thee stand,
The Moon beneath thy feet;
The Stars above thy sacred head
A radiant coronet.

Thrones and Dominions gird Thee round,
The Armies of the sky;
Pure streams of glory from Thee flow,
All bathed in Deity!

Terrific as the banner'd line
Of battle's dread array!
Before Thee tremble Hell and Death,
And own thy mighty sway:

While crush'd beneath thy dauntless foot,
The Serpent writhes in vain;
Smit by a deadly stroke, and bound
In an eternal chain.

O Mightiest! pray for us, that He
Who came to Thee of yore,
May come to dwell within our hearts,
And never quit us more.

Praise to the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Ghost, through Whom
The Word eternal was conceived
Within the Virgin's womb.

FEAST OF THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

March 25.

Supernus ales nuntiat.

The Angel spake the word—
"Hail, Thou of women blest!"
From highest Heaven the Godhead comes,
And fills her virgin breast.

Maiden! how great henceforth
Thy dignity shall be!
The Son of God becomes thine own,
This day conceived by Thee.

This day the Holy Ghost,
From thy all-sinless blood,
Moulds in thy womb that Flesh divine
Of the life-giving Word;

Whereby we babes the meat
Of elder ones obtain;
And He, who Angels feeds as God,
Feeds men, as God made Man.

To Him who, to redeem
Our race, came down from Heaven,
Praise with the Father evermore,
And Holy Ghost be given.

ANOTHER HYMN FOR THE SAME FEAST.

Quis te canat mortalium?

WHAT mortal tongue can sing thy praise,
Dear Mother of the Lord?—
To Angels only it belongs
Thy glory to record.

Who born of Man can penetrate
Thy soul's majestic shrine?
Who can thy mighty gifts unfold,
Or rightly them divine?

Say, Virgin, what sweet force was that,
Which from the Father's breast
Drew forth his coeternal Son,
To be thy bosom's guest?

'Twas not thy guileless faith alone,
That lifted Thee so high;
'Twas not thy pure seraphic love,
Or peerless chastity:

But, oh! it was thy lowliness,
Well pleasing to the Lord,
That made Thee worthy to become
The Mother of the Word.

Oh, Loftiest!—whose humility
So sweet it was to see!
That God, forgetful of Himself,
Abased Himself to Thee!

Praise to the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Ghost, through Whom
The Word eternal was conceived
Within the Virgin's womb.

FEAST OF THE VISITATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

July 2.

Quo sanctus ardor te rapit.

WHITHER thus, in holy rapture,
Princely Maiden, art thou bent?
Why so fleetly art Thou speeding
Up the mountain's rough ascent?

Fill'd with the eternal Godhead!
Glowing with the Spirit's flame!
Love it is that bears Thee onward,
And supports thy tender frame.

Lo! thine aged cousin claims Thee,
  Claims thy sympathy and care;
God her shame from her hath taken;
  He hath heard her fervent prayer.

Blessed Mothers! joyful meeting!
  Thou in her, the hand of God,
She in Thee, with lips inspired,
  Owns the Mother of her Lord.

As the sun his face concealing,
  In a cloud withdraws from sight,
So in Mary then lay hidden
  He who is the world's true light.

Honor, glory, virtue, merit,
  Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son!
With the Father and the Spirit,
  While eternal ages run.

FEAST OF THE PURIFICATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

February 2.

Templi sacratas pande Sion fores.

O Sion! open wide thy gates;
Let figures disappear;
A Priest and Victim both in one,
The Truth Himself is here.

No more the simple flock shall bleed.—
Behold the Father's Son!
Himself to His own Altar comes
For sinners to atone.

Conscious of hidden Deity,
The lowly Virgin brings
Her new-born Babe, with two young doves,
Her tender offerings.

The hoary Simeon sees at last
His Lord so long desired,
And hails, with Anna, Israel's hope,
With sudden rapture fired.

But silent knelt the Mother blest
  Of the yet silent Word;
And pondering all things in her heart,
  With speechless praise adored.

Praise to the Father and the Son;
  Praise to the Spirit be;
Praise to the blessed Three in One,
  Through all eternity.

FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

August 15.

O vos ætherei plaudite cives.

Rejoice, O ye Spirits and Angels on high!
  This day the pure Mother of Love
By death was set free; and ascending the sky,
Was welcomed by Jesus, with triumph and joy,
  To the Courts of his glory above.

O Virgin divine! what treasures are thine!
What power and splendor untold!
With flesh thou hadst clothed the Lord of all might;—
He clothes Thee in turn with his infinite light,
And a radiant vesture of gold.

He, who on thy breast found nurture and rest,
Is now thy ineffable Food;
And He, who from Thee in the flesh lay conceal'd,
Now gives Thee, beholding his glory reveal'd,
To drink from the fullness of God.

Through thy Virginal womb what graces have come!
What glories encompass thy throne!
Where next to thy Son, thou sittest a Queen,
Exalted on high, above Angels and men!
Inferior to Godhead alone!

Then hear us, we pray, on this blessed Day;
Remember we also are thine;
And deign for thy children with Jesus to plead,
That He may forgive us, and grant us in need
His strength and protection divine.

All praise to the Father, who chose for his Son
A Mother, the daughter of Eve;
All praise to the glorious Child of her womb;
All praise to the infinite Spirit, by Whom
Her glory it was to conceive.

HYMN FROM THE RESPONSORY OF ST. JOSEPH.

Quicunque sanus vivere.

To all, who would holily live,
To all, who would happily die,
St. Joseph is ready to give
Sure guidance, and help from on high.

Of Mary the Spouse undefiled,
Just, holy, and pure of all stain,
He asks of his own Foster Child;
And needs but to ask to obtain.

[Here the first stanza is repeated.]

To all, who would holily live,
To all, who would happily die,
St. Joseph is ready to give
Sure guidance, and help from on high.

In the manger that Child he adored,
And nursed Him in exile and flight;
Him, lost in his boyhood, deplored;
And found with amaze and delight.

To all, &c.

The Maker of Heaven and Earth
By the labor of Joseph was fed;
The Son by an infinite birth
Submissive to Joseph was made.

To all, &c.

And when his last hour drew nigh,
Oh, full of all joy was his breast;
Seeing Jesus and Mary close by,
As he tranquilly slumber'd to rest.

To all, &c.

All praise to the Father above;
All praise to his glorious Son;
All praise to the Spirit of love;
While the days of eternity run.

To all, &c.

HYMN FROM THE RESPONSORY OF ST. PETER.

Si vis Patronum quærere.

SEEK ye a Patron to defend
Your cause?—then, one and all,
Without delay upon the Prince
Of the Apostles call.

Blest Holder of the heavenly Keys!
Thy prayers we all implore:
Unlock to us the sacred bars
Of Heaven's eternal door.

By penitential tears thou didst
The path of life regain;
Teach us with thee to weep our sins,
And wash away their stain.
Blest Holder, &c.

The Angel touch'd thee, and forthwith
Thy chains from off thee fell;
Oh, loose us from the subtle coils
That bind us fast to Hell.
Blest Holder, &c.

Firm Rock whereon the Church is based!
Pillar that cannot bend!
With strength endue us; and the Faith
From heresy defend.
Blest Holder, &c.

Save Rome, which from the days of old
Thy blood hath sanctified;
And help the nations of the earth,
That in thy help confide.
Blest Holder, &c.

Oh, worshipp'd by all Christendom!
Her realms in peace maintain;
Let no contagion sap her strength,
No discord rend in twain.
Blest Holder, &c.

The weapons, which our ancient foe
Against us doth prepare,
Crush thou; nor suffer us to fall
Into his deadly snare.
Blest Holder, &c.

Guard us through life; and in that hour
When our last fight draws nigh,
O'er Death, o'er Hell, o'er Satan's power,
Gain us the victory.
Blest Holder, &c.

All glory to the Father be;
Praise to the Son who rose;
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete;
While age on ages flows.
Blest Holder, &c.

HYMN FROM THE RESPONSORY OF ST. PAUL.

Pressi malorum pondere.

All ye who groan, beneath
A load of ills oppress'd!
Entreat St. Paul, and he will pray
The Lord to give you rest.
O Victim, dear to Heaven!
O Paul, thou Teacher true!
Thou love and joy of Christendom!
To thee for help we sue.

Pierced by the flame of love,
Descending from on high;
'Twas thine to preach the Faith, which once
Thou soughtest to destroy.
O Victim, &c.

Nor toil, nor threaten'd death,
Nor tempest, scourge, or chain,
Could from th' Assembly of the Saints
Thy loving heart detain.
O Victim, &c.

Oh, by that quenchless love
Which burnt in thee of yore!
Take pity on our miseries;
Our fainting hope restore.
O Victim, &c.

True Champion of the Lord!
Crush thou the schemes of Hell;
And with adoring multitudes
The sacred temples fill.
O Victim, &c.

Through thy prevailing prayer,
May Charity abound;
Sweet Charity, which knows no ill,
Which nothing can confound.

O Victim, *&c.*

To earth's remotest shores,
May one same Faith extend;
And thy epistles through all climes
Their blessed perfume send.

O Victim, *&c.*

Grant us the will and power
To serve Thee, God of might!
Lest wavering still, and unprepared,
We sink in depths of night.

O Victim, *&c.*

Praise to the Father be;
Praise to the Son who rose;
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete;
While age on ages flows.

O Victim, *&c.*

HYMN FROM THE RESPONSORY OF ST. PIUS THE FIFTH.

Belli tumultus ingruit.

WARS and tumults fill the earth;
Men the fear of God despise;
Retribution, vengeance, wrath,
Brood upon the angry skies.
Holy Pius! Pope sublime!
Whom, in this most evil time,
Whom, of Saints in bliss, can we
Better call to aid than thee?

None more mightily than thou,
Hath, by holy deed or word,
Through the spacious earth below,
Spread the glory of the Lord.
Holy Pius, &c.

Thine it was, O Pontiff brave!
Pontiff of eternal Rome!
From barbaric yoke to save
Terror-stricken Christendom.
Holy Pius, &c.

When Lepanto's Gulf beheld,
  Strewn upon its waters fair,
Turkey's countless navy yield
  To the power of thy prayer:
    Holy Pius, &c.

Who meanwhile, with prophet's eye,
  Didst the distant battle see;
And announce to standers by
  That same moment's victory.
    Holy Pius, &c.

Mightier now and glorified!
  Hear the suppliant cry we pour;
Crush rebellion's haughty pride;
  Quell the din of rising war.
    Holy Pius, &c.

At thy prayer may golden peace
  Down to earth descend again;
License, discord, trouble cease;
  Justice, truth, and order reign.
    Holy Pius, &c.

To the Lord of endless days.
One Almighty Trinity;
Sempiternal glory, praise,
Honor, might, and blessing be.
Holy Pius, &c.

FEAST OF ST. STEPHEN THE PROTOMARTYR.

December 26.

O qui tuo dux Martyrum.

O Captain of the Martyr Host!
O peerless in renown!
Not from the fading flowers of earth
Weave we for thee a crown.

The stones that smote thee, in thy blood
Made glorious and divine,
All in a halo heavenly bright
About thy temples shine.

The scars upon thy sacred brow
  Throw beams of glory round;
The splendors of thy bruised face
  The very sun confound.

Oh, earliest Victim sacrificed
  To thy dear Victim Lord!
Oh, earliest witness to the Faith
  Of thy Incarnate God!

Thou to the heavenly Canaan first
  Through the Red Sea didst go,
And to the Martyrs' countless Host,
  Their path of glory show.

Erewhile a servant of the poor,—
  Now at the Lamb's high Feast,
In blood-empurpled robe array'd,
  A welcome nuptial guest!

To Jesus, born of Virgin bright,
  Praise with the Father be;
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete,
  Through all eternity.

FEAST OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

December 27.

Quæ dixit, egit, pertulit.

The life which God's Incarnate Word
Lived here below with men,
Three blest Evangelists record,
With Heaven-inspired pen:

John penetrates on eagle wing
The Father's dread abode;
And shows the mystery wherein
The Word subsists with God.

Pure Saint! upon his Saviour's breast
Invited to recline,
'Twas thence he drew, in moments blest,
His knowledge all divine:

There too, with that angelic love
Did he his bosom fill,
Which, once enkindled from above,
Breathes in his pages still.

Oh, dear to Christ!—to thee upon
His Cross, of all bereft,
Thou virgin soul! the Virgin Son
His Virgin Mother left.

To Jesus, born of Virgin bright,
Praise with the Father be;
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete,
Through all eternity.

ANOTHER HYMN FOR THE SAME FEAST.

Jussu tyranni pro fide.

An exile for the Faith
Of thy Incarnate Lord,
Beyond the stars,—beyond all space,
Thy soul unprison'd soar'd:

There saw in glory Him
Who liveth, and was dead;
There Juda's Lion, and the Lamb
That for our ransom bled:

There of the Kingdom learnt
The mysteries sublime,—
How, sown in Martyr's blood, the Faith
Should spread from clime to clime.

There the new City, bathed
In her dear Spouse's light,
Pure seat of bliss, thy spirit saw,
And gloried in the sight.

Now to the Lamb's clear fount,
To drink of life their fill,
Thou callest all;—O Lord, in me
This blessed thirst instill.

To Jesus, Virgin born,
Praise with the Father be;
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete,
Through all eternity.

HYMN TO JESUS.

Jesu nostra Redemptio.

O Jesu! our Redemption!
  Loved and desired with tears!
God, of all worlds Creator!
  Man, in the close of years!

What wondrous pity moved Thee
  To make our cause thine own!
And suffer death and torments,
  For sinners to atone!

O Thou, who piercing Hades,
  Thy captives didst unchain!
Who gloriously ascendedst
  Thy Father's Throne again!

Subdue our many evils
  By mercy all divine;
And comfort with thy presence
  The hearts that for Thee pine.

Be Thou our joy, O Jesu!
 In whom our prize we see;
Always, through all the ages,
 In Thee our glory be.

HYMN TO THE HOLY GHOST.

Veni Creator Spiritus.

Come, O Creator Spirit!
 Visit this soul of thine;
This heart of thy creating
 Fill Thou with grace divine.

Who Paraclete art call'd!
 The gift of God above!
Pure Unction! holy Fire!
 And Fount of life and love!

Finger of God's right hand!
 The Father's promise true!
Who sevenfold gifts bestowest!
 Who dost the tongue endow!

Pour love into our hearts;
Our senses touch with light;
Make strong our human frailty
With thy supernal might.

Cast far our deadly Foe;
Thy peace in us fulfill;
So, Thee before us leading,
May we escape each ill.

The Father, and the Son,
Through Thee may we receive;
In Thee, from Both proceeding,
Through endless time believe.

Praise to the Father be;
Praise to the Son who rose;
And praise to Thee, blest Spirit!
While age on ages flows.

HYMN FOR SUNDAY MORNING.

Ad templa nos rursus vocat.

Again the Sunday morn
Calls us to prayer and praise;
Waking our hearts to gratitude
With its enlivening rays.

But Christ yet brighter shone,
Quenching the morning beam;
When triumphing from death He rose,
And raised us up with Him.

When first the world sprang forth,
In majesty array'd,
And bathed in streams of purest light;—
What power was there display'd!

But oh, what love!—when Christ,
For our transgressions slain,
Was by th' Eternal Father raised
For us to life again.

His new-created world,
The mighty Maker view'd,
With thousand lovely tints adorn'd;
And straight pronounced it good.

But oh! much more He joy'd
That self-same world to see,
Wash'd in the Lamb's all-saving Blood,
From its impurity.

Nature each day renews
Her beauty evermore;
Whence to God's hidden Majesty,
The soul is taught to soar.

But Christ, the Light of all,
The Father's Image blest,
Gives us to see our God Himself
In Flesh made manifest.

Blest Trinity! vouchsafe
That to thy guidance true,
What Thou forbiddest, we may shun;
What Thou commandest, do.

HYMN OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

O Deus, ego amo Te.

My God, I love Thee, not because
I hope for Heaven thereby;
Nor because they, who love Thee not,
Must burn eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace;

And griefs and torments numberless;
And sweat of agony;
E'en death itself—and all for one
Who was thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Jesu Christ!
Should I not love Thee well;
Not for the sake of winning Heaven,
Or of escaping Hell:

Not with the hope of gaining ought;
Not seeking a reward;
But, as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord?

E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

END OF THE SACRED YEAR.

PART II.

Hymns, Anthems, &c.,

APPROPRIATE TO

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS OF DEVOTION,

FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

HYMNS, ANTHEMS, &c.

APPROPRIATE TO PARTICULAR OCCASIONS OF DEVOTION, FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

HYMN.

Te Deum laudamus.

ST. AUGUSTINE AND ST. AMBROSE PRAISE THE LORD.

THEE, O Great God, we praise!
Thee, mighty Lord, we bless,
Thee, and thy marvellous and mysterious ways!
Thee, O Omnipotent Lord,
All the rolling orbed worlds confess!
To Thee the Archangels and high-throned Powers,
The Cherubim,
And Seraphim,
Chant aloud, with one accord,
Evermore,
Through Eternity's resplendent hours,

In prostration lowly,
"Holy,
Holy,
Holy is the God whom we adore!
Holy is the Lord whose praise we sing."
Heaven and Earth, O Everlasting King,
Are luminous with thy glory!
Thee the Patriarchs of olden story,
Thee the Saints who have gone before us,
Thee the Apostles and the Prophet-band,
Magnify in one perennial chorus!
And the white-robed Martyr-train who stand,
Day and night, before thy throne,
Hymn their Alleluias to Thee!
Nor all those alone—
Thy Church—still militant on Earth beneath,
And yet uncrown'd with Victory's golden wreath,—
Ever loveth to upraise
Her voice to Thee in canticles of praise
Ever bends before thy shrines the knee,
Glorified be Thou, then endlessly,
And thy coeternal Son,
And the Holy Spirit, Three in One!

Glorified be Thou, Son of the Living Father,
Who, to save Man's rebel race from Doom,
Hadst no care to spare Thyself, but rather
Sought with joy thy humble Handmaid's womb!
Thou—the Conqueror of the Tomb,
Thou—the victor of Hell's legions,
Thou art now the Lord of the Celestial Regions.
Seated at the right-hand of the One, Great, Good,
And Eternal Potentate—thy Sire,
Lord! who hast redeemed us by thy costly blood,
Kindle in our souls thy heavenly fire!
O! help thy saints, thy servants, and thine heirs,
That naught, in Life or Death may seek to sever
Thy glory and thy blessedness from theirs,
Who hope to reign with Thee in Heaven for ever!

HYMN.

Adeste fideles.

[The following version is added as better adapted for singing than that in the Sacred Year at page 296.]

YE faithful, approach ye,
Joyfully triumphing;
Oh, come ye, oh, come ye, to Bethlehem;
Come and behold ye
Born the King of angels:
Oh, come, let us worship,
Oh, come, let us worship,
Oh, come, let us worship Christ the Lord.

True God of God,
True Light of Light,
Lo, He disdains not the Virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created:
Oh, come, let us worship, &c.

Sing Alleluia,
Let the courts of Heaven
Ring with the Angel-chorus,—

Praise the Lord,
Glory to God in the highest:
Oh, come, let us worship, &c.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesu, to Thee be glory given:
Word of the Father
In our flesh appearing:
Oh, come, let us worship, &c.

THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.*

Viva, viva Gesu.

[From the *Raccolta delle Indulgenze.*]

HAIL, Jesus! Hail! who for my sake
Sweet Blood from Mary's wounds didst take,
And shed it all for me;

* To all the faithful who say or sing this Hymn, His Holiness, Pope Pius VII., grants an Indulgence of 100 days: applicable also to the souls in Purgatory.

O blessed be my Saviour's Blood,
My life, my light, my only good,
To all eternity.

To endless ages let us praise
The Precious Blood whose price could raise
The world from wrath and sin;
Whose streams our inward thirst appease,
And heal the sinner's worst disease,
If he but bathe therein.

O sweetest Blood, that can implore
Pardon of God, and heaven restore,
The heaven which sin had lost:
While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads
What Jesus shed still intercedes
For those who wrong Him most.

O to be sprinkled from the wells
Of Christ's own sacred Blood, excels
Earth's best and highest bliss:
The ministers of wrath divine
Hurt not the happy hearts that shine
With those red drops of His!

Ah! there is joy amid the Saints,
And hell's despairing courage faints
When this sweet song we raise:
O louder then, and louder still,
Earth with one mighty chorus fill,
The Precious Blood to praise!

HYMN.

Jesus, pro me perforatus.

Rock of Ages, rent for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy Cross I cling;
Naked come to Thee for dress,
Helpless look to Thee for grace,
Foul I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on thy judgment-throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

HYMN TO THE MOST HOLY TRINITY.

Have mercy on us, God Most High!
  Have mercy upon me,
Have mercy on us worms of earth,
  Most Holy Trinity!

Most ancient of all mysteries!
  Before thy throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
  Most Holy Trinity!

When heaven and earth were yet unmade,
  When time was yet unknown,
Thou in thy bliss and majesty
  Didst live and love alone!

Thou wert not born, there was no fount
From which thy Being flow'd;
There is no end which Thou canst reach:
But Thou art simply God.

How wonderful creation is,
The work that Thou didst bless,
And, oh! what then must Thou be like,
Eternal Loveliness?

How beautiful the Angels are,
The Saints how bright in bliss;
But with thy beauty, Lord! compared,
How dull, how poor is this!

In wonder lost, the highest heavens,
Mary, their queen, may see—
If Mary is so beautiful,
What must her Maker be?

No wonder Saints have died of love,
No wonder hearts can break,
Pure hearts that once have learned to love
God for his own dear sake.

O Majesty most beautiful!
Most Holy Trinity!
On Mary's throne we climb to get
A far-off sight of Thee.

O listen then, Most Pitiful!
To thy poor creature's heart;
It blesses Thee that Thou art God,
That Thou art what Thou art!

Most ancient of all mysteries!
Still at thy throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
Most Holy Trinity!

ASH-WEDNESDAY.

"REMEMBER, man, that thou art dust
"And shalt to dust return:"—*
Then place not in the world thy trust,
Its joys delusive spurn;

* The words with which the priest distributes the ashes to each.

Prepare thee for the mighty change
  Impending over all;
Give to thy thoughts a loftier range—
  List to thy heavenward call.

The days on which mankind record
  The Saviour's birth are gone:
Behold He comes to preach the word:
  His humbler life is done.
For thirty years he show'd the humble how to
    live:—
Mark how he arm'd Himself against the world
    to strive.

He turn'd Him from the Jordan side,
And sought the lonely desert wide:
There communed with Himself and God;
Chastised Himself, nor tasted food;
There overcame the tempter: there
  Prepared for his high ministry
By fasting, solitude, and prayer;—
  Then went to teach the world and die.

Thus would He have his followers spurn
  The pride of life, and thus prepare

To obey the call of heaven, and learn
The grace of heaven itself to share.
Shall we, the world has long beguiled,
Refuse to fast, refuse to fly?
Shall we, with hearts and souls defiled
By earth and earth's iniquity,
The fruit of all his sufferings implore,
Yet, guilty, scorn to bear, what innocent, He bore?

No: let us hail the words that now
Warn us against life's fleeting show,
And bid our slothful souls arise—
Prepare for nobler destinies—
Prepare far holier aims to embrace—
And—scorning worldly hopes and pride—
Prepare, through Lent, to win the grace
Of Easter and of Whitsuntide.
"Remember, man! that thou art dust
"And shalt return to dust again;"—
Then let us strive, since die we must,
To die with Christ, with Him to reign.

JESUS RISEN.

Hymn for Easter.

All hail! dear Conqueror! all hail!
  O what a victory is Thine!
How beautiful thy strength appears,
  Thy crimson wounds, how bright they shine!

Thou camest at the dawn of day;
  Armies of souls around Thee were,
Blest spirits, thronging to adore
  Thy Flesh, so marvellous, so fair.

The everlasting Godhead lay
  Shrouded within those Limbs Divine,
Nor left untenanted one hour
  That sacred Human Heart of Thine.

They worshipp'd Thee, those ransom'd souls,
  With the fresh strength of love set free,
They worshipp'd joyously, and thought
  Of Mary while they looked on Thee.

And Thou too, Soul of Jesus! Thou
Towards that sacred Flesh didst yearn,
And for the beatings of that Heart
How ardently thy love did burn.

They worshipp'd, while the beauteous Soul
Paused by the Body's wounded Side:—
Bright flashed the cave,—before them stood
The Living Jesus Glorified.

Down, down, all lofty things on earth,
And worship Him with joyous dread!
O Sin! thou art outdone by love!
O Death! thou art discomfited!

Ye Heavens, how sang they in your courts,
How sang the angelic choirs that day,
When from His tomb the imprison'd God,
Like the strong sunrise, broke away.

O I am burning so with love,
I fear lest I should make too free;
Let me lie silent and adore
Thy glorified Humanity.

Ah! now Thou sendest me sweet tears;
Fluttered with love, my spirits fail,—
What shall I say? Thou know'st my heart;
All hail! dear Conqueror! all hail!

THE ASCENSION.

A hymn for Ascension Thursday.

Why is thy face so lit with smiles,
Mother of Jesus! why?
And wherefore is thy beaming look
So fixed upon the sky?

From out thine overflowing eyes
Bright lights of gladness part,
As though some gushing fount of joy
Had broken in thy heart.

Mother! how canst thou smile to-day?
How can thine eyes be bright,
When He, thy Life, thy Love, thine All,
Hath vanish'd from thy sight?

His rising form on Olivet
A summer's shadow cast;
The branches of the hoary trees
Droop'd as the shadow pass'd.

And as He rose with all his train
Of righteous souls around,
His blessing fell into thine heart,
Like dew into the ground.

Down stoop'd a silver cloud from heaven,
The Eternal Spirit's car,
And on the lessening vision went,
Like some receding star.

The silver cloud hath sail'd away,
The skies are blue and free;
The road that vision took is now
Sunshine and vacancy.

The Feet which thou hast kiss'd so oft,
Those living Feet, are gone;
Mother! thou canst but stoop and kiss
Their print upon the stone.

He loved the Flesh thou gavest Him,
Because it was from thee;
He loved it, for it gave Him power
To bleed and die for me.

That flesh with its five witness Wounds
Unto his throne He bore,
For God to love, and spirits blest
To worship evermore.

Yes! He hath left thee, Mother dear!
His throne is far above;
How canst thou be so full of joy
When thou hast lost thy Love?

O surely earth's poor sunshine now
To thee mere gloom appears,
When He is gone who was its light
For Three-and-Thirty Years.

Why do not thy sweet hands detain
His Feet upon their way?
O why doth not the Mother speak
And bid her Son to stay?

Ah no! thy love is rightful love,
From all self-seeking free;
The change that is such gain to Him
Can be no loss to thee!

'Tis sweet to feel our Saviour's love,
To feel his presence near;
Yet loyal love his glory holds
A thousand times more dear.

Who would have known the way to love
Our Jesus as we ought,
If thou in varied joy and woe
Hadst not that lesson taught?

Ah! never is our love so pure
As when refined by pain,
Or when God's glory upon earth
Finds in our loss its gain!

True love is worship: Mother dear!
O gain for us the light
To love, because the creature's love
Is the Creator's right!

RISE—GLORIOUS CONQUEROR, RISE.

Another hymn for Ascension Thursday.

Rise—glorious Conqueror, rise,
Into thy native skies,—
Assume thy right:
And where in many a fold
The clouds are backward roll'd—
Pass through those gates of gold,
And reign in light!

Victor o'er death and hell!
Cherubic legions swell
The radiant train:
Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire,—
Thou Lamb once slain!

Enter, Incarnate God!—
No feet, but thine, have trod
The serpent down:

Blow the full trumpets, blow!
Wider yon portals throw!
Saviour—triumphant—go,
And take thy crown!

Lion of Judah—Hail!—
And let thy name prevail
From age to age:
Lord of the rolling years,—
Claim for thine own the spheres,
For Thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage!

Yet—who are these behind,
In numbers more than mind
Can count or say—
Clothed in immortal stoles,
Illumining the poles—
A galaxy of souls,
In white array?

And then was heard afar
Star answering to star—
Lo! these have come,

Followers of Him, who gave
His life, their lives to save;
And now their palms they wave,
Brought safely home.

Oh Lord! ascend thy throne!
For Thou shalt rule alone
Beside thy Sire,
With the great Paraclete,
The Three in One complete—
Before whose awful feet
All foes expire!

CORPUS CHRISTI.

Jesus! my Lord, my God, my All!
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how revere this wondrous gift,
So far surpassing hope or thought?
Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
O, make us love Thee more and more!

Had I but Mary's sinless heart
  To love thee with, my dearest King!
O with what bursts of fervent praise
  Thy goodness, Jesus, would I sing!
    Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
    O, make us love Thee more and more!

O see! within a creature's hand
  The vast Creator deigns to be,
Reposing infant-like, as though
  On Joseph's arm, or Mary's knee.
    Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
    O, make us love Thee more and more!

Thy Body, Soul, and Godhead, all!
  O mystery of love divine!
I cannot compass all I have,
  For all Thou hast and art are mine!
    Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
    O, make us love Thee more and more!

Sound, sound his praises higher still,
  And come, ye angels to our aid,
'Tis God! 'Tis God! the very God
  Whose power both man and angels made!

Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
O, make us love Thee more and more!

Ring joyously, ye solemn bells!
And wave, O wave, ye censers bright!
'Tis Jesus cometh, Mary's Son,
And God of God, and Light of Light!
Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
O, make us love Thee more and more!

O earth! grow flowers beneath his feet,
And thou, O sun, shine bright this day!
He comes! He comes! O Heaven on earth!
Our Jesus comes upon his way!
Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
O, make us love Thee more and more!

He comes! He comes! The Lord of Hosts,
Borne on his throne triumphantly!
We see Thee, and we know Thee, Lord;
And yearn to shed our Blood for Thee.
Sweet Sacrament! we The adore!
O, make us love Thee more and more!

Our hearts leap up; our trembling song
Grows fainter still; we can no more;
Silence! and let us weep—and die
Of very love, while we adore.
Great Sacrament of love divine!
All, all we have or are be thine!

ECCE AGNUS DEI.

Behold the Lamb!
Oh! Thou for sinners slain,—
Let it not be in vain,
That Thou hast died:
Thee for my Saviour let me take,—
Thee,—Thee alone my refuge make,—
Thy pierced side!

Behold the Lamb!
Into the sacred flood,
Of thy most precious blood
My soul I cast:—

Wash me and make me pure and clean,
Uphold me through life's changeful scene,
Till all be past!

Behold the Lamb!
Archangels,—fold your wings,—
Seraphs,—hush all the strings
Of million lyres:
The Victim, veil'd on earth, in love,—
Unveil'd,—enthroned,—adored above,
All heaven admires!

Behold the Lamb!
Drop down, ye glorious skies,—
He dies,—He dies,—He dies,—
For man once lost!
Yet lo! He lives,—He lives,—He lives,—
And to his church Himself He gives,—
Incarnate Host!

Behold the Lamb!
All hail,—Eternal Word!—
Thou universal Lord,—
Purge out our leaven:

Clothe us with godliness and good,
Feed us with thy celestial food,—
    Manna from heaven!

    Behold the Lamb!
Saints, wrapt in blissful rest,—
Souls,—waiting to be blest,—
    Oh! Lord,—how long!
Thou church on earth, o'erwhelm'd with fears,
Still in this vale of woe and tears,
    Swell the full song.

    Behold the Lamb!
Worthy is He alone,
To sit upon the throne
    Of God above!
One with the Ancient of all days,—
One with the Paraclete in praise,—
    All light,—all love!

DONA NOBIS PACEM.

Blessed Lamb—on Calvary's mountain
Slain to take our sins away,
Let the drops of that rich fountain
Our tremendous ransom pay:
Sacred Saviour! Sacred Saviour!
Lowly at thy feet we pray.

Blessed Lamb—vouchsafe us pardon,
In thy love our souls confide:
By thy groans within the garden,
By the death which Thou hast died—
Let thy Passion—let thy Passion
Evermore with us abide!

So shall Peace—sweet Peace be given,
Purchase of thy precious pain;
So shall earth but lead to heaven,
Since for us the Lamb was slain!
Dear Redeemer! Dear Redeemer!
Thou canst not have died in vain.

HYMN TO THE INFANT JESUS.

Dear Little One! how sweet Thou art,
Thine eyes how bright they shine,
So bright they almost seem to speak
When Mary's look meets thine!

How faint and feeble is thy cry,
Like plaint of harmless dove,
When Thou dost murmur in thy sleep
Of sorrow and of love.

When Mary bids Thee sleep thou sleep'st,
Thou wakest when she calls;
Thou art content upon her lap,
Or in the rugged stalls.

Simplest of Babes! with what a grace
Thou dost thy Mother's will;
Thine infant fashions well betray
The Godhead's hidden skill.

When Joseph takes Thee in his arms,
And smooths thy little cheek,
Thou lookest up into his face
So helpless and so meek.

Yes! Thou art what Thou seem'st to be,
A thing of smiles and tears;
Yet Thou art God, and heaven and earth
Adore Thee with their fears.

Yes! dearest Babe! those tiny hands,
That play with Mary's hair,
The weight of all the mighty world
This very moment bear.

While Thou art clasping Mary's neck
In timid tight embrace,
The boldest Seraphs veil themselves
Before thine infant Face.

When Mary hath appeased thy thirst,
And hush'd thy feeble cry,
The hearts of men lie open still
Before thy slumbering eye.

Art Thou, weak Babe, my very God?
Oh I must love Thee then,
Love Thee, and yearn to spread thy love
Among forgetful men.

O dear! O wakeful-hearted Child!
Sleep on, dear Jesus! sleep;
For Thou must one day wake for me
To suffer and to weep.

A Scourge, a Cross, a cruel Crown
Have I in store for Thee;
Yet why? one little tear, O Lord,
Ransom enough would be.

But no! death is thine own sweet will,
The price decreed above;
Thou wilt do more than save our souls,
For Thou wilt die for love.

MY GOD AND MY ALL.

Deus meus et omnia.

WHILE Thou, O my God, art my help and defender,
No cares can o'erwhelm me, no terrors appall;
The wiles and the snares of this world will but render
More lively my hope in my God and my all.

Yes; Thou art my refuge in sorrow and danger;
My strength when I suffer; my hope when I fall;
My comfort and joy in this land of the stranger;
My treasure, my glory, my God, and my all.

To Thee, dearest Lord, will I turn without ceasing,
Though grief may oppress me, or sorrow befall;
And love Thee, till death, my blest spirit releasing,
Secures to me Jesus, my God and my all.

And when Thou demandest the life Thou hast
given,
With joy will I answer thy merciful call;
And quit Thee on earth, but to find Thee in
heaven,
My portion for ever, my God and my all.

HYMN.

Veni Creator.

[Dryden's Translation.]

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind;
Come pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy Thee.

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:

Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command;
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crown'st thy gift with eloquence!

Refine and purge our earthly parts:
But, oh! inflame and fire our hearts:
Our frailties help, our voice control—
Submit the senses to the soul:
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe:

Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by Thee.

Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee!

HYMN.

Dies iræ, dies illa.

[Crashaw's Translation.]

Hear'st thou, my soul, what serious things
Both the Psalm and Sybil sings,
Of a sure Judge, from whose sharp ray
The world in flames shall pass away?

O that fire! before whose face,
Heaven and Earth shall find no place;
O these eyes! whose angry light
Must be the day of that dread night.

O that trump! whose blast shall run
An even round with th' circling sun,
And urge the murmuring graves to bring
Pale mankind forth to meet his King.

Horror of nature, hell and death!
When a deep groan from beneath
Shall cry, "We come! we come!" and all
The caves of night answer one call.

O that book! whose leaves so bright,
Will set the world in severe light:
O that Judge! whose hand, whose eye,
None can endure—yet none can fly.

Ah! thou poor soul, what wilt thou say?
And to what patron choose to pray?
When stars themselves shall stagger, and
The most firm foot no more than stand.

But thou givest leave, dread Lord, that we
Take shelter from Thyself in Thee;
And, with the wings of thine own dove,
Fly to the sceptre of soft love.

Dear Lord, remember in that day
Who was the cause Thou camest this way:
Thy sheep was stray'd, and thou would'st be
Even lost Thyself in seeking me.

Shall all that labor, all that cost
Of love, and even that loss, be lost?
And this loved soul, judged worth no less
Than all that way and weariness?

Just mercy, then, thy reckoning be
With my price, and not with me;
'Twas paid at first with too much pain,
To be paid twice, or once in vain.

Mercy, my Judge, mercy I cry,
With blushing cheek, and bleeding eye:
The conscious colors of my sin,
Are red without, and pale within.

Oh! let thine own soft bowels pay
Thyself, and so discharge that day;
If sin can sigh, love can forgive:—
Oh! say the word, my soul shall live.

Those mercies which thy Mary found,
Or who thy cross confess'd and crown'd,
Hope tells my heart the same loves be
Still alive, and still for me.

Though both my prayers and tears combine,
Both worthless are; for they are mine:
But Thou thy bounteous self still be,
And show Thou art by saving me.

Oh! when thy last frown shall proclaim
The flocks of goats to folds of flame,
And all thy lost sheep found shall be,
Let, "Come, ye blessed," then call me.

When the dread "Ite,"* shall divide
Those limbs of death from thy left side,
Let those life-speaking lips command
That I inherit thy right hand.

Oh! hear a suppliant heart, all crush'd
And crumbled into contrite dust;
My hope! my fear! my Judge! my friend
Take charge of me, and of my end.

* "Depart thou."

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Dies iræ, dies illa.

Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain:
Thousand—thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Jesus Christ shall ever reign!

See the universe in motion,
Sinking on her funeral pyre,—
Earth dissolving, and the ocean
Vanishing in final fire:—
Hark, the trumpet! Hark, the trumpet!
Loud proclaims that Day of Ire!

Graves have yawn'd in countless numbers,—
From the dust the dead arise:
Millions, out of silent slumbers,
Wake in overwhelm'd surprise;
Where creation,—Where creation,
Wreck'd and torn in ruin lies!

See the Judge our nature wearing,
Pure, ineffable, divine:—
Sēe the great Archangel bearing
High in heaven the mystic sign:
Cross of Glory! Cross of Glory!
Christ be in that moment mine!

See Redemption,* long expected,
In transcendant pomp appear,—
All his saints, by man rejected,
Throng in gathering legions near:
Melt, ye mountains! Melt, ye mountains!
Into smoke,—for God is here!

Every eye shall then behold Him
Robed in awful majesty:—
Those that set at naught, and sold Him,
Pierced and nail'd Him to a tree,—
Deeply wailing,—Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see!

Lo! the last long separation!
As the cleaving crowds divide;

* Romans viii. 23.

And one dread adjudication
Sends each soul to either side!
Lord of mercy! Lord of mercy!
How shall I that day abide!

Oh! may thine own Bride and Spirit
Then avert a dreadful doom,—
And me summon to inherit
An eternal blissful home:—
Ah! come quickly! Ah! come quickly!
Let thy second Advent come!

Yea, Amen! Let all adore Thee
On thine amaranthine throne!
Saviour,—take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own!
Men and angels: Men and angels,
Kneel and bow to Thee alone!

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.*

Sine labe Concepta.

O PUREST of creatures! sweet Mother! sweet Maid!
The one spotless womb wherein Jesus was laid!
Dark night hath come down on us, Mother! and we
Look out for thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

Deep night hath come down on this rough-spoken world,
And the banners of darkness are boldly unfurl'd;
And the tempest-tost Church—all her eyes are on thee,
They look to thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

The Church doth what God had first taught her to do;
He look'd o'er the world to find hearts that were true;

Through the ages He look'd, and He found none
but thee,
And He loved thy clear shining, sweet Star of
the Sea!

He gazed on thy soul; it was spotless and fair,
For the empire of sin—it had never been there;
None had e'er own'd thee, dear Mother! but He,
And He bless'd thy clear shining, sweet Star of
the Sea!

Earth gave Him one lodging; 'twas deep in thy
breast,
And God found a home where the sinner finds
rest;
His home and his hiding-place, both were in thee,
He was won by thy shining, sweet Star of the
Sea!

O blissful and calm was the wonderful rest
That thou gavest thy God in thy virginal breast;
For the Heaven He left He found Heaven in thee,
And He shone in thy shining, sweet Star of the
Sea!

To sinners what comfort, to angels what mirth,
That God found one creature unfallen on earth,
One spot where his Spirit untroubled could be,
The depths of thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

So age after age in the Church hath gone round,
And the Saints new inventions of homage have found,
New titles of honor, new honors for thee,
New love for thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

And now from the Church of all lands thy dear name
Comes borne on the breath of one mighty acclaim;
Men call on their father, that He should decree
A new gem to thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

O shine on us brighter than ever, then, shine!
For the primest of honors, dear Mother! is thine;
"Conceived without sin," thy new title shall be,
Clear light from thy birth-spring, sweet Star of the Sea!

So worship we God in these rude latter days;
So worship we Jesus our Love, when we praise
His wonderful grace in the gifts He gave thee,
The gift of clear shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

Deep night hath come down on us, Mother! deep
night,
And we need more than ever the guide of thy
light;
For the darker the night is, the brighter should be
Thy beautiful shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

THE ASSUMPTION.

Sing, sing, ye Angel Bands,
All beautiful and bright;
For higher still, and higher,
Through the vast fields of light,
Mary, your Queen, ascends,
Like the sweet moon at night.

A fairer flower than she
  On earth hath never been;
And, save the Throne of God,
  Your heavens have never seen
A wonder half so bright
  As your ascending Queen.

O happy Angels! look,
  How beautiful she is!
See! Jesus bears her up,
  Her hand is lock'd in his;
O who can tell the height
  Of that fair Mother's bliss?

And shall I lose thee then,
  Lose my sweet right to thee?
Ah! no—the Angel's Queen
  Our mother still will be,
And thou, upon thy throne,
  Wilt keep thy love for me.

ROSA MYSTICA.

Rose of the Cross, thou mystic flower!
I lift my heart to thee:
In every melancholy hour,
Mary! remember me.

A wanderer here, through many a wild,
Where few their way can see—
Bloom with thy fragrance on thy child;
Mary! remember me.

Let me but stand where thou hast stood,
Beside the crimson tree;
And by the water and the blood,
Mary! remember me.

There let me wash my sinful soul,
And be from sin set free;
Drawn by thy love, by grace made whole;
Mary! remember me.

Be thy blest Son my all in all,
To Whom for life I flee;
And when before his feet I fall—
Mary! remember me.

Lead me for ever to adore
The glorious One in Three;
And whilst I tremble more and more,
Mary! remember me.

Rose of the Cross, thou thornless flower,
May I thy follower be;
And when temptation wields its power,
Mary! remember me.

TURRIS EBURNEA.

Daughter of David, ever fair,
In all thy gentle power,
Oh! let me find thy gracious care
An Ivory Tower!

Created by the King of kings
  To be his own abode,—
Beneath the shadow of his wings,
    Mother of God!

For this to thee in each distress
  As shelter man may run,
And through thee hasten on to bless
    Thy glorious Son.

Defend me then in thine embrace,
  Where safety blends with rest,
To make my paradise of grace
    Thy virgin breast.

Beauty of women! Matchless Maid!
  Immaculate, sublime;
When death in lowly dust hath laid
    All towers of time,—

Thy light impearl'd in bliss shall glow,
  And I will look to thee,—
For thou hast been in weal and woe,
    A Tower to me.

FOEDERIS ARCA.

Holy of holies! rend the veil
 Before thy throne of gold;
Ark of the Covenant, all hail,—
 The Virgin we behold!

Bright cherubim and seraphim,
 In one mysterious crowd,
Expand the everlasting hymn
 That rolls from cloud to cloud.

Odors, in folds of fragrant fumes,
 Pervade the ravish'd skies;
Whilst angels form, with arching plumes,
 A firmament of eyes!*

They gaze, and as they gaze, they shine,
 And as they shine, admire,
With adoration all divine,—
 All love,—all life,—all fire!

* Ezek. i. 18—23: x. 12. Apocal. iv. 8.

No temple there is made with hands
  By human priesthood trod;
Alone the once-slain Victim stands,
  The living Lamb of God!

To Him the Blessed Mary prays,
  With Him she intercedes;
The Church, around her, homage pays,
  For whom her mercy pleads.

Oh! that on earth we yet may bear
  A part with those above;
And mingling oft in spirit there,
  Be swallow'd up of love.

JANUA COELI.

GATE of immortal bliss,—
  Whose sweet celestial ray
Comes shining o'er the vast abyss,
  That severs night from day.—

My soul unfurls her wings
  To soar aloft to thee,—
And far removed from earthly things,
  Adores thy mystery.

The prophet saw that fane
  Of heavenly beauty fair,
Where Deity itself would deign
  To find a dwelling there:

One portal stood alone,*
  Of peerless pearl its frame:
There would the Lord ascend his throne,
  And Mary was its name.

All hail, thou Matchless Maid!
  An entrance make for me,—
Where He in glory is display'd
  Who came to us through thee.

By all, and more than mothers know
  In their maternal state,—
By all thy vigils, tears, and woe,
  Thyself immaculate;—

* Ezekiel xliv. 1, 2.

Thou Virgin Queen of earth and heaven,
Present me to thy Son,—
That every sin may be forgiven
And a fresh trophy won.

STELLA MATUTINA.

Star of the Morning, like an eye
That beams upon the brow of love;
Oh! let thy lustrous radiancy
Shine from above!

Crown of the opening day of days,
When Jesus as an infant smiled;
Teach every heart aright to praise
Thy holy Child!

Brightness of beauty,—Diadem
Of nature rising out of night;
Lamp of the church! her Bridal Gem,
Fountain of Light!

Glory of that celestial zone
  Arranged by God in dread array,—
A galaxy around his throne
    Of saints that pray;

Centre, and source of endless grace
  For those, who on thee humbly call
With the bright visions of thy face
    Illumine all!

Star of the Morning, like an eye
  That beams upon the brow of love;
Oh! let thy lustrous radiancy
    Shine from above!

DOMUS AUREA.

Light! Light! Infinite Light!
  The mountains melted away:
Ten thousand thousand seraphim bright
  Were lost in a blaze of day:

For God was there, and beneath his feet
  A pavement of sapphires glow'd,*
As the mirror of glory transcendantly meet
  To reflect his own abode!

Love! Love! Infinite Love!
  The lowly Lady of grace
Bows underneath the o'ershadowing Dove,
  Her eternal Son to embrace!
For God is there, the Ancient of Days,
  An Infant of human years:
Whilst angels around them incessantly gaze,
  And nature is wrapt in tears!

Peace! Peace! Infinite Peace!
  A Golden House hath it found,
Whose ineffable beauty must ever increase
  With immortality crown'd!
For God was there, the Lord of the skies,
  Whose loud alleluias ran,
From heaven to earth,—as Emmanuel lies
  In the arms of Mary for man!

* Exodus xxiv. 10.

ALL SAINTS!

HEAD of the Hosts in glory!
We joyfully adore Thee,—
Thy church on earth below,
Blending with those on high,—
Where through the azure sky
Thy saints in ecstasy,—
For ever glow!

Armies of God! in union
With us, through one communion,—
Pour forth sweet prayers:
Our souls in love embrace,—
Around the Saviour's face,—
And ask his special grace
To soothe our cares.

Offer those golden vials*
Of odors,—for our trials,—
Before the throne:

* Apocalypse, v. 8.

Till God the Father smile
On us,—though we were vile,—
Now counted without guile,
Through Christ alone!

Then raise the song of gladness,
To dissipate our sadness—
Along this vale of tears:
We wend our weary way
Up towards the realms of day,—
And watch,—and wait,—and pray,
Constant in fears!

Holy Apostles! beaming
With radiance brightly streaming
From diadems of power;
Call on the awful name,—
That we, through flood and flame
The gospel may proclaim
In every hour!

Martyrs!—whose mystic legions
March o'er yon heavenly regions
In triumph round and round;

Wave—wave your banners—wave!
Your God—our Saviour, clave
For Death itself a grave,—
In hell profound!

Saints!—in fair circles, casting
Rich trophies everlasting
At Jesu's pierced feet,—
Amidst our rude alarms,
Stretch forth your conquering arms,
That we too, safe from harms,
In heaven may meet!

Virgins!—in bliss transcendent,
Whose coronals resplendent
Unwithering bloom:
Exalt, in ceaseless lays,
Him whom all anthems praise,
And oft our spirits raise
With your perfume!

Angels—Archangels! glorious
Guards of the church victorious!
Worship the Lamb!

Crown Him with crowns of light,—
One of the Three by right,—
Love,—Majesty,—and Might,—
The Great I AM!

LADY OF LORETTO!

Hail, holy Virgin! Mary—Hail!
Whose tender mercies never fail;
Mother of Christ, of grace divine,
Of purity the spotless shrine,—
Mother of God, with virtues crown'd,
Most faithful—pitiful—renown'd
Deign from thy throne to look on me,
And hear my mournful Litany.

Mirror of justice, and of joy,
Wisdom itself without alloy;
Vessel of honor, and of grace,
Beholding Jesus face to face:
Mystical Rose of rich perfume,—
Beauty of beauties, bathed in bloom:

Deign from thy throne to look on me,
And hear my solemn Litany.

Thou Ivory Tower, beyond compare,
Like that of David, yet more rare;
Palace of peace, and House of Gold,
Ark of the Covenant of old;—
Gate of that heaven beheld afar,
And of dark night the Morning Star:
Deign from thy throne to look on me,
And listen to my Litany.

Health of the weak, to make them strong,
Refuge of sinners, and their song;
Comfort of each afflicted breast,
Haven of hope in realms of rest;—
Queen of the patriarchs gone before,
Light of the prophets' learned lore:
Deign from thy throne to look on me,
And hear my lowly Litany.

Queen of the thousand thousand quires,
Where angels sweep unnumber'd lyres;
Queen of apostles, where they reign
Assessors to the Lamb once slain;

Queen of the martyrs—where they glow
In raiment whiter wash'd than snow:
Queen of all virgins, look on me,
And listen to my Litany.

Lead me, oh! lead me to thy Son,
To taste and feel what He has done;
To lay me low before his cross,
And reckon all besides as dross;
To speak, and think, and will, and move,
And love, as thou wouldst have me love:
Oh! look upon this bended knee,
And hear my heart's own Litany.

HYMN TO OUR BLESSED LADY.

FOR THE SOULS IN PURGATORY.

O TURN to Jesus, Mother! turn,
And call Him by his tenderest names;
Pray for the Holy Souls that burn
This hour amid the cleansing flames.

Ah! they have fought a gallant fight;
In death's cold arms they persevered;
And after life's uncheery night
The harbor of their rest is near'd.

In pains beyond all earthly pains,
Favorites of Jesus! there they lie,
Letting the fire wear out their stains,
And worshipping God's purity.

Spouses of Christ they are, for He
Was wedded to them by his blood;
The faithful Cross their trysting-tree,
Their marriage-bed its hallow'd wood.

They are the children of thy tears;
Then hasten, Mother! to their aid;
In pity think each hour appears
An age while glory is delay'd.

See, how they bound amid their fires,
While pain and love their spirits fill;
Then with self-crucified desires
Utter sweet murmurs, and lie still.

Ah me! the love of Jesus yearns
O'er that abyss of sacred pain,
And as He looks his Bosom burns
With Calvary's dear thirst again.

O Mary! let thy Son no more
His lingering Spouses thus expect;
God's children to their God restore,
And to the Spirit his elect.

Pray then, as thou hast ever pray'd;
Angels and Souls, all look to thee;
God waits thy prayers, for He hath made
Those prayers his law of charity.

EVENING HYMN TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

[By a Sister of Charity.]

At evening's silent hour,
When faint shadows rest on the silent streams,
When the winds are hush'd, and the star-light gleams,
Sweet Mother! I call on thee.

Unto thy shrine I come,
With a heavy heart by danger press'd,
As the trembling Dove which had fled its nest,
O Dulcis Maria, hear.

Receive the stricken one,
From the guilt of sin, and the threatening foe,
Oh! protect thy child, and thy love bestow,
Virgo Maria audi!

LADY! STAR OF BRIGHTEST RAY.

[From the Spanish.]

Lady! star of brightest ray,
Which this world of darkness guides,
Light thy pilgrim on his way,
For his soul in thee confides!

Thou art like the fragrant bough
Of the beauteous cassia-tree—
Like the orient myrrh art thou,
Whose sweet breath is worthy thee.

Lady! when the sufferer mourns,
'Tis to thee he bends his eye:
'Tis to thee the sinner turns,
Virgin of the cloudless sky!

Thee has Wisdom's Son compared
To the towering cedar-trees;
And the church which thou dost guard,
To Mount Sion's cypresses.

Thou art like the palm-trees green,
Which their richest fruits have given.
Thou the olive—radiant queen!
Blooming in the bower of heaven.

Brightest planet of the sea,
Dazzling gate in heaven's abode—
Virgin in the agony,
Mother, daughter, spouse of God!

Though the curse that Eve had brought
O'er her children, threatening stood,
All the evils that she wrought,
Lady! thou hast turn'd to good.

MONTH OF MAY.

PIOUS ASPIRATIONS TO OUR BLESSED LADY FOR EVERY DAY IN THE MONTH OF MAY.

[From the Italian.]

1. Joy of my heart! O let me pay
To thee thine own sweet month of May.

2. Mary! one gift I beg of thee,
My soul from sin and sorrow free.

3. Direct my wandering feet aright,
And be thyself mine own true light.

4. Be love of thee the purging fire,
To cleanse for God my heart's desire.

5. Mother! be love of thee a ray
From Heaven, to show the heavenward way.

6. Mary! make haste thy child to win
From sin, and from the love of sin.

7. Mother of God! let my poor love
A mother's prayers and pity move.

8. Oh Mary, when I come to die,
Be thou, thy spouse, and Jesus nigh.

9. When mute before the Judge I stand,
My holy shield be Mary's hand.

10. Oh Mary! let no child of thine
In hell's eternal exile pine.

11. If time for penance still be mine,
Mother, the precious gift is thine.

12. Thou, Mary, art my hope and life,
The starlight of this earthly strife.

13. Oh, for my own, and others' sin,
Do thou, who canst, free pardon win.

14. To sinners all, to me the chief,
Send, Mother, send thy kind relief.

15. To thee our love and troth are given;
Pray for us, pray, bright Gate of Heaven.

16. Sweet Day-Star! let thy beauty be
A light to draw my soul to thee.

17. We love thee, light of sinners' eyes!
O let thy prayer for sinners rise.

18. Look at us, Mother Mary! see
How piteously we look to thee.

19. I am thy slave, nor would I be
For worlds from this sweet bondage free.

20. Oh Jesus, Joseph, Mary, deign
My soul in heavenly ways to train.

21. Sweet Stewardess of God, thy prayers
We beg, who are God's ransom'd heirs.

22. Oh Virgin-born! Oh Flesh Divine!
Cleanse us, and make us wholly thine.

23. Mary, dear Mistress of my heart,
What thou wouldst have me do impart.

24. Thou, who wert pure as driven snow,
Make me as thou wert here below.

25. Oh Queen of Heaven! obtain for me
Thy glory there one day to see.

26. O then and there, on that bright day,
To me thy womb's chaste Fruit display.

27. Mother of God! to me no less
Vouchsafe a mother's sweet caress.

28. Be love of thee, my whole life long,
A seal upon my wayward tongue.

29. Write on my heart's most sacred core
The five dear Wounds that Jesus bore.

30. O give me tears to shed with thee
Beneath the Cross on Calvary.

31. One more request, and I have done;—
With love of thee and thy dear Son,
More let me burn, and more each day,
Till love of self is burn'd away.

OFFERING TO OUR LADY.

[Before her picture.]

MOTHER! to thee myself I yield,
  Console me in the hour of pain;
Be thou my life's support and shield,
  And by me, at my death, remain!

HYMN TO ST. JOSEPH.

HAIL! holy Joseph, hail!
  Husband of Mary, hail!
Chaste as the lily flower
  In Eden's peaceful vale.

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
  Father of Christ esteem'd!
Father be thou to those
  Thy Foster-Son redeem'd.

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
  Prince of the house of God,
May his best graces be
  By thy sweet hands bestow'd.

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
  Comrade of angels, hail!
Cheer thou the hearts that faint,
  And guide the steps that fail.

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
  God's choice wert thou alone;
To thee the Word made flesh
  Was subject as a Son.

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
  Teach us our flesh to tame,
And, Mary, keep the hearts
  That love thy husband's name.

Mother of Jesus! bless,
  And bless, ye Saints on high,
All meek and simple souls
  That to Saint Joseph cry.

THE PATRONAGE OF ST. JOSEPH.

Dear Husband of Mary! dear Nurse of her Child!
Life's ways are full weary, the desert is wild;
Bleak sands are all round us, no home can we see;
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! we lean upon thee.

For thou to the pilgrim art Father and Guide,
And Jesus and Mary felt safe by thy side;
Ah! blessed Saint Joseph! how safe should I be,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! if thou wert with me!

O blessed Saint Joseph! how great was thy worth,
The one chosen shadow of God upon earth,
The Father of Jesus—ah! then wilt thou be,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! a father to me?

Thou hast not forgotten the long dreary road,
When Mary took turns with thee, bearing thy
God;
Yet light was that burden, none lighter could be:
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! O canst thou bear me?

A cold thankless heart and a mean love of ease,
What weights, blessed Patron! more galling than these?
My life, my past life, thy clear vision may see;
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! O canst thou love me?

Ah! give me thy Burden to bear for a while;
Let me kiss his warm lips, and adore his sweet smile;
With her Babe in my arms, surely Mary will be,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! my pleader with thee!

When the treasures of God were unshelter'd on earth,
Safe keeping was found for them both in thy worth;
O Father of Jesus! be father to me,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! and I will love thee.

God chose thee for Jesus and Mary—wilt thou
Forgive a poor exile for choosing thee now?
There is no Saint in Heaven I worship like thee,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! O deign to love me!

CHRISTMAS VESPER HYMN.

DEPART awhile, each thought of care,
  Be earthly things forgotten all;
And speak, my soul, thy vesper prayer;
  Obedient to that sacred call.
For hark! the pealing chorus swells;
  Devotion chants the hymn of praise,
And now of joy and hope it tells,
  Till fainting on the ear, it says—
    Gloria tibi Domine,
      Domine, Domine.

Thine, wondrous babe of Galilee!
  Fond theme of David's harp and song,
Thine are the notes of minstrelsy—
  To thee its ransom'd chords belong.
And hark! again the chorus swells,
  The song is wafted on the breeze,
And to the listening earth it tells—
  In accents soft and sweet as these—
    Gloria tibi Domine.

My heart doth feel that still He's near,
To meet the soul in hours like this,
Else—why, O why, that falling tear!
When all is peace and love and bliss!
But hark! that pealing chorus swells
Anew, its thrilling vesper strain,
And still of joy and hope it tells,
And bids creation sing again—
Gloria tibi Domine.

ST. PATRICK.

GRATEFUL notes to heaven ascending,
To the world new joys proclaim,
Faith and love together blending,
We revere our Patrick's name.

Happy Saint! in bliss adoring,
Jesus, Saviour of mankind,
Hear thy children thee imploring;
May we thy protection find.

Pagan priests, their dark delusion,
  Long had o'er Hibernia spread,
Patrick came—and in confusion,
  Demons from his presence fled.
    Happy Saint, &c.

Lo! their infant arms extending,
  Erin's children crave his aid,
To their wants the Saint attending,
  Soon their heavenly call obey'd.
    Happy Saint, &c.

Prisons, insults, ev'ry danger,
  On our Prelate's mission wait,
Patrick still, to fear a stranger,
  Trusts to bounteous heaven his fate.
    Happy Saint, &c.

Sickness flies, his voice obeying,
  Sightless eyes behold the day,
And the power of God displaying,
  Death unwilling yields his prey.
    Happy Saint, &c.

Mortals with amazement seeing,
Senseless idols prostrate fall,
Own the author of their being,
And proclaim Him Lord of all.
Happy Saint, &c.

HYMN TO ST. PATRICK.

HIBERNIA'S Champion Saint, all hail!
With fadeless glory crown'd;
The offspring of your ardent zeal,
This day your praise shall sound,
Great and glorious St. Patrick,
Pray for that dear Country,
The Land of our Fathers;
Great and glorious St. Patrick,
Hearken to the prayer of thy children.

Borne on the wings of charity,
To Erin's coast you flew,
Bade Satan from her valleys flee,
And his dark shrines o'erthrew.
Great, &c.

Wand'ring through error's gloomy night,
Our sires lost their way,
You cheer'd their hearts with heavenly light,
With truth's consoling ray.
Great, &c.

O! what a harvest crown'd thy toil,
The earth, long cursed, was bless'd:
Each lovely virtue graced its soil,
The sinner's heart found rest.
Great, &c.

From Faith's bright camp the demon fled,
The path to heaven was clear'd,
Religion raised her beauteous head,
An Isle of Saints appear'd.
Great, &c.

To God, who sent thee to our Isle,
Be endless glory given,
O! may He ever on it smile,
And lead its sons to heaven.
Great, &c.

ST. VINCENT OF PAUL.

MILD and serene ye angels appear,
Assist us with your heavenly power,
To sing his praise, whom to-day we revere;
On thee we call, St. Vincent of Paul:
Aid and protect us.
May we from thee,
Learn blest charity,
Holy Patron, hear our prayer.

In thy blest bosom all virtues reign'd:
Thou wert the helpless orphan's father,
Thou wert the cheerless widow's friend,
And slavery, comforted by thee,
Found peace in its fetters.
May we, &c.

Youth and old age from thee found relief;
Oft by zealous endeavors reclaiming,
The sinner from vice, to a contrite return,
Thus you restored to its Master and Lord,
The soul that was straying.
May we, &c.

Teach us thy lessons of grace to improve,
Still more and more in our bosoms increasing,
Life shall pass on in our Jesus's love,
Till we with thee in eternity,
Will adore him for ever.

May we, &c.

HYMN TO ST. CECILIA.

Let the deep organ swell the lay,
In honor of this festive day,
And let harmonious choirs proclaim
Cecilia's ever-blessed name:

Rome gave the Virgin martyr birth,
Whose memory has fill'd the earth,
Who, in the early dawn of youth,
Has fix'd her heart on God and truth:

Thence from the world's bewild'ring strife,
In peace she spent her holy life,
Teaching the organ to combine
With voice, to praise the Lamb divine:

When bade forthwith her faith deny,
And with the pagan rites comply,
She nobly chose the bath of fire,
There to be tortured and expire:

But there the Virgin felt no pain:
One night and day she did remain,
When, roused by vengeance, with a blow,
The lictor laid the Martyr low.

Cecilia, with a twofold crown,
Adorn'd in heaven, we pray, look down
Upon thy pious vot'ries here,
And hearken to their humble prayer.

ST. ROSE OF LIMA.

First flow'ret of the desert wild!
Whose leaves the sweets of grace exhale,
We greet thee, Lima's sainted child—
Rose of America—all hail!

When first appear'd the infant smile,
Beaming upon thy features meek,
It seem'd as if there blush'd, the while,
The Rose-bud on thy virgin cheek.

And hence thy name, St. Rose, was given,
Not by thy earthly parents' choice,
But by the holy Queen of heaven,
Who bade thee in that name rejoice.

Transplanted from the worldly gaze,
Which sometimes taints the fairest flowers,
In solitude thou lov'dst to praise
Thy Spouse amid Religion's bowers.

There oft thy mind, too pure, too high,
For this low world of sin and strife,
Held blest communion with the sky,
Enjoying Heaven in mortal life.

And once, amid thy rapturous prayer,
Thy heavenly Spouse himself came down,
Most sweetly breathing in thine ear,
"Rose of my heart, receive thy crown."

And whilst amid his glories now,
Thou seest me face to face—oh deign,
St. Rose, to hear thy suppliants' vow,
That grace and glory we may gain.

HYMN TO ST. STANISLAUS KOTSKA.

O ye angelic bands, attend;
From heaven's high exalted spires,
With mortal accents deign to blend,
The voice of your harmonious choirs.

In early life's most tender state,
(O thy designs, how great, O God !)
Young Stanislaus could emulate
The virtuous paths that saints have trod.

Thy tenderness, O Virgin bright,
Places within his youthful arms
The object of his soul's delight,
An infant Saviour's lovely charms.

Oh happiness supremely great!
No grandeur can his heart decoy,
Jesus, thy order grants a seat,
Receives the youth, and crowns his joy.

Deluding world, thy threats are vain,
Your tinsel pleasures lose their charms,
The generous youth they can't detain,
He lives secure in Jesu's arms.

In joyful strains come sound his praise,
With anthems fill the vaulted sky;
Ye angels, wake your choicest lays,
And greet the saint now flown on high.

HYMN TO ST. ALOYSIUS GONZAGA.

The youth who wealth and courts despised,
His spotless mind above to raise,
Who every rising thought chastised—
'Tis Aloysius claims our lays.

Amiable and angelic youth,
Aloysius, pray for us.

Born by the sacred Virgin's aid,
Soon as his eyes the light could view,
His soul the heir of heaven was made,
By the renovating dew.

Amiable, &c.

His infant words, the first he frames,
He utters with a trembling voice,
Jesus and Mary! hallow'd names,
Dwell on his lips, and speak his choice.

Amiable, &c.

Charm'd with the Deity alone,
Terrestrial pursuits he forsakes,
And ere yet half to manhood grown,
His virgin vows to Mary makes.

Amiable, &c.

The tenor of his life so bright,
So full of Angel purity,
A seraph from the realms of light,
Dwelling on earth he seem'd to be.

Amiable, &c.

No titles win nor honors move,
No worldly charms his mind allure:
The ties of blood but serve to prove,
His soul on every side secure.
Amiable, &c.

Enamor'd of celestial joys,
Let pride and wealth my choice withstand,
I scorn their gifts, they are but toys,
He said, and joins Loyola's band.
Amiable, &c.

To gain perfection's utmost height,
He tries, nor was his trial vain;
Of sanctity a model bright,
He stands a mirror clear of stain.
Amiable, &c.

To Jesus' venerable name,
May endless love and praise accrue;
To blessed Trinity the same;
To Aloysius honor due.
Amiable, &c.

THE GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Blest spirits of light, oh! ye have not forsaken,
 The children of earth, and the fallen from bliss;
Then still watch around us, our bosoms awaken
 To thoughts of a world that is brighter than this.
Oh! fondly watch o'er us! Oh, guard and protect us!
 Blest Angels, direct us to mansions of bliss!

The lily of innocence fondly still cherish,
 Averting whate'er may its purity stain;
And oh, when 'tis fading and ready to perish,
 Support and restore it to beauty again.
 Oh! fondly watch o'er us, &c.

Thou chiefly Archangel, whose strength was victorious,
 Against the proud spirit that dared the Most High;
From thy dwelling in heaven, all blissful and glorious,
 Cast down on each votary a fond, guarding eye.
 Oh! fondly watch o'er us, &c.

Oh! pray for thy children, and guard and defend
them,
And ask of our Father, thy Maker, that we
May faithfully serve Him,—may love and adore
Him
In heaven, sweet Angel! uniting with thee.
Oh! fondly watch o'er us, &c.

HYMN TO MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

[For Children.]

DEAR Angel! ever at my side,
How loving must thou be
To leave thy home in Heaven to guard
A little child like me.

Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of thy soft low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

I cannot feel thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother did
When I was but a child.

But I have felt thee in my thoughts
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

And when, dear Spirit! I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.

Yes! when I pray thou prayest too—
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

But most of all I feel thee near,
When, from the good priest's feet,
I go absolved, in fearless love,
Fresh toils and cares to meet.

And thou in life's last hour wilt bring
A fresh supply of grace,
And afterwards wilt let me kiss
Thy beautiful bright face.

Ah me! how lovely they must be
Whom God has glorified;
Yet one of them, O sweetest thought!
Is ever at my side.

Then for thy sake, dear Angel! now
More humble will I be:
But I am weak, and when I fall,
O weary not for me:

O weary not, but love me still,
For Mary's sake, thy Queen;
She never tired of me, though I
Her worst of sons have been.

She will reward thee with a smile;
Thou know'st what it is worth!
For Mary's smiles each day convert
The hardest hearts on earth.

Then love me, love me, Angel dear!
And I will love thee more;
And help me when my soul is cast
Upon the eternal shore.

PRAYER OF THE CONTRITE SINNER.

Have mercy Thou, most gracious God!
And my remittance sign;
The more thy mercy shall accord,
The greater glory thine.

Thou surely hast not said in vain:
"More joy in heaven is made,
For the lost sheep that's found again,
Than those which never stray'd."

Help'd by thy grace, no more I'll stray,
No more resist thy voice;
Where Thou, good Shepherd, lead'st the way,
That way shall be my choice.

Too long, alas! my wand'ring feet
The crooked paths have trod;
Henceforth I'll follow, as is meet,
The sure unerring road.

If casual falls retard my pace,
With speed again I'll rise;
With speed I'll reassume the race,
And run and gain the prize.

All praise, O Lord, to Thee alone,
Below, as 'tis above;
And may thy joys, great Three in One,
Both draw and crown my love.

HYMNS FOR COMMUNION.

JESUS IN THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

My God, my life, my love,
To Thee, to Thee I call;
O come to me from heaven above,
And be my God, my All.

My faith beholds Thee, Lord!
Conceal'd in human food;
My senses fail, but in thy word,
I trust and find my God.

O when wilt Thou be mine,
Sweet lover of my soul;
My Jesus dear, my king divine,
Come o'er my heart to rule.

O! come and fix thy throne,
Within my very heart,
O! make it burn for Thee alone,
And from me ne'er depart.

Begone ye, from my mind,
Vain, childish, earthly toys;
In Jesus, only, do I find
True pleasures, solid joys.

PECCATOR AD CHRISTUM.

My spirit longeth for Thee
  To dwell within my breast;
Although I am unworthy
  Of so divine a Guest!

Of so divine a Guest—
  Unworthy though I be;
Yet hath my heart no rest
  Until it come to Thee!

Until it come to Thee,—
  In vain I look around;
In all that I can see,
  No rest is to be found!

No rest is to be found,
  But in thy bleeding love:
Oh! let my wish be crown'd,
  And send it from above!

CHRISTUS AD PECCATOREM.

CHEER up, desponding soul,
  Thy longing pleased I see:
'Tis part of that great whole,
  Wherewith I long'd for thee!

Wherewith I long'd for thee,
  And left my Father's throne;
From death to set thee free,
  And claim thee for my own!

To claim thee for my own,
  I suffer'd on the cross:
Oh! were my love but known,
  All else would be as dross!

All else would be as dross!
  And souls, through grace divine,
Would count their gains but loss,
  To live for ever mine!

HOLY COMMUNION.

O WHAT could my Jesus do more,
  Or what greater blessing impart,
O silence my soul, and ADORE,
  And press Him still near to thy heart.

'Tis here from my labors I'll rest,
  Since He makes my poor heart his abode;
To Him all my cares I'll address,
  And speak to the heart of my God.

For life and for death Thou art mine,
  My Saviour, I'm seal'd with thy blood;
Till eternity on me doth shine,
  I'll feed on the flesh of my God.

In Jesus triumphant I live—
  In Jesus exultingly die—
The terrors of death calmly brave—
  In his bosom breathe out my last sigh.

AFTER COMMUNION.

WHAT happiness can equal mine?
I've found the object of my love—
My Jesus dear—my King divine,
Is come to me from heaven above!
He chose my heart for his abode;
There He becomes my daily bread;
There on me flows his healing blood,
There, with his flesh, my soul is fed.

I am my love's, and He is mine;
In me He dwells; in Him I live;
What greater gifts could love combine?
What greater could e'en heaven give?
O sacred banquet, heavenly feast!
O overflowing source of grace!
Where God the food, and man the guest,
Meet and unite in sweet embrace!

ASPIRATIONS AFTER COMMUNION.

Preserve, my Jesus, oh preserve
  My soul to everlasting life.
Oh, may this blest communion serve
  To aid my soul in passion's strife:
Oh, may thy body, may thy blood,
Be to my soul a saving food,
To fill it still with life and grace,
And every sinful stain efface!

To bless Thee be my sole employ,
  My God, my Saviour, great and kind!
Inflame my heart with holy joy;
  Teach me, in praising Thee, to find
Warm thoughts and feelings warm, whose glow
My gratitude may aptly show.
But no, my God! nor word, nor thought,
Could bless and praise Thee as I ought.
Weak praise were mine. Do Thou inspire
My soul with love and living fire.
Oh, may this cold and lowly breast
Be warm'd by Thee, its God, its guest.

May it by Thee be moved to love,
And taught thy saving grace to improve.
Take, then, my thoughts from all but Thee.
  To Thee, may ev'ry impulse tend.
What 'vails to tell my misery?
  I have my God—my guest—my friend:
So be his praise my only theme!
All wants my Saviour will redeem.
My Saviour knows whate'er I need—
He gives Himself: and shall I plead
For other boons? No! let me raise
Mine ev'ry thought in love and praise.
Dear Lord, no other prayer I form
Than for devotion pure and warm.
May warm devotion fill my soul;
May love for Thee each thought control;
May piety increase; and prayer
Mine ev'ry thought, word, action share;
The gift of love my sole request—
Thou, God of love! wilt grant the rest.

Dear Lord! may this communion prove
A never-failing bond of love.

Forgive my coldness, and supply
Mine every weak deficiency.
May thy best grace suffice for all,
And every wayward sense enthrall:
Such grace on every feeling pour
As ne'er may leave thy servant more:
Each hope, each impulse firmly bind
In grace to Thee, my Saviour kind:
Such saving grace, dear Lord, be given
As leads the happy soul to heaven.

And Thou, Eternal Godhead! see
The Son beloved once given for me;
Who, for my sake, bore life and death,
And cheers me still these veils beneath;
See my Redeemer—now the guest
Of this poor, lowly, honor'd breast;
See—see thy Jesus; Him I bring:
Accept—accept mine offering:
Accept the Sacrifice which pleads
For all thy grateful servant needs.

HYMN FOR CONFIRMATION.

My God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always thine,—
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.

Before the cross of Him who died,
Behold I prostrate fall:
Let every sin be crucified,—
Let Christ be all in all!

Anoint me with thy heavenly grace,
Adopt me for thine own,—
That I may see thy glorious face,
And worship at thy throne!

May the dear blood, once shed for me,
My blest atonement prove,—
That I from first to last may be
The purchase of thy love!

Let every thought, and work, and word,
To Thee be ever given,—
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven!

THE WILL OF GOD.

"Thy will be done."

I WORSHIP thee, sweet Will of God!
And all thy ways adore,
And every day I live I seem
To love thee more and more.

Thou wert the end, the blessed rule
Of Jesu's toils and tears;
Thou wert the passion of his Heart
Those Three-and-Thirty years.

And He hath breathed into my soul
A special love of thee,
A love to lose my will in his,
And by that loss be free.

I love to see thee bring to naught
  The plans of wily men;
When simple Hearts outwit the wise,
  O thou art loveliest then!

The headstrong world, it presses hard
  Upon the Church full oft,
And then how easily thou turn'st
  The hard ways into soft.

I love to kiss each print where thou
  Hast set thine unseen feet:
I cannot fear thee, blessed Will!
  Thine empire is so sweet.

When obstacles and trials seem
  Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
  And leave the rest to thee.

I know not what it is to doubt,
  My heart is ever gay;
I run no risk, for come what will
  Thou always hast thy way.

I have no cares, O blessed Will!
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, Lord! for Thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

And when it seems no chance or change
From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
And gayly waits on thee.

Man's weakness waiting upon God
Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

Ride on, ride on triumphantly,
Thou glorious Will! ride on;
Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee take
The road that thou hast gone.

He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his sweet Will!

THE GIFTS OF GOD.

My Soul! what hast thou done for God?
Look o'er thy misspent years and see;
Sum up what thou hast done for God,
And then what God hath done for thee.

He made thee when He might have made
A soul that would have loved Him more;
He rescued thee from nothingness,
And set thee on life's happy shore.

He placed an angel at thy side,
And strewed joys round thee on thy way;
He gave thee rights thou couldst not claim,
And life, free life, before thee lay.

Had God in heaven no work to do
But miracles of love for thee?
No world to rule, no joy in Self
And in his own infinity?

So must it seem to our blind eyes:
He gave his love no Sabbath rest,
Still plotting happiness for men,
And new designs to make them blest.

From out his glorious Bosom came
His only, his Eternal Son;
He freed the race of Satan's slaves,
And with his Blood sin's captives won.

The world rose up against his love;
New love the vile rebellion met,
As though God only look'd at sin
Its guilt to pardon and forget.

For his Eternal Spirit came
To raise the thankless slaves to sons,
And with the sevenfold gifts of love
To crown his own elected ones.

Men spurned his grace; their lips blasphemed
The love that made itself their slave:
They grieved that blessed Comforter,
And turned against Him what He gave.

Yet still the sun is fair by day,
The moon still beautiful by night;
The world goes round, and joy with it,
And life, free life, is men's delight.

No voice God's wondrous silence breaks,
No hand put forth his anger tells;
But He, the Omnipotent and Dread,
On high in humblest patience dwells.

The Son hath come; and maddened sin
The world's Creator crucified;
The Spirit comes, and stays, while men
His presence doubt, his gifts deride.

And now the Father keeps Himself,
In patient and forbearing love,
To be his creature's heritage
In that undying life above.

O wonderful, O passing thought,
The love that God hath had for thee!
Spending on thee no less a sum
Than the Undivided Trinity!

Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost,
Exhausted for a thing like this,—
The world's whole government disposed
For one ungrateful creature's bliss!

What hast thou done for God, my soul?
Look o'er thy misspent years and see;
Cry from thy worse than nothingness,
Cry for his mercy upon thee!

SURSUM CORDA.

"Lift up your hearts!" Yes, I will lift
My heart and soul, dear Lord, to Thee,
Who every good and perfect gift
Vouchsaf'st so lavishly and free.

All that is best, from Thee comes down
On us, with rich and ample store,
Thy bounteous hands our wishes crown
With good, increasing more and more.

'Twas Thou that gave us life and breath,
It is thy hand that holds us still,
That keeps us from the sleep of death,
And shelters us from every ill.

Yea, more than corporal life,—thy love
Has promise given of life to come;
And taught us, by the faith, above
All ills to soar, and burst the tomb.

Then, while I live, with ardent eye,
Let me look up to Thee, and learn,
From blessings *here*, to look on high,
And purer blessings *there* discern!

All Thou hast given is thine, then take
Me, thine own gift, for all thine own,
And teach me every day to make
New vows of love to Thee alone!

DISTRACTIONS IN PRAYER.

Ah! dearest Lord! I cannot pray,
  My fancy is not free;
Unmannerly distractions come,
  And force my thoughts from Thee.

The world that looks so dull all day
  Glows bright on me at prayer,
And plans that ask no thought but then
  Wake up and meet me there.

All nature one full fountain seems
  Of dreamy sight and sound,
Which, when I kneel, breaks up its deeps,
  And makes a deluge round.

Old voices murmur in my ear,
  New hopes start into life,
And past and future gayly blend
  In one bewitching strife.

My very flesh has restless fits;
  My changeful limbs conspire
With all these phantoms of the mind
  My inner self to tire.

I cannot pray; yet, Lord! Thou know'st
  The pain it is to me
To have my vainly-struggling thoughts
  Thus torn away from Thee.

Ah! Jesus! teach me how to prize
  These tedious hours when I,
Foolish and mute before thy Face,
  In helpless worship lie.

Prayer was not meant for luxury,
  Or selfish pastime sweet;
It is the prostrate creature's place
  At his Creator's Feet.

Had I kept stricter watch each hour
  O'er tongue and eye and ear,
Had I but mortified all day
  Each joy as it came near,—

Had I, dear Lord! no pleasure found
  But in the thought of Thee,
Prayer would have come unsought, and been
  A truer liberty.

Yet Thou art oft most present, Lord!
  In weak distracted prayer;
A sinner out of heart with self
  Most often finds Thee there.

And prayer that humbles, sets the soul
  From all illusions free,
And teaches it how utterly,
  Dear Lord! it hangs on Thee.

The soul, that on self sacrifice
  Is covetously bent,
Will bless thy chastening hand that makes
  Its prayer its punishment.

Ah, Jesus! why should I complain?
  And why fear aught but sin?
Distractions are but outward things;
  Thy peace dwells far within!

These surface-troubles come and go,
  Like rufflings of the sea;
The deeper depth is out of reach
  To all, my God, but Thee!

SWEETNESS IN PRAYER.

Wyh dost thou beat so quick, my heart?
  Why struggle in thy cage?
What shall I do for thee, poor heart!
  Thy throbbing heat to swage?

What spell is this come over thee?
  My soul! what sweet surprise?
And wherefore these unbidden tears
  That start into mine eyes?

How are my passions laid to sleep,
  How easy penance seems!
And how the bright world fades away—
  O are they all but dreams?

How great, how good does God appear,
  How dear our holy faith!
How tasteless life's best joys have grown!
  How I could welcome death!

Thy sweetness hath betrayed Thee, Lord!
  Dear Spirit! it is Thou;
Deeper and deeper in my heart
  I feel Thee nestling now.

Whence Thou hast come I need not ask;
  But, O most gentle Dove!
O wherefore hast Thou lit on one
  That so repays thy love?

Ah! that Thou mightest stay with me,
  Or else that I might die
While heart and soul are still subdued
  With thy sweet mastery.

Thy home is with the humble, Lord!
  The simple are thy rest;
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;
  Thou makest there thy nest.

Dear Comforter! Eternal Love!
  If Thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
  I'll build a nest for Thee.

My heart, sweet Dove! I'll lend to Thee
  To mourn with at thy will;
My tongue shall be thy lute to try
  On sinners' souls thy skill.

How silver-like thy plumage is!
  Thy voice how grave, how gay!
Ah me! how I shall miss Thee, Lord!
  Then promise me to stay!

Who made this beating heart of mine,
  But Thou my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it then but Thee,
  And let it be thy nest.

DRYNESS IN PRAYER.

O for the happy days gone by,
  When love ran smooth and free,
Days when my Spirit so enjoy'd
  More than earth's liberty!

O for the times when on my heart
  Long prayer had never pall'd,
Times when the ready thought of God
  Would come when it was call'd!

Then when I knelt to meditate,
  Sweet thoughts came o'er my soul,
Countless and bright and beautiful,
  Beyond my own control.

O who hath lock'd those fountains up?
  Those visions who hath stay'd?
What sudden act hath thus transform'd
  My sunshine into shade?

This freezing heart, O Lord! this will
  Dry as the desert sand,
Good thoughts that will not come, bad thoughts
  That come without command,—

A faith that seems not faith, a hope
  That cares not for its aim,
A love that none the hotter grows
  At Jesu's blessed name,—

The weariness of prayer, the mist
  O'er conscience overspread,
The chill repugnance to frequent
  The Feast of Angels' Bread,—

The torment of unsettled thoughts
  That cannot fix on Thee,
And in the dread confessional
  Hard, cold fidelity:—

If this drear change be thine, O Lord!
  If it be thy sweet will,
Spare not, but to the very brim
  The bitter chalice fill.

But if it hath been sin of mine,
O show that sin to me,
Not to get back the sweetness lost,
But to make peace with Thee.

One thing alone, dear Lord! I dread;—
To have a secret spot
That separates my soul from Thee,
And yet to know it not.

O when the tide of graces set
So full upon my heart,
I know, dear Lord! how faithlessly
I did my little part.

I know how well my heart hath earn'd
A chastisement like this,
In trifling many a grace away
In self-complacent bliss.

But if this weariness hath come
A present from on high,
Teach me to find the hidden wealth
That in its depths may lie.

So in this darkness I can learn
  To tremble and adore,
To sound my own vile nothingness,
  And thus to love Thee more,—

To love Thee, and yet not to think
  That I can love so much,—
To have Thee with me, Lord! all day,
  Yet not to feel thy touch.

If I have served Thee, Lord! for hire,
  Hire which thy beauty show'd,
Ah! I can serve Thee now for naught,
  And only as my God.

O blessed be this darkness then,
  This deep in which I lie,
And blessed be all things that teach
  God's dread Supremacy!

JESU, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

Crux sublata.

Matt. xvi. 24.

Jesu,—I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
I am poor, despised, forsaken,—
Thou henceforth my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition,—
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,—
God and heaven may be mine own!

Let the world despise and leave me,
It has left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not like them untrue:
Whilst thy graces shall adorn me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,—
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me;—
Show thy face, and all is bright.

Go then,—earthly fame and treasure,
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain;

In thy service, pain is pleasure,—
  With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, Abba Father!
  I have set my heart on Thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
  All will work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me,
  'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
  Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
  While thy love is left to me;—
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
  Were that joy unmixed with Thee!

Soul,—then know thy full salvation,
  Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station,
  Something still to do or bear.
Think what spirit dwells within thee,
  Think what sacraments are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
  Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
  Arm'd with faith, and wing'd with prayer,—
An eternal day before thee
  Waits for God to guide thee there.
Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
  Patience shall thy spirit raise;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
  Faith to sight, and prayer to praise!

SUB CRUCE CHRISTI.

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
  Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing
  From the sinner's dying Friend:
Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
  Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing
  Make my final peace with God!

Truly blessed is this station,—
  Low before the cross to lie,

Resting in the sweet compassion
  Of his mortal agony!
Here alone I find my heaven,
  On the Lamb to humbly gaze;
Feel how much has been forgiven,
  To his own eternal praise!

Love and grief my heart dividing,
  Here I'll spend my latest breath;
Constant still in faith abiding,—
  Life deriving from his death;
May I still enjoy this feeling,
  In all need to Jesus go,—
Prove each day his wounds more healing,
  And Himself more deeply know!

BEFORE OR AFTER A RECEPTION OF MEMBERS,

OR FOR CONFRATERNITIES.

Soldiers of Christ! arise!
  And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
  Through his eternal Son;

Strong is the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

Soldiers of Christ! arise!
The God of armies calls
Unto his mansions in the skies—
His everlasting halls:
Behold! the angel host appears
To welcome you to bliss;
Oh! what is earth, its sighs and tears,
Its joys compared to this!

Crush'd is the haughty foe,
His might, his glory gone,
But ye, with victory crown'd, shall go
To Christ's eternal throne.
There shall the conqueror rest,
And in that blest abode,
For ever reign amid the blest,
Triumphant with his God.

THE VOW.

[By a Sister of Charity.]

Bright Angels who attend
  Around our altar now,
Your wonted cares suspend,
  List to the holy Vow,
Which, while the sacrifice
  Of Heaven's eternal love,
Pleads for us every grace,
  Is heard in Heaven above.

Jesus! my happy heart
  Now gives itself to Thee,
O! never hence depart,
  Reign here eternally.
Thy sacred name alone,
  All my delight shall prove;
No joy my soul shall own,
  But in thy holy love.

And oh! in after years,
  When life is fading fast,

When flow repentant tears,
Cancelling errors past,
Still shall that holy vow,
Be breathed to Heaven,
And fervently as now,
My heart to Thee be given.

THE CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL AT SUNRISE.

Soil not thy plumage, gentle dove,
With sublunary things,—
Till in the fount of light and love,
Thou shalt have bathed thy wings.

Shall Nature from her couch arise,
And rise for thee in vain?
While heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,
Such types of truth contain.

See—where the Sun of Righteousness,
Unfolds the gates of day:
Go,—meet Him in his glorious dress,
And quaff the orient ray!

There, where ten thousand seraphs stand,
To crown the circling hours,—
Soar thou,—and from that blissful land
Bring down unfading flowers:

Some Rose of Sharon, dyed in blood,
Some spice of Gilead's balm,
Some lily washed in Calvary's flood,
Some branch of heavenly palm!

And let the drops of sparkling dew,
From Siloa's spring be shed,
To form a fragrance fresh and new,
A halo round thy head.

Spread then thy plumes of faith and prayer,
Nor fear to wend away;
And let a glow of heavenly air,
Gild every earthly day!

BONA MORS.

"Moriatur anima mea morte justorum."
Numb. xxiii. 10.

WHILST I dwell, O my God, in this valley of tears,
For refuge and comfort I fly unto Thee;
And when death's awful hour with its terrors appears.
O merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.

When my soul, on the verge of its final release,
By the shadows of death o'erclouded shall be;
When earthly enjoyments for ever shall cease,
Thou, Joy of the Dying, bring mercy to me.

When my strength shall decline, and my anguish increase,
And my sins beyond number with terror I'll see;
When I turn to thy mercy for pardon and peace,
Then, Hope of the Sinner, beam brightly on me.

When weaken'd by illness—by terror oppress'd,
My pains and my terrors I offer to Thee;
When vainly I seek for some solace or rest,
Then, Strength of the Martyrs, bring comfort to me.

When my reason shall fail, and my life shall decay;
When the scenes of this world shall vanish and flee;
When sunshine and shower alike pass away,
Then, Light of the Blessed, shine sweetly on me.

When heedless of earth and of all that surround me,
For pardon and mercy I'll call upon Thee;
When death with its fetters for ever has bound me,
Then Jesus,—sweet Jesus,—be Jesus to me.

When weeping my friends shall with fervor implore Thee,
My strength, my protector, my succor to be;

When helpless and lonely, I tremble before
Thee,
Then, Fountain of Mercy, have mercy on me.

Then, dear Lord, the dark chain of my mis'ries
sever;
Then, Rest of the weary one, call me to thee;.
Then, Crown of the Just, be my portion for
ever;
Then, merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.

END OF PART II.

PART III.

Sacred Poetry.

SELECTED FROM APPROVED SOURCES.

SACRED POETRY.

SELECTED FROM APPROVED SOURCES.

THOU ART OF ALL CREATED THINGS.

[From the Spanish of Calderon's *Purgatory of St. Patrick.*]

THOU art of all created things,
O Lord, the essence and the cause—
The source and centre of all bliss;
What are those veils of woven light,
Where sun and moon and stars unite—
The purple morn, the spangled night—
But curtains which thy mercy draws
Between the heavenly world and this?
The terrors of the sea and land—
When all the elements conspire,
The earth and water, storm and fire—
Are but the sketches of thy hand;

Do they not all in countless ways—
The lightning's flash—the howling storm—
The dread volcano's awful blaze—
Proclaim thy glory and thy praise?
Beneath the sunny summer showers
Thy love assumes a milder form,
And writes its angel name in flowers;
The wind that flies with winged feet
Around the grassy gladden'd earth,
Seems but commission'd to repeat
In echo's accents—silvery sweet—
That Thou, O Lord, didst give it birth.
There is a tongue in every flame—
There is a tongue in every wave—
To these the bounteous Godhead gave
These organs but to praise his name!

THOU ART, O GOD, THE LIFE AND LIGHT.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
  Of all this wondrous world we see,
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
  Are but reflections caught from Thee—

Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When Day, with farewell beams delays
Among the opening clouds of Even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into Heaven—
Those hues that mark the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are thine.

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are thine.

When Youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower the summer wreathes,
Is born beneath that kindling eye—
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

JESUS CRUCIFIED.

O come and mourn with me awhile;
See, Mary calls us to her side;
O come and let us mourn with her,—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently he hangs,—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

How fast his Hands and Feet are nail'd;
His blessed Tongue with thirst is tied,
His failing Eyes are blind with blood,—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

His Mother cannot reach his Face;
She stands in helplessness beside,
Her heart is martyr'd with her Son's,—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

Seven times He spoke, seven words of love,
  And all three hours his silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:—
  Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

What was thy crime, my dearest Lord?
  By earth, by heaven, Thou hast been tried,
And guilty found of too much love;—
  Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

Found guilty of excess of love,
  It was thine own sweet will that tied
Thee tighter far than helpless nails;—
  Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

Death came, and Jesus meekly bow'd;
  His falling Eyes He strove to guide
With mindful love to Mary's face;—
  Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

O break, O break, hard heart of mine!
  Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and his Judas were;—
  Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

Come, take thy stand beneath the Cross,
And let the Blood from out that Side
Fall gently on thee drop by drop;—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

A broken heart, a fount of tears,—
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's cradle is;—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

O Love of God! O Sin of Man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love,
For He, our Love, is crucified!

THE DESCENT OF JESUS TO LIMBUS.

THOUSANDS of years had come and gone,
And slow the ages seem'd to move
To those expectant souls that fill'd
That prison-house of patient love.

It was a weary watch of theirs,
  But onward still their hopes would press;
Captives they were, yet happy too,
  In their contented weariness.

As noiseless tides the ample depths
  Of some capacious harbor fill,
So grew the calm of that dread place
  Each day with increase swift and still.

Sweet tidings there St. Joseph took;
  The Saviour's work had then begun,
And of his Three-and-Thirty Years
  But three alone were left to run.

And Eve like Joseph's shadow hung
  About him wheresoe'er he went;
She lived on thoughts of Mary's Child,
  Trembled with hope, and was content.

But see! how hush'd the crowd of souls!
  Whence comes the light of upper day?
What glorious Form is this that finds
  Through central earth its ready way?

'Tis God! 'tis Man! The living Soul
  Of Jesus, beautiful and bright,
The first-born of created things,
  Flush'd with a pure resplendent light.

'Twas Mary's Child! Eve saw Him come;
  She flew from Joseph's haunted side,
And worshipp'd, first of all that crowd,
  The Soul of Jesus crucified.

So after four long thousand years
  Faith reach'd her end, and Hope her aim,
And from them, as they pass'd away,
  Love lit her everlasting flame!

THE APPARITION OF JESUS TO OUR BLESSED LADY.

O Queen of Sorrows! raise thine eyes;
  See! the first light of dawn is there;
The hour is come, and thou must end
  Thy Forty Hours of lonely prayer.

Day dawns; it brightens on the hill:
  New grace, new powers within her wake,
Lest the full tide of joy should crush
  The heart that sorrow could not break.

O never yet had Acts of Hope
  Been offer'd to the Throne on high,
Like those that died on Mary's lip,
  And beam'd from out her glistening eye.

Hush! there is silence in her heart,
  Deeper than when St. Gabriel spoke,
And upon midnight's tingling ear
  The blessed Ave sweetly broke.

Ah me! what wondrous change is this!
  What trembling floods of noiseless light!
Jesus before his Mother stands,
  Jesus, all beautiful and bright!

He comes! He comes! and will she run
  With freest love her Child to greet?
He came! and she, his creature, fell
  Prostrate at her Creator's Feet.

He raised her up; He press'd her head
  Gently against his wounded Side;
He gave her spirit strength to bear
  The sight of Jesus Glorified.

From out his Eyes, from out his Wounds
  A power of awful beauty shone;
O how the speechless Mother gazed
  Upon the glory of her Son!

She could not doubt: 'twas truly He
  Who had been with her from the first,—
The very eyes, the mouth, the hair,
  The very Babe whom she had nursed,—

Her burden o'er the desert sands,
  The helpmate of her toils,—'twas He,
He by whose deathbed she had stood
  Long hours beneath the bleeding Tree.

His crimson Wounds, they shone like suns,
  His beaming hand was raised to bless;
The sweetness of his voice had hush'd
  The angels into silentness.

His sacred Flesh, like spirit, glow'd,
  Glow'd with immortal beauty's might;
His smiles were like the virgin rays
  That sprang from new-created light.

When wilt thou drink that beauty in?
  Mother! when wilt thou satisfy
With those adoring looks of love
  The thirst of thine extatic eye?

Not yet, not yet thy wondrous joy
  Is fill'd to its mysterious brim;
Thou hast another sight to see
  To which this vision is but dim!

Jesus into his Mother's heart
  A special gift of strength did pour,
That she might bear what none had borne
  Amid the sons of earth before.

O let not words be bold to tell
  What in the Mother's heart was done,
When for a moment Mary saw
  The unshrouded Godhead of her Son.

What bliss for us that Jesus gave
  To her such wondrous gifts and powers;
It is a joy the joys were hers.
  For Mary's joys are doubly ours!

THE MISSION OF THE HOLY GHOST.

No track is on the sunny sky,
  No footprints on the air;
Jesus hath gone; the face of earth
  Is desolate and bare.

The blessed feet of Mary's Son,
  They tread the streets no more;
His soul-converting voice gives not
  Its music as before.

His Mother sits all worshipful
  With her majestic mien;
The princes of the infant Church
  Are gather'd round their Queen.

They gaze on her with raptured eyes,
  Her features are like his,
Her presence is their ample strength,
  Her face reflects their bliss.

That Upper Room is heaven on earth;
  Within its precincts lie
All that earth has of faith, or hope,
  Or heaven-born charity.

The Eye of God looks down on them,
  His love is centred there;
His Spirit yearns to be o'ercome
  By their sweet strife of prayer.

The Mother prays her mighty prayer,
  In accents meek and faint,
And highest heaven is quick to own
  The beautiful constraint.

The Eternal Son takes up the prayer
  Upon his royal throne;
The Son his human Mother hears,
  The Sire his equal Son.

The Spirit hears, and He consents
His mission to fulfill;
For what is ask'd hath ever been
His own eternal will.

Ten days and nights in Acts Divine
Of awful love were spent,
While Mary and her children pray'd
The Spirit might be sent.

The joy of angels grew and grew
On Mary's wondrous prayer,
And the Divine Complacence stoop'd
To feed his glory there.

Her eyes to heaven were humbly raised,
While for her Spouse she pray'd;
Methought the sweetness of her prayer
His blissful coming stay'd.

For ever coming did He seem,
For ever on the wing;
His chosen angels round his Throne
Now gazed, now ceased to sing.

How beautiful, how passing speech,
  The Dove did then appear.
As the hour of his humility
  At Mary's word drew near!

The hour was come; the wings of love
  By his own will were freed:
The hour was come; the Eternal Three
  His mission had decreed.

Then for his love of worthless men,
  His love of Mary's worth,
His beauteous wings the Dove outspread,
  And wing'd his flight to earth.

O wondrous Flight! He left not heaven,
  Though earth's low fields He won,
But in the Bosom still reposed
  Of Father and of Son.

O Flight! O blessed Flight of Love!
  Let me thy mercies share:
Grant it, sweet Dove! for my poor soul
  Was part of Mary's prayer!

THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

O MIGHTY Mother! why that light
  In thine uplifted eye?
Why that resplendent look of more
  Than queenlike majesty?

O waitest thou in this thy joy
  For Gabriel once again?
Is heaven about to part, and make
  The Blessed Vision plain?

She sat; beneath her shadow were
  The Chosen of her Son;
Within each heart and on each face
  Her power and spirit shone.

Hers was the courage they had won
  From her prevailing prayers;
They gazed on her, until her heart
  Began to beat in theirs.

Her Son had left that heart to them:
For ten long nights and days,
The Saviour gone, no Spirit come,
She ruled their infant ways.

Queen of the Church! around thee shines
The purest light of heaven,
And all created things to thee
For thy domain are given!

Why waitest thou then so abash'd,
Wrapt in extatic fear,
Speechless with adoration, hush'd,—
Hush'd as though God were near?

She is a creature! See! she bows,
She trembles though so great;—
Created Majesty o'erwhelm'd
Before the Increate!

He comes! He comes! That mighty Breath
From heaven's eternal shores;
His uncreated freshness fills
His Bride as she adores.

Earth quakes before that rushing blast,
Heaven echoes back the sound,
And mightily the tempest wheels
That Upper Room around.

One moment—and the silentness
Was breathless as the grave;
The flutter'd earth forgot to quake,
The troubled trees to wave.

One moment—and the Spirit hung
O'er her with dread desire;
Then broke upon the heads of all
In cloven tongues of fire.

Who knows in what a sea of love
Our Lady's heart He drown'd?
Or what new gifts He gave her then?
What ancient gifts He crown'd?

Grace was so multiplied on her,
So grew within her heart,
She stands alone, earth's miracle,
A being all apart.

What gifts He gave those chosen men
  Past ages can display;
Nay more, their vigor still inspires
  The weakness of to-day.

Those Tongues still speak within the Church,
  That Fire is undecay'd;
Its well-spring was that Upper Room,
  Where Mary sat and pray'd.

The Spirit came into the Church
  With his unfailing power;
He is the Living Heart that beats
  Within her at this hour.

Speak gently then of Church and Saints,
  Lest you his ways reprove;
The Heart, the Pulses of the Church
  Are God's Eternal Love.

O let us fall and worship Him,
  The Love of Sire and Son,
The Consubstanial Breath of God,
  The Coeternal One!

Ah! see, how like the Incarnate Word,
His blessed Self He lowers,
To dwell with us invisibly,
And make his riches ours.

Most humble Spirit! Mighty God!
Sweet must thy Presence be,
If loss of Jesus can be gain,
So long as we have Thee!

"AND JESUS WEPT."

St. John xi. 35.

Bright were the mornings first impearl'd
O'er earth, and sea, and air;
The birthdays of a rising world—
For power divine was there.

But fairer shone the tears of God,
For Lazarus, o'er his grave;
Since love divine bedew'd the sod
Of one He sought to save.

Sweet drops of grace, the pledges given
  Of Mercy's mighty plan,—
That He, who was the Prince of heaven,
  Had pity upon man!

Let us thy dear example, Lord,
  Fix'd in our memories keep,—
That we, obedient to thy word,
  May weep with those that weep.

PASTOR ANIMARUM.

[From the Spanish.]

Come, wandering sheep, O come!
  I'll bind thee to my breast;
I'll bear thee to thy home,
  And lay thee down to rest.

I saw thee stray forlorn,
  And heard thee faintly cry,

And on the tree of scorn
For thee I deign'd to die—
What greater proof could I
Give,—than to seek the tomb?
Come, wandering sheep, O come!

I shield thee from alarms,
And wilt thou not be blest?
I bear thee in my arms;
Thou, bear me in thy breast!
O, this is love—come, rest—
This is a blissful doom.
Come, wandering sheep, O come!

HYMN OF THE CALABRIAN SHEPHERDS TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Darker and darker fall around
The shadows from the pine;
It is the hour with hymn and prayer
To gather round thy shrine.

Hear us, sweet Mother! thou hast known
Our earthly hopes and fears,
The bitterness of mortal toil
The tenderness of tears.

We pray thee first for absent ones,
Those who knelt with us here—
The father, brother, and the son,
The distant and the dear.

We pray thee for the little bark
Upon the stormy sea;
Affection's anxiousness of love,
Is it not known to thee?

The soldier, he who only sleeps
His head upon his brand,
Who only in a dream can see
His own beloved land.

The wandering Minstrel, he who gave
Thy hymns his earliest tone,
Who strives to teach a foreign tongue
The music of his own.

Kind Mother, let them see again
  Their own Italian shore;
Back to the home which, wanting them,
  Seems like a home no more.

Madonna, keep the cold north wind
  Amid his native seas,
So that no withering blight come down
  Upon our olive-trees.

And bid the sunshine glad our hills,
  The dew rejoice our vines,
And bid the healthful sea-breeze sweep
  In music through the pines.

Pray for us that our hearts and homes
  Be kept in fear and love;
Love for all things around our path,
  And fear for those above.

Thy soft blue eyes are fill'd with tears,
  Oh! let them wash away
The soil of our unworthiness:—
  Pray for us, Mother, pray!

We know how vain the fleeting flowers
  Around thine altar hung;
We know how humble is the hymn
  Before thine image sung.

But wilt thou not accept the wreath,
  And sanctify the lay;
We trust to thee our hopes and fears,—
  Pray for us, Mother, pray!

PORTUGUESE HYMN TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Star of the wide and pathless sea,
  Who lovest on mariners to shine,
These votive garments wet, to thee
  We hang, within thy holy shrine.
  When o'er us flash'd the surging brine,
Amid the warring waters toss'd,
  From earthly aid we turn'd to thine,
And hoped, when other hope was lost.
      Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the vast and howling main,
  When dark and lone is all the sky,
And mountain waves, o'er ocean's plain,
  Erect their stormy heads on high;
  When matrons by the hearthstone sigh,
They raise their weeping eyes to thee;
  The star of ocean heeds their cry,
And saves the foundering bark at sea.
    Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the dark and stormy sea,
  When, wreaking tempests round us rave
Thy gentle virgin form we see,
  Bright rising o'er the hoary wave.
  The howling storms that seem to crave
Their victims, sink in music sweet;
  The surging seas recede, to pave
The path beneath thy glistening feet.
    Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the desert waters wild,
  Who, pitying, hear'st the seaman's cry,
The God of Mercy, as a child,
  On that chaste bosom loved to lie;

While soft the chorus of the sky
Their hymns of tender mercy sing,
And angel voices named on high
The Mother of the Heavenly King.
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the deep! at that blest name
The waves sleep silent round the keel,
The tempests wild their fury tame,
That made the deep foundations reel;
The soft celestial accents steal
So soothing through the realms of woe,
That suffering souls a respite feel
From torture in the depths below.
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the mild and placid seas,
Whom rainbow rays of mercy crown,
Whose name thy faithful Portuguese,
O'er all that to the depths go down,
With hymns of grateful transport own;
When gathering clouds obscure their light,
And heaven assumes an awful frown,
The star of ocean glitters bright.
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the deep! when angel lyres
  To hymn thy holy name essay,
In vain a mortal harp aspires
  To mingle in the mighty lay!
  Mother of God! one living ray
Of hope our grateful bosoms fires,
  When storms and tempests pass away,
To join the bright immortal choirs.
      Ave Maris Stella!

THE VIRGIN MOTHER.

Ut sol decoro lumine.

As the Sun
  O'er misty shrouds,
When he walks
  Upon the clouds;

Or as when
  The moon doth rise,
And refreshes
  All the skies;

Or as when
  The lily flower
Stands amid
  The vernal bower;

Or the water's
  Glassy face,
Doth reflect
  The starry space;

Thus above
  All mothers shone,
The mother of
  The blessed One.

MOST HOLY NAME OF JESUS.

OH! that it were as it was wont to be,
When thy old friends of fire, all full of Thee,
Fought against frowns with smiles! gave glorious chase
To persecutions, and against the face

Of death and fiercest dangers durst, with brave
And sober pace, march on to meet a grave.
On their bold breasts about the world they bore
Thee.
And to the teeth of hell stood up to teach
Thee;
In centre of their inmost souls they wore Thee,
Where racks and torments strived in vain to
reach Thee.
Each wound of theirs was thy new morning,
And re-enthroned Thee in thy rosy nest.
With blush of thine own blood thy day adorning:
It was the wit of love o'erflowed the bounds
Of wrath, and made the way through all these
wounds.
Welcome, dear, all-adored name!
For sure there is no knee
That knows not Thee;
Or, if there be such sons of shame,
Alas! what will they do,
When stubborn rocks shall bow,
And hills hang down their heaven-saluting heads.
To seek for humble beds
Of dust, where, in the bashful shades of night,

Next to their own low nothing they may lie,
And couch before the dazzling light of thy dread
Majesty?
They that by love's mild dictate now
Will not adore Thee,
Shall then with just confusion bow,
And break before Thee.

PREPARATIVE TO PRAYER.

When thou dost talk with God—by prayer I
mean—
Lift up pure hands, lay down all lust's desires;
Fix thoughts on heaven, present a conscience
clean:
Since holy blame to mercy's throne aspires,
Confess faults' guilt, crave pardon for thy sin,
Tread holy paths, call grace to guide therein.

It is the spirit with reverence must obey
Our Maker's will, to practise what He taught:
Make not the flesh thy council when thou pray;
'Tis enemy to every virtuous thought;

It is the foe we daily feed and clothe;
It is the prison that the soul doth loathe.

Even as Elias, mounting to the sky,
Did cast his mantle to the earth behind;
So, when the heart presents the prayer on high,
Exclude the world from traffic with the mind:
Lips near to God, and ranging heart within,
Is but vain babbling, and converts to sin.

Like Abraham, ascending up the hill
To sacrifice; his servants left below,
That he might act the great Commander's will,
Without impeach to his obedient blow;
Even so the soul, remote from earthly things,
Should mount salvation's shelter—mercy's wings.

GOD AND HEAVEN.

The silver chord in twain is snapp'd
The golden bowl is broken,
The mortal mould in darkness wrapp'd,
The words funereal spoken;

The tomb is built, or the rock is cleft,
  Or delved is the grassy clod,
And what for mourning man is left?
  O what is left—but God!

The tears are shed that mourn'd the dead,
  The flowers they wore are faded;
The twilight dun hath veil'd the sun,
  And hope's sweet dreamings shaded:
And the thoughts of joy that were planted deep,
  From our heart of hearts are riven;
And what is left us when we weep?
  O what is left—but Heaven!

LAUDATE DOMINUM DE COELIS.

You Spirits! who have thrown away
That envious weight of clay,
  Which your celestial flight denied;
Who by your glorious troops supply
The winged hierarchy,
  So broken in the angel's pride!

O you! whom your Creator's sight
Inebriates with delight!
Sing forth the triumphs of his name;
All you enamor'd souls, agree
In a loud symphony,
To give expression to your flame!

To Him his own great works relate,
Who deign'd to elevate
You 'bove the frailty of your birth,
Where you stand safe from that rude war
With which we troubled are,
By the rebellion of our earth.

While a corrupted air beneath
Here in this world we breathe,
Each hour some passion us assails,
Now lust casts wildfire in the blood,
Or, that it may seem good,
Itself in wit or beauty veils.

Then envy circles us with hate,
And lays a siege so strait,
No heavenly succor enters in:

But if revenge admittance find
For ever hath the mind
  Made forfeit of itself to sin.

Assaulted thus, how dare we raise
Our minds to think his praise,
  Who is eternal and immense?
How dare we force our feeble wit
To speak Him infinite,
  So far above the search of sense?

O you! who are immaculate,
His name may celebrate
  In your soul's bright expansion:
You, whom your virtues did unite
To his perpetual light,
  That ever with Him you now shine one.

While we who to earth contract our hearts,
And only study arts
  To shorten the sad length of time,
In place of joys, bring humble fears,
For hymns, repentant tears,
  And a new sigh, for every crime.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS.

Faith of our Fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword:
Oh how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word:
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Our Fathers, chain'd in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free:
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Faith of our Fathers! Mary's prayers
Shall win our country all to thee;
And through the truth that comes from God
Our land shall then indeed be free.
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Faith of our Fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach thee too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

ST. PHILIP'S HOME.*

Recordare, Virgo Mater, in conspectu Dei, ut loquaris pro nobis bona.

Missale Romanum.

O Mary! Mother Mary! our tears are flowing fast,
For mighty Rome, St. Philip's home, is desolate and waste;

* These earnest lines, from the pen of Rev. Mr. Faber, are thought to be worth preserving, although the danger which called them for this past; let us hope, for ever. Mr. Faber is a priest of the oratory of St. Philip Neri: hence the allusions in his poem.

There are wild beasts in her palaces far fiercer
and more bold
Than those that lick'd the martyrs' feet in heathen
days of old.

O Mary! Mother Mary! that dear City was thine
own,
And brightly once a thousand lamps before thine
altars shone;
At the corners of the streets thy Child's sweet
Face and thine
Charm'd evil out of many hearts, and darkness
out of mine.

By Peter's Cross and Paul's sharp Sword, dear
Mother Mary! pray!
By the dungeon deep where thy St. Luke in
weary durance lay,
And by the Church thou know'st so well beside
the Latin Gate,
For the love of John, dear Mother! stay the
hapless City's fate.

For the exiled Pontiff's sake, our Father and
our Lord,
O Mother! bid the Angel sheathe his keen
avenging sword;
For the Vicar of thy Son, poor exile though he
be,
Is busied with thine honor now by that sweet
southern sea.

O by the joy thou hadst in Rome, when every
street and square
Burn'd with the fire of holy love that Philip
kindled there!
And by that throbbing heart of his which thou
didst keep at Rome,
Let not the spoiler waste dear Father Philip's
home!

O by the dread basilicas, the pilgrim's gates to
heaven,
By all the shrines and relics God to Christian
Rome hath given,

By the countless Ave-Maries that have rung from out its towers,
By Peter's threshold, Mother! save this pilgrim-place of ours!

By all the words of peace and power, that from St. Peter's Chair
Have still'd the angry world so oft, this glorious City spare!
By the lowliness of him whose gentle-hearted sway
A thousand lands are blessing now, dear Mother Mary! pray.

By the pageants bright whose golden light hath flash'd through street and square,
And by the long processions that have borne thy Jesus there!
By the glories of the Saints, by the honors that were thine,
By all the worship God hath got from many a blazing shrine,—

By all heroic deeds of Saints that Rome hath
ever seen,
By all the times her multitudes have crown'd
thee for their queen,
By all the glory God hath gain'd from out that
wondrous place,
O Mary! Mother Mary! pray thy strongest
prayer for grace!

O Mary! Mother Mary! thou wilt plead for
Philip's home;
Thou wilt turn the heart of Him who turn'd
St. Peter back to Rome;
O! thou wilt pray thy prayer; and the battle
will be won,
And the Saviour's sinless Mother save the City
of her Son!

THE ROCK OF AGES.

"And the rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and they beat upon that house; and it fell not—for it was founded on a rock."—*Matt.* vii. 25.

"One body, one spirit," "one Lord,"
  And "one faith," for all ages was given;
"One baptism," in blessed accord,
  With "one God," and "one Father," in heaven.
"One church," the sole pillar and ground
  Of the truth, an immovable rock;
"One Shepherd," by all to be own'd,
  And "one fold," for that primitive flock!

One ark in whose refuge to trust
  In the tempests that faith has to brave,
When doctrine is sway'd by each gust
  Of opinion, or lost in its wave!
One house for the people of God,
  One theme for the sinner in prayer;
One path to the blessed abode
  Of the saints, who now plead for us there.

That house, if the malice of hell,
  Or the madness of earth, could destroy,

Had fallen, and crush'd as it fell
  The belief in all truth and its joy.
"The rain fell" upon it, and falls,
  "And the floods came" in torrents of rage;
"The winds blew, and beat" on its walls,
  But, "it fell not," nor trembles from age.

Though "troubled on every side" here,
  "Yet, distress'd not," nor daunted by ill;
"Perplex'd," but not yet "in despair;"
  Persecuted—forsaken not still:
The foolish, the proud, may upbraid,
  All the powers of darkness assail;
It needs not the sword nor its aid,
  He is with it whose word cannot fail.

The church that was built on the rock
  That for ages has stood, is the same!
Unshaken, endures every shock,
  And still baffles the enemy's aim.
Though buffetted ever by foes
  From without and within, it remains
Triumphant as first when it rose
  In its truth o'er idolatry's fanes.

MARY AND MARTHA.

[From the Parisian Breviary.]

Flagrans amore perditos.

As Jesus sought his wandering sheep,
With weary toil oppress'd,
He came to Martha's lowly roof,
A loved and honor'd Guest.

O bless'd art thou, whose threshold poor,
Those holy feet have trod,
To wait on so divine a Guest,
And to receive thy God!

While Martha serves with busy feet,
In reverential mood,
Meek Mary sits beside the Judge,
And feeds on heavenly food.

Yea, Martha, soon herself shall sit,
The eternal word to hear,
And shall forget the festal board,
To feast on holier cheer.

Sole rest of all that come to Thee,
O'er all our works preside,
That we may have in Thee, at last,
The part that shall abide.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

Lo! on the slope of yonder shore
Beneath that lonely shed,—
A saint hath found his conflicts o'er,
And laid his dying head!

No gloom of fear hath glazed his eye,
For though loud billows roll,—
The Aurora of Eternity
Is rising on his soul.

The glorious Saviour of his love
Receives him in his arms,
And bears him, like a ransom'd dove,
Away from all alarms!

Champion of Jesus!—man of God,
  Servant of Christ, well done!
Thy path of thorns hath now been trod,
  Thy red-cross crown is won!

O'er the wide waste of watery waves,
  And leagues on leagues of land,
Amidst a wilderness of graves,
  With death on every hand,—

He flew to woo and win a world;
  That men might kiss the feet
Of Him, whose banner he unfurl'd,—
  Father,—Son,—Paraclete!

His tongue, the Spirit's two-edged sword,
  Had magic in its blade,—
For while it smote with every word,
  It heal'd the wounds it made!

His lips were love, his touch was power,
  His thoughts were vivid flame,
The flashes of a thunder-shower—
  Where'er, or when they came!

Around him shone the light of life,
Before him darkness fell—
Satan receded from the strife,
And sought his native hell!

Yet, who so humbly walk'd as he,
A conqueror in the field,
Wreathing the rose of victory
Around his radiant shield?

As silvery clouds, at eventide,
Float on the balmy gale,
Nor seem to heed the stars they hide
Behind their fleecy veil;

So lowly sense of slightest worth
Fresh graces o'er him threw;
For he unconscious lived on earth,
Of all the praise he drew!

Champion of Jesus! on that breast
From whence thy fervor flow'd,
Thou hast obtain'd eternal rest,
The bosom of thy God!

Oh! to be one, through life and death,
In Christ, with such as thee:
And when I yield my latest breath,
Do thou remember me!

THE HOLY CITY.

Me receptet Sion illa.

[From the hymn of Hildebert, Archbishop of Tours, A. D. 1133, *Extra portam jam delatum.*]

Mine be Sion's habitation,
Sion, David's sure foundation:
Form'd of old by light's Creator,
Reach'd by Him, the Mediator:
An Apostle guards the portal
Denizen'd by forms immortal,
On a jasper pavement builded,
By its Monarch's radiance gilded.
Peace there dwelleth uninvaded,
Spring perpetual, light unfaded:

Odors rise with airy lightness;
Harpers strike their harps of brightness;
None one sigh for pleasure sendeth;
None can err, and none offendeth;
All, partakers of one nature,
Grow in CHRIST to equal stature.
Home celestial! Home eternal!
Home uprear'd by power Supernal!
Home, no change or loss that fearest,
From afar my soul thou cheerest:
Thee it seeketh, thee requireth,
Thee affecteth, thee desireth.
But the gladness of thy nation,
But their fullness of salvation,
Vainly mortals strive to show it;
They—and they alone—can know it,
The redeem'd from sin and peril,
They who walk thy streets of beryl!
Grant me, SAVIOUR, with thy Blessed
Of thy Rest to be possessed,
And, amid the joys it bringeth,
Sing the song that none else singeth!

MARTYRDOM OF ST. LUCY.

We watch'd, as she linger'd all the day
  Beneath the torturer's skill;
And we pray'd that the spirit might pass away,
  And the weary frame be still.
'Twas a long sharp struggle from darkness to
      light,
  And the pain was fierce and sore;
But she, we knew, in her latest fight
  Must be more than conqueror!

Oh, what a change had the prison wrought
  Since we gazed upon her last!
And mournful the lessons her thin frame taught
  Of the sufferings she had past:
Of pain and sickness—not of fear!
  There was courage in her eye:
And she enter'd the amphitheatre
  As to triumph, and not to die!

And once, when we could not bear to see
  Her sufferings, and turn'd the head,

"His rod and His staff they comfort me,"
The virgin martyr said:
It was near the setting of the sun,
And her voice wax'd faint and low;
And we knew that her race was well-nigh run,
And her time drew near to go.

We could almost deem the clouds that roll'd
In the ruddy sun's decline
To be chariots of fire and horses of gold
On the steep of Mount Aventine:
Yea, guardian angels bent their way
From their own skies' cloudless blue,
And a triumph more glorious was thine to-day
Than ever the Cæsar knew!

We lay thee here in the narrow cell
Where thy friends and brethren sleep;
And we carve the palm, of thy lot to tell,
And we do not dare to weep.
Hopefully wait we God's holy time
That shall call us to share thy rest;
Till then, we must dwell in an alien clime,
While thou art in Abraham's breast!

ST. AGNES.

DEEP on the convent roof the snows
  Are sparkling to the moon;
My breath to heaven like vapor goes:
  May my soul follow soon!
The shadows of the convent towers
  Float down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
  That lead me to my Lord:
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
  As are the frosty skies
Or this first snowdrop of the year
  That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd and dark,
  To yonder shining ground;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
  To yonder argent round;
So shows my soul before the Lamb
  My spirit before Thee;
So in my earthly house I am
  To that I hope to be.

Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far
  Through all yon star-light keen
Draw me thy bride a glittering star,
  In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;
  The flashes come and go!
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
  And strews her lights below;
And deepens on and up! the gates
  Roll back, and far within
For me the heavenly Bridegroom waits
  To make me pure of sin.
The Sabbaths of eternity
  One Sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
  The Bridegroom with his bride!

HYMN OF COLUMBUS.

[For the anniversary of the discovery of America, October 11, 1492.]

Te Deum Laudamus!
This glorious morn,
From the bosom of ocean,
A world has been born!
And He, who first kindled
The sun with his breath,
Has brought light from darkness
And life out of death.

Te Deum Laudamus!
Ye isles of the main,
Through ages of error
That slumb'ring have lain,
Lift up your glad voices:
The shadow that lay
Upon you, his presence
Has turn'd into day!

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS!
Ye nations that lie
In the noon-tide of truth
From the day-spring on high,
Your songs of thanksgiving
To GOD, the SUPREME,
Pour forth without ceasing—
SALVATION'S the theme!

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

SHE once was a lady of honor and wealth;
Bright glow'd in her features the roses of health;
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
And her motion shook perfume from every fold:
Joy revell'd around her—love shone at her side,
And gay was her smile as the glance of a bride;
And light was her step in the mirth-sounding hall,
When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.

She felt in her spirit the summons of grace,
That call'd her to live for her suffering race;
And, heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
Rose quickly, like Mary, and answer'd "I come."
She put from her person the trappings of pride,
And pass'd from her home with the joy of a
bride,
Nor wept at the threshold as onward she moved—
For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved.

Lost ever to fashion—to vanity lost,
That beauty that once was the song and the
toast—
No more in the ball-room that figure we meet,
But gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.
Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding name,
For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame:
Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,
For she barters for heaven the glory of earth.

Those feet, that to music could gracefully move,
Now bear her alone on the mission of love;
Those hands, that once dangled the perfume and
gem,
Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them;

That voice, that once echo'd the song of the
vain,
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain;
And the hair that was shining with diamond and
pearl,
Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down-bed, a pallet—her trinkets, a bead,
Her lustre—one taper, that serves her to read;
Her sculpture—the crucifix nail'd by her bed;
Her paintings,—one print of the thorn-crowned
head;
Her cushion—the pavement that wearies her
knees;
Her music—the psalm, or the sigh of disease:
The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind,
Are the cares of that heaven-minded virgin con-
fined:
Like Him whom she loves, to the mansions of
grief
She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief.

She strengthens the weary—she comforts the weak,
And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick;
Where want and affliction on mortals attend,
The Sister of Charity *there* is a friend.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves, 'mid the vapors of death;
Where rings the loud musket, and flashes the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows her Lord.
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face,
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace;
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him.

Behold her, ye worldly! behold her, ye vain!
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain;
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.
Ye lazy philosophers, self-seeking men—
Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen,

How stands in the balance your eloquence weigh'd
With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid?

THE SISTER OF MERCY.

She kneels at the couch where sickness lies,
And soothes infirmity there,
And, raising her heart to the hope in the skies,
She whispers relief in prayer:
And smiles with a beam such as angels give
When the penitent soul's forgiven,
And bids the dull hope of sadness live,
And points to its home in heaven.

Like the ling'ring beam that eve's decline,
Will paint on the vanishing day,
Thus hope in its parting light will shine,
Ere wingeth its spirit away—
And smoothing in peace those closing eyes,
"Oh!" exclaims the Sister then,
"Go, spirit to bliss." Wide Heaven replies,
"Amen! Amen! Amen!"

THE MOTHER OF THE MACHABEES.

THAT mother view'd the scene of blood;
  Her six unconquer'd sons were gone;
Fearless she view'd—beside her stood
  Her last—her youngest—dearest one;
He looked upon her and he smiled;
Oh! will she save that only child?

"By all my love,—my son," she said,
  "The breast that nursed,—the womb that bore—
The unsleeping care that watch'd thee,—fed,—
  Till manhood's years required no more;
By all I've wept and pray'd for thee,
Now, now, be firm and pity me.

"Look, I beseech thee, on yon heaven,
  With its high field of azure light;
Look on this earth, to mankind given,
  Array'd in beauty and in might,
And think, nor scorn thy mother's prayer,
On him who said it—and they were!

"So shalt thou not this tyrant fear,
Nor, recreant, shun the glorious strife;
Behold! thy battle-field is near;
Then go, my son, nor heed thy life;
Go, like thy faithful brothers die,
That I may meet you all on high."

Like arrow from the bended bow,
He sprang upon the bloody pile;—
Like sunrise on the morning's snow,
'Was that heroic mother's smile:
He died—nor fear'd the tyrant's nod—
For Judah's law and Judah's God.

MARY MAGDALEN.

To the hall of that feast came the sinful and fair;
She heard in the city that Jesus was there;
She mark'd not the splendor that blazed on their board;
But silently knelt at the feet of her Lord.

The hair from her forehead, so sad and so meek,
Hung dark o'er the blushes that burn'd on her
cheek;
And so still and so lowly she bent in her shame,
It seem'd as her spirit had flown from its frame.

The frown and the murmur went round through
them all,
That one so unhallow'd should tread in that hall;
And some said the poor would be objects more
meet
For the wealth of the perfumes she shower'd at
his feet.

She mark'd but her Saviour, she spoke but in sighs,
She dared not look up to the heaven of his eyes;
And the hot tears gush'd forth at each heave of
her breast,
As her lips to his sandals she throbbingly press'd.

On the cloud after tempests, as shineth the bow,
In the glance of the sun-beam, as melteth the
snow,
He look'd on that lost one—her sins were forgiven;
And Mary went forth in the beauty of heaven.

THE MILK-WHITE HIND.

[From Dryden's "Hind and Panther."]

A MILK-WHITE hind, immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged,
Without unspotted, innocent within;
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin,—
Yet had she oft been chased with horns and hounds
And Scythian shafts, and many winged wounds,
Aim'd at her heart; was often forced to fly,
And doom'd to death, though fated not to die.
Not so her young: for their unequal line
Was hero's make, half human, half divine.
Their earthly mould obnoxious was to fate,
Th' immortal part assumed immortal state.
Of these a slaughter'd army lay in blood,
Extended o'er the Caledonian wood;
Their native walk; whose vocal blood arose,
And cry'd for pardon on their perjured foes.
Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine seed,
Indued with souls, increased the sacred breed.

So captive Israel multiplied in chains,
A numerous exile, and enjoy'd her pains.
With grief and gladness mix'd, the mother view'd
Her martyr'd offspring, and their race renew'd:
Their corpse to perish, but their kind to last,
So much the deathless plant the dying fruit surpass'd.
Pantive and pensive now she ranged alone,
And wander'd in the kingdoms once her own.
The common hunt, though from their rage restrain'd
By sovereign power, her company disdain'd,
Grinn'd as they pass'd, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.
'Tis true, she bounded by, and tripp'd so light,
They had not time to take a steady sight:
For truth has such a face and such a mien,
As, to be loved, needs only to be seen.

THE SODALIST'S HYMN.

CHILDREN of Mary, high your voices raise!
  Ye, on whom she casts a tenderest eye;
Children of God sing her immortal praise,
  And all exalt her glory to the sky.
I see ascending to her glorious throne,
  The fervent prayer of every Sodalist;
Each heart erects an altar to her name,
  Where Mary lives in everlasting fame.
    Children of Mary, &c.

When gloomy sorrow racks her children's heart,
  Mary is present to bestow relief;
She chases grief and sad affliction's smart,
  And in our sorrow blends maternal grief.
Fly, fly to her, beneath her tender wing,
  Leave sorrow and the tears of grief that flow;
For you she'll pray, and from the eternal king,
  She'll force the arms of vengeance and of woe.
    Children of Mary, &c.

Happy Sodalists, who from life's earliest scene
Strive and delight your mother still to love,
Hasten to Mary, send your fervent prayer;
Mary, the children's refuge and delight!
Yes, 'tis her pleasure to assist each child
Who calls upon her aid in humble prayer;
Past ages speak! oh was there ever one
Whose vows our mother dear refused to hear?
Children of Mary, &c.

Temple divine! asylum of my heart!
O must I quit thy house where pleasures reign?
Alas! O mother, must I thus depart
To tempt the dangers of this world of pain?
O Mary! my mother, to death I run,
The flood of scandal inundates this plain;
Watch o'er my soul; protect thy sodalist;
O be my guide—let not this prayer be vain.
Children of Mary, &c.

TRUE LOVE.

O SEE how Jesus trusts Himself
Unto our childish love,
As though by his free ways with us
Our earnestness to prove!

God gives Himself as Mary's Babe
To sinners' trembling arms,
And veils his everlasting light
In childhood's feeble charms.

His sacred Name a common word
On earth He loves to hear;
There is no majesty in Him
Which love may not come near.

His priests, they bear Him in their hands,
Helpless as babe can be;
His love seems very foolishness
For its simplicity.

The light of love is round his feet,
His paths are never dim;
And He comes nigh to us when we
Dare not come nigh to Him.

Let us be simple with Him then,
Not backward, stiff, or cold,
As though our Bethlehem could be
What Sina was of old.

His love of us may teach us how
To love Him in return;
Love cannot help but grow more free
The more its transports burn.

The solemn face, the downcast eye,
The words constrain'd and cold,—
These are the homage, poor at best,
Of those outside the fold.

They know not how our God can play
The Babe's, the Brother's part;
They dream not of the ways He has
Of getting at the heart.

Most winningly He lowers Himself,
  Yet they dare not come near;
They cannot knew in their blind place
  The love that casts out fear.

In lowest depths of littleness
  God sinks to gain our love;
They put away the sign in fear,
  And our free ways reprove.

O that they knew what Jesus was,
  And what untold abyss
Lies in love's simple forwardness
  Of more than earthly bliss!

O that they knew what faith can work!
  What Sacraments can do!
What simple love is like, on fire
  In hearts absolved and true!

How can they tell how Jesus oft
  His secret thirst will slake,
On those strange freedoms childlike hearts
  Are taught by God to take?

Poor souls! they know not how to love;
They feel not Jesus near;
And they who know not how to love
Still less know how to fear.

The humbling of the Incarnate Word
They have not faith to face;
And how shall they who have not faith
Attain love's better grace?

The awe that lies too deep for words,
Too deep for solemn looks,—
It finds no way into the face,
No spoken vent in books.

They would not speak in measured tones,
If love had in them wrought
Until their spirits had been hush'd
In reverential thought

They would have smiled in playful ways
To ease their fervid heart,
And learn'd with other simple souls
To play love's crafty part.

They would have run away from God
  For their own vileness' sake,
And fear'd lest some interior light
  From tell-tale eyes should break.

They know not how the outward smile
  The inward awe can prove;
They fathom not the creature's fear
  Of Uncreated Love.

The majesty of God ne'er broke
  On them like fire at night,
Flooding their stricken souls, while they
  Lay trembling in the light.

They love not; for they have not kiss'd
  The Saviour's outer hem:
They fear not; for the Living God
  Is yet unknown to them!

THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

O IT is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad:

Or He deserts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need Him most.

O there is less to try our faith,
In our mysterious creed,
Than in the godless look of earth
In these our hours of need.

Ill masters good; good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease;
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross purposes.

The Church, the Sacraments, the Faith,
Their uphill journey take,
Lose here what there they gain, and, if
We lean upon them, break.

It is not so, but so it looks;
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.

Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reach'd
Only by childlike love.

The look, the fashion of God's ways
Love's lifelong study are;
She can be bold, and guess, and act,
When reason would not dare.

She has a prudence of her own;
  Her step is firm and free;
Yet there is cautious science too
  In her simplicity.

Workman of God! O lose not heart,
  But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
  Thou shalt know where to strike.

O bless'd is he to whom is given
  The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when He
  Is most invisible!

And bless'd is he who can divine
  Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
  Wrong to man's blindfold eye!

O learn to scorn the praise of men!
  O learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
  And beckons thee his road.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

As He can endless glory weave
From time's misjudging shame,
In his own world He is content
To play a losing game.

Muse on his justice, downcast Soul!
Muse and take better heart;
Back with thine angel to the field,
Good luck shall crown thy part!

God's justice is a bed where we
Our anxious hearts may lay,
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep
Our discontent away.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

PERFECTION.

O how the thought of God attracts
  And draws the heart from earth,
And sickens it of passing shows
  And dissipating mirth!

'Tis not enough to save our souls,
  To shun the eternal fires;
The thought of God will rouse the heart
  To more sublime desires.

God only is the creature's home,
  Though long and rough the road;
Yet nothing less can satisfy
  The love that longs for God.

O utter but the Name of God
  Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once
  All tempting light departs.

A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
  Can win their way above;
If mountains can be moved by faith,
  Is there less power in love?

How little of that road, my soul!
  How little hast thou gone!
Take heart, and let the thought of God
  Allure thee further on.

The freedom from all wilful sin,
  The Christian's daily task,—
O these are graces far below
  What longing love would ask!

Dole not thy duties out to God,
  But let thy hand be free:
Look long at Jesus; his sweet Blood,
  How was it dealt to thee?

The perfect way is hard to flesh;
  It is not hard to love;
If thou wert sick for want of God,
  How swiftly wouldst thou move!

Good is the cloister's silent shade,
  Cold watch and pining fast;
Better the mission's wearing strife,
  If there thy lot be cast.

Yet none of these perfection needs:—
  Keep thy heart calm all day,
And catch the words the Spirit there
  From hour to hour may say.

O keep thy conscience sensitive;
  No inward token miss;
And go where grace entices thee;—
  Perfection lies in this.

Be docile to thine unseen Guide,
  Love Him as He loves thee;
Time and obedience are enough,
  And thou a Saint shalt be!

CONVERSION.

O Faith! thou workest miracles
Upon the hearts of men,
Choosing thy home in those same hearts
We know not how or when.

To one thy grave unearthly truths
A heavenly vision seem;
While to another's eye they are
A superstitious dream.

To one the deepest doctrines look
So naturally true,
That when he learns the lesson first
He hardly thinks it new.

To other hearts the selfsame truths
No light or heat can bring;
They are but puzzling phrases strung
Like beads upon a string.

O Gift of Gifts! O Grace of Faith!
My God! how can it be
That Thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me?

There was a place, there was a time,
Whether by night or day,
Thy spirit came and left that gift,
And went upon his way.

How many hearts Thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine!
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of thine!

Ah Grace! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

How will they die, how will they die,
How bear the cross of grief,
Who have not got the light of faith,
The courage of belief?

The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross
  Seem trifles less than light,—
Earth looks so little and so low
  When faith shines full and bright.

O happy, happy that I am!
  If thou canst be, O Faith!
The treasure that thou art in life,
  What wilt thou be in death?

Thy choice, O God of Goodness! then
  I lovingly adore;
O give me grace to keep thy grace,
  And grace to merit more!

Deo Patri sit gloria
Ejus que soli Filio,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Nunc et per omne sæculum.

To God the Father, glory be,
And unto Christ his only Son,
Together with the Holy Ghost;
Now and for all eternity.

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